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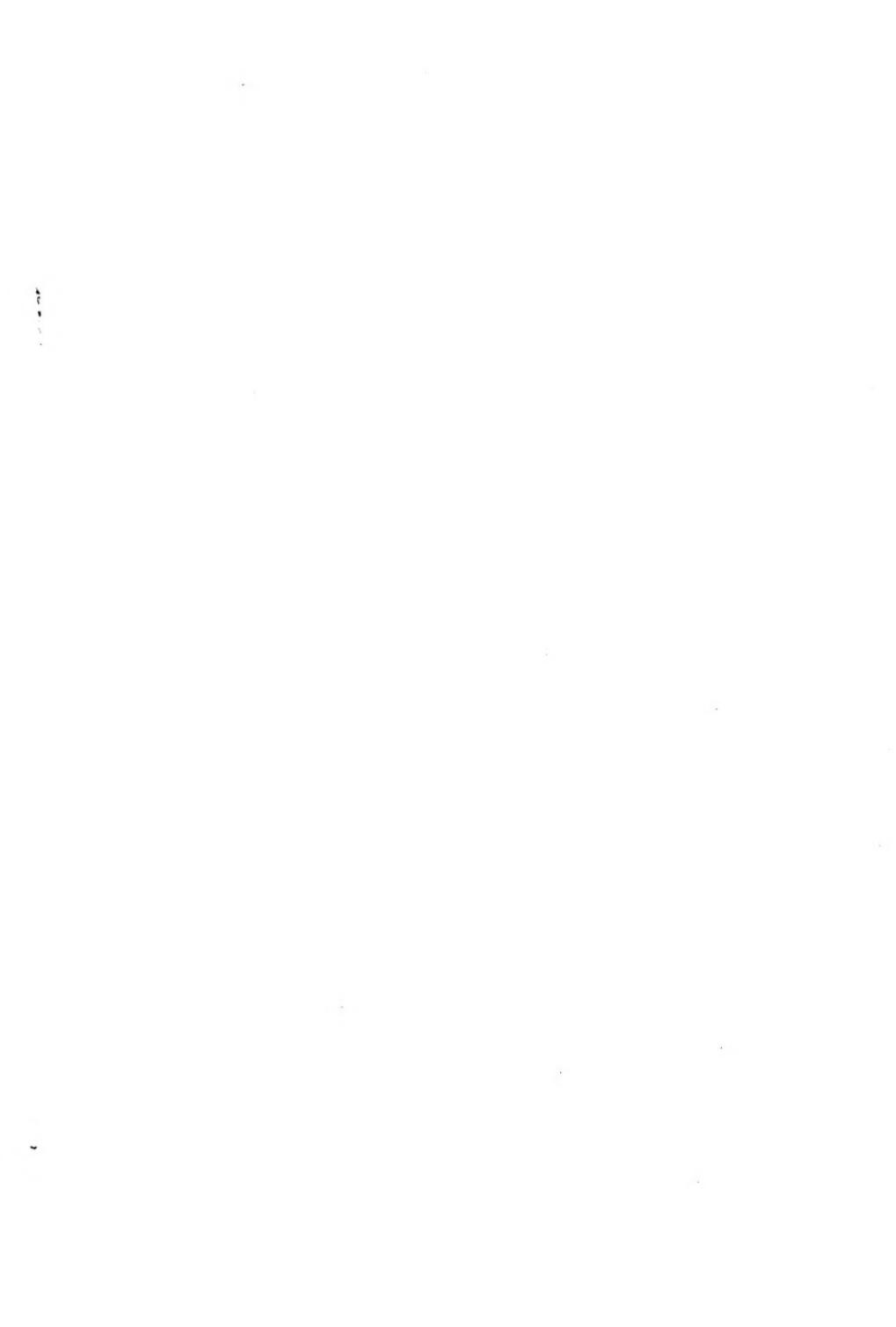
GPO

After the rain?

Again.







The "Arundel Poets"

THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ARRANGED IN THEIR CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

EDITED BY

W. G. CLARK AND W. ALDIS WRIGHT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY, ADAPTED FROM THE SHAKESPEARIAN TRIMMER OF

PROFESSOR DOWDEN

VOL. II.

Illustrated

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# KING HENRY IV. PART I.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1597-98.)

## INTRODUCTION.

The two parts of *King Henry IV.* may be considered as one play in ten acts. It is probable that Shakespeare went on with little or no delay from the first part to its continuation in the second. Both were written before the entry of the first in the Stationers' register, Feb. 25, 1597-98; for the entry shows that the name of the fat knight, who originally appeared in both parts under the name of Oldcastle, had been already altered to Falstaff. Meres makes mention of *Henry IV.*; and Ben Jonson, in *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1599), alludes to Justice Silence, one of the characters of the Second Part of Shakespeare's play. The materials upon which Shakespeare worked in *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*, were obtained from Holinshed, and from an old play, full of vulgar mirth, and acted before 1588, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* Both parts of *Henry IV.* consist of a comedy and a history fused together. The hero of the one is the royal Bolingbroke, the hero of the other is Falstaff, while Prince Henry passes to and fro between the history and the comedy, serving as the bond which unites the two. *Henry IV.* is the same Bolingbroke who had been so greatly conceived in *Richard II.*; only he is no longer in the full force of his manhood. He is worn by care and toil, harassed by revolts and conspiracies, yet still resolved to hold firmly what he has forcibly attained. There is a pathetic power in the figure of this weary ambitious man, who can take no rest until the rest of death comes upon him. Hotspur, who, to bring him into contrast with the Prince, is made much younger than the Harry Percy of history, is as ardent in the pursuit of glory as the Prince seems to be indifferent to it. To his hot temper and quick sense of personal honor small matters are great; he does not see things in their true proportions; he lacks self-control, he has no easiness of nature. Yet he is gallant, chivalrous, not devoid of generosity nor of quick affections, though never in a high sense disinterested. Prince Hal, whom Shakespeare admires and loves more than any other person in English history, afterwards to become Shakespeare's ideal king of England, cares little for mere reputation. He does not think much of himself and of his own honor; and while there is nothing to do, and his great father holds all power in his own right hand, he escapes from the cold proprieties of the court to the boisterous life and mirth of the tavern. He is, however, only waiting for a call to action, and Shakespeare declares that from the first he was conscious of his great destiny, and while seeming to set to his force in frivolity, was holding his true self, well-guarded, in reserve. Falstaff is everything in little, or rather everything in *much*; for is he not a tun of flesh? English literature knows no humorous creation to set beside Falstaff; and to find his equal—yet his opposite—we must turn to the gaunt figure of the romantic knight of La Mancha, in whose person Cervantes smiled away pathetically the chivalry of the Middle Ages from out our modern world. Falstaff exercises upon the reader of these plays much the same fascination which he exercised upon the Prince. We know him to be a gross-bodied, self-indulgent old sinner, devoid of moral sense and of self-respect, and yet we cannot part with him. We cannot live in this world without humor, and Falstaff is humor maintaining its mastery against all antagonisms. We admit, however, the necessity of his utter banishment from Henry, when Henry enters upon the grave responsibilities of kingship. Still we have a tender thought for Sir John in his exile from London taverns. And at the last, when he fumbles with the sheets and plays with flowers, when "a' went away, an' it had been any christon child," we bid him adieu with a tear that does not forbid a smile. The historical period represented by 1 *Henry IV.* dates from the battle of Holmedon Hill, Sept. 14, 1402, to the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403. 2 *Henry IV.* continues the history to the king's death and the accession of Henry V., 1413.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fourth.  
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.  
JOHN of Lancaster,  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
SIR WALTER BLUNT.  
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.  
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son  
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.  
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.  
ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS.  
OWEN GLENDOWER.  
SIR RICHARD VERNON.  
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *England.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

*King.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commended in strands afar remote,  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;

Nor more shall trenching war channel her fields,

Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred, 11  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way and be no more opposed  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,

No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engaged to fight, 21  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'

womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :  
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland, 31  
What yesternight our council did decree  
In forwarding this dear expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,

And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight : when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales laden with heavy news ;  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower. 40

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

A thousand of his people butchered ;  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,

Such beastly shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done as may not be  
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seems then that the tidings of this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.  
*West.* This match'd with other did, my gracious lord :

For more uneven and unweleome news 50  
Came from the north and thus it did import :  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met.

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way. 61

*King.* Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took 70

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus and Menteith :  
And is not this an honorable spoil ?  
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

*West.* In faith, It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin.

In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80  
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue ;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonor stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90  
But let him from my thoughts. What think  
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Whic' he in this adventure hath surprised,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching; this is  
Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle  
up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I have sent for him to answer  
this; 100

And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:  
But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said and to be done  
Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. An apartment of the  
Prince's.

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking  
of old sack and unbuttoning thee after  
supper and sleeping upon benches after noon,  
that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly  
which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil  
hast thou to do with the time of the day?  
Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes  
capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and  
dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed  
sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored  
taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldest be  
so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal;  
for we that take purses go by the moon and  
the seven stars, and not by Phebus, he, 'that  
wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee,  
sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save  
thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace  
thou wilt have none,— 20

*Prince.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth, not so much as will  
serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come, roundly,

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou  
art king, let not us that are squires of the  
night's body be called thieves of the day's  
beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen  
of the shade, minions of the moon; and let  
men say we be men of good government, being  
governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste  
mistress the moon, under whose countenance  
we steal.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holds well  
too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's  
men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being  
governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for  
proöf, now: a purse of gold most resolutely  
snatched on Monday night and most dissolu-  
tely spent on Tuesday morning; got with  
swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying  
'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot  
of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow  
as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad.  
And is not my hostess of the tavern a most  
sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad  
of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most  
sweet robe of durance? 49

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what,  
in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a  
plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to do with  
my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning  
many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy  
part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast  
paid all there. 60

*Prince.* Yea and elsewhere, so far as my  
coin would stretch; and where it would not, I  
have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it that, were it not  
here apparent that thou art heir apparent—  
But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gall-  
ows standing in England when thou art king?  
and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the  
rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not  
thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. 70

*Prince.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll  
be a brave judge.

*Prince.* Thou judgest false already: I  
mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the  
thieves and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it  
jumps with my humor as well as waiting in  
the court, I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suits? 80

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof  
the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,  
I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged  
bear.

*Prince.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire  
bagpipe.

*Prince.* What sayest thou to a hare, or the  
melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavory similes  
and art indeed the most comparative, rascal-  
liest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee,  
trouble me no more with vanity. I would to  
God thou and I knew where a commodity of  
good names were to be bought. An old lord  
of the council rated me the other day in the  
street about you, sir, but I marked him not;  
and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded

him not ; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 190

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal ; God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over : by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain : I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ? 111

*Fal.* 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad ; I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

*Poins.* Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse ? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar ? Jack ! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg ? 129

*Prince.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain ; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs : he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

*Prince.* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill ! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses : I have vizards for you all ; you have horses for yourselves : Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester : I have bespoken supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap : we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward : if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. 150

*Poins.* You will, chaps ?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one ?

*Prince.* Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings

*Prince.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap. 160

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone : I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. 169

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief ; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell : you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter spring ! farewell, All-hallowen summer ! [Exit Falstaff.]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow : I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid : yourself and I will not be there ; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

*Prince.* How shall we part with them in setting forth ?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves ; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*Prince.* Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut ! our horses they shall not see : I'll tie them in the wood ; our vizards we will change after we leave them : and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to mask our noted outward garments.

*Prince.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee : provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap ; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

*Prince.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humor of your idleness : 220  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for  
come,

230

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents,  
So, when this loose behavior I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more  
eyes.

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ; 240  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.  
[Exit.

## SCENE III. London. The palace.

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with others.

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me : for accordingly  
on tread upon my patience : but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young  
down.

And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10

The scourge of greatness to be used on it :  
And that same greatness too which our own  
hands

Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord.—  
*King.* Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see

Danger and disobedience in thine eye :  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us : when we  
need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit Wor.]

You were about to speak. [To North.]

*North.* Yea, my good lord.  
Those prisoners in your highness' name de-  
manded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not w.th such strength de-  
nied

As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But I remember, when the fight was done, 30  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly  
dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new  
reap'd

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
He was perfumed like a milliner ;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pounceit-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose and took't away again :  
Who therewith angry, when it next came

there, 40  
Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and  
talk'd,

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, de-  
manded

My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being

cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50  
Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,  
He should or he should not ; for he made me

mad

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman

Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save

the mark !—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was paraceti for an inward bruise ;

And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd 60

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;

And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good  
my lord,

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die and never rise

To do him wrong or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,

That we at our own charge shall ransom

straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; 80

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those that he did lead to fight

Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then, Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ? Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears, When they have lost and forfeited themselves ? No, on the barren mountains let him starve ; For I shall never hold that man my friend 90 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege, But by the chance of war : to prove that true Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took, When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank, In single opposition, hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an hour 100 In changing hardiment with great Glendower : Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ; Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks, Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds, And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank Bloodstained with these valiant combatants. Never did base and rotten policy Color her working with such deadly wounds ; Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110 Receive so many, and all willingly : Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower : I tell thee, He durst as well have met the devil alone As Owen Glendower for an enemy. Art thou not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer : Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, 120 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son. Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

{*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

*Hot.* An if the devil come and roar for them, I will not send them : I will after straight And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart, Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler ? stay and pause awhile :

Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer ! 130 'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul Want mercy, if I do not join with him :

Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins, And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer As high in the air as this unthankful king, As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ; And when I urged the ransom once again 141 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him : was not he proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is the next of blood ?

*North.* He was ; I heard the proclamation :

And then it was when the unhappy king,— Whose wrongs in us God pardon !—did set forth

Upon his Irish expedition : 150 From whence he intercepted did return To be deposed and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth

Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you ; did King Rich- ard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer Heir to the crown ?

*North.* He did ; myself did hear it

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,

That wished him on the barren mountains starve.

But shall it be that you, that set the crown 160 Upon the head of this forgetful man And for his sake wear the detested blot Of murderous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo, Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ? O, pardon me that I descend so low,

To show the line and the predicament Wherein you range under this subtle king ;

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

As both of you—God pardon it !—have done, To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off By him for whom these shames ye underwent ? 179

No ; yet time serves wherein you may redeem Your banish'd honors and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again, Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt Of this proud king, who studies day and night

To answer all the debt he owes to you  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :  
Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more :  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night ! or sink or  
swim :

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honor cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple : O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks it were an easy  
leap,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced  
moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the  
ground,

And pluck up drowned honor by the locks ;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wean  
Without corrival, all her dignities :  
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures  
here,

But not the form of what he should attend,  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while. 211

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all ;  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them ;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will ; that's flat :  
He said he world not ransom Mortimer ;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ; 220  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla ' Mortimer ! '

Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but ' Mortimer,' and give it him  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin ; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :  
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of  
Wales, 230

But that I think his father loves him not  
And would be glad he met with some mis-  
chance,

I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and im-  
patient fool

*Art thou to break into this woman's mood,*

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and  
scourged with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 244  
In Richard's time,—what do you call the  
place ?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire :  
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,  
His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
'Sblood !—

When you and he came back from Ravens-  
burgh,

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hot.* You say true : 250  
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !  
Look, ' when his infant fortune came to age,'  
And ' gentle Harry Percy,' and ' kind cousin,'  
O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive  
me !

Good uncle, tell your tale : I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it again ;  
We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish pris-  
oners. 259

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers  
reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[*To Northumberland.*  
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep,  
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is it not ?

*Wor.* True ; who bears hard 270  
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord  
Scoop.

I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it : upon my life, it will do  
well.

*North.* Before the game is afoot, thou still  
let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble  
plot ;

And then the power of Scotland and of York,  
To join with Mortimer, ha ? 281

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us  
speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head ;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home :

*And see already how he doth begin*

To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290  
*Hst.* He does, he does : we'll be revenged  
on him. [this  
*Wor.* Cousin, farewell : no further go in  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,  
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;  
Where you and Douglas and our powers at  
once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother : we shall  
thrive, I trust. 300

*Hst.* Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be  
short  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our  
sport ! [Exit.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

*First Car.* Heigh-ho ! am it be not four by  
the day, I'll be hanged : Charles' wain is over  
the new chimney, and yet our horse not  
packed. What, ostler !

*Ost.* [Within] Anon, anon.

*First Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,  
put a few flocks in the poni ; poor jade,  
is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

*Sec. Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here  
as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor  
jades the borts : this house is turned upside  
down since Robin Ostler died.

*First Car.* Poor fellow, never joyed since  
the price of oats rose ; it was the death of  
him.

*Sec. Car.* I think this be the most villainous  
house in all London road for fleas : I am stung  
like a tench.

*First Car.* Like a tench ! by the mass,  
there is ne'er a king christen could be better  
bit than I have been since the first cock. 20

*Sec. Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a  
jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ;  
and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

*First Car.* What, ostler ! come away and  
be hanged ! come away.

*Sec. Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and  
two rizes of ginger, to be delivered as far as  
Charing-cross.

*First Car.* God's body ! the turkeys in my  
pannier are quite starved. What, ostler ! A  
pague on thee ! hast thou never an eye in  
thy head ? canst not hear ? An 'twere notas  
good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee,  
I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged !  
hast no faith in thee ?

Enter GADSHILL.

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's  
o'clock ?

*First Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I pray thee lend me thy lantern, to  
see my gelding in the stable.

*First Car.* Nay, by God, soft ; I know a  
trick worth two of that, i' faith. 41

*Gads.* I pray thee, lend me thine.

*Sec. Car.* Ay, when ? can't tell ? Lend  
me thy lantern, quoth he ? marry, I'll see thee  
hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you  
mean to come to London ?

*Sec. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a  
candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor  
Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen : they will  
along with company, for they have great  
charge.

[Exit carriers. 51]

*Gads.* What ho ! chamberlain !

*Cham.* [Within] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand,  
quoth the chamberlain ; for thou variest no  
more from picking of purses than giving di-  
rection doth from laboring ; thou layest the  
plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It  
holds current that I told you yesternight :  
there's a franylin in the wild of Kent hath  
brought three hundred marks with him in  
gold : I heard him tell it to one of his com-  
pany last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ;  
one that hath abundance of charge too, God  
knows what. They are up already, and call  
for eggs and butter ; they will away pres-  
ently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint  
Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it : I pray thee,  
keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou  
worshippes St. Nicholas as truly as a man of  
falshood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the  
hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of  
gallows ; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with  
me, and taon knowest he is no starveling. Tut !  
there are other Trojans that thou dreamest  
not of, the which for sport sake are con-  
tent to do the profession some grace ; that  
would, if matters should be looked into, for  
their own credit sake, make all whole. I am  
joined with no foot-lard rakers, no long-staff  
sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mus-  
tachio purple-hued malt-worms ; but with no-  
bility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great  
oncyers, such as can hold in, such as will  
strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner  
than drink, and drink sooner than pray : and  
yet, 'ounds, I lie ; for they pray continually  
to their saint, the commonwealth ; or rather,  
not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride  
up and down on her and make her their  
boots.

[91]  
*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their  
boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

*Gads.* She will, she will ; justice hath li-  
quored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-

sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to ; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Poins ! Poins, and be hanged ! Poins !

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ! what a brawling dost thou keep !

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal ?

*Prince.* He is walked up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him.

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have drink medicines. Poins ! Hal ! a plague upon you both ! Bardolph ! Peto ! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough : a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another ! [They whistle.] Whew ! A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hanged !

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-guts ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus ?

*Prince.* Thou liest ; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*Prince.* Out, ye rogue ! shall I be your ostler ?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters ! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison : when a jest is so forward, and afoot too ! I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO with him.*

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter : I know his voice. Bardolph, what news ?

*Bard.* Case ye, case ye ; on with your vizards : there's money of the king's coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all. 60

*Fal.* To be hanged.

*Prince.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them ?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir John Faunce ?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal. 71

*Prince.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises ?

*Poins.* Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dote, say I : every man to his business.

*Enter the Travellers.*

*First Trav.* Come, neighbor : the boy shall lead our horses down the hill ; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand !

*Travellers.* Jesus bless us !

*Fal.* Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats : ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them : fleece them.

*Travellers.* O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever !

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I world you store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You are grand jurors, are ye ? we'll jure ye, 'faith. [Here they rob them and bind them.] *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*Prince.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves

and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close : I hear them coming.

*Enter the Thieves again.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

*Prince.* Your money !

*Poins.* Villains !

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them : they all run away ; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse : The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear.

So strongly that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along : Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd ! [Exit.

### SCENE III. Warwick castle.

*Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter.*

*Hot.* ‘But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.’ He could be contented : why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he bears our house : he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;’—why, that’s certain : ‘tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.’ Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. ‘Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself ? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower ? is there not besides the Douglas ? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month ? and are they not some of them set forward already ? What a pagan rascal is this ! an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart,

will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action ! Hang him ! let him tell the king : we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter LADY PERCY.*

How now, Kate ! I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone ?

For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish’d woman from my Harry’s bed ? Tell me, sweet lord, what is’t that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep ? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sit’st alone ? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy checks ;

And given my treasures and my rights of thee To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy ? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch’d, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars ; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ; Cry ‘Courage ! to the field !’ And thou hast talk’d

Of salies and retires, of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basiliisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners’ ransom and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war 59 And thus hath so bestirr’d thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream ; And in thy face strange motions have appear’d, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden heat. O, what portents are these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho !

*Enter Servant.*

*Hot.* Is Williams with the packet gone ?

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall by my throne, Well, I will back him straight : O esperance ! Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say’st thou, my lady ?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away ?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen As you are toss’d with. In faith, I’ll know your business, Harry, that I will,

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir  
About his title, and hath sent for you  
To line his enterprise : but if you go,—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.  
*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer  
me

Directly unto this question that I ask :  
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 90  
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,  
Away, you trifler! Love ! I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world  
To play with mammetts and to tilt with lips :  
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too. God's me, my  
horse !

What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou  
have with me ?

*Lady.* Do you not love me ? do you not,  
indeed ? 99

Welt, do not then ; for since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?  
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride ?  
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate :  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
Whither I must, I must : and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate,  
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise 110  
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,  
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
No lady closer : for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you,  
Kate :

Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.* It must of force. [Exit]. 120

#### SCENE IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern,* *Eastecheap.*

*Enter the PRINCE, and POINS.*

*Prince.* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat  
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal ?

*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads  
amongst three or four score hogheads. I have  
sounded the very base-string of humility,  
Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leath of drawers  
; and can call them all by their christen  
names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take  
it already upon their salvation, that though I be  
but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of  
contesey ; and tell me flatly I am no proud  
Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of  
mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call  
me, and when I am king of England, I shall  
command all the good lads in Eastecheap. They  
call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet ; and when  
you breathe in your watering, they cry ' hem ! '

and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so  
good a proficient in one quarter of an hour,  
that I can drink with any tinker in his own  
language during my life. I tell thee, Ned,  
thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not  
with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to  
sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this  
pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into  
my hand by an under-skinker, one that never  
spake other English in his life than ' Eight  
shillings and sixpence,' and ' You are welcome,'  
with this shrill addition, ' Anon, anon, sir !'  
Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or  
so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Fal-  
staff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some  
by-room, while I question my puny drawer to  
what end he gave me the sugar ; and do thou  
never leave calling ' Francis,' that his tale to  
me may be nothing but ' Anon.' Step aside,  
and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis !

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis ! [Exit Poins.] 130

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. Look down into  
the Pongarnet, Ralph.

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord ?

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serve, Fran-  
cis ?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much  
as to—

*Poins.* [Within] Francis !

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. 49

*Prince.* Five year ! by'r lady, a long lease  
for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis,  
darest thou be so valiant as to play the cow-  
ard with thy indenture and show it a fair pair  
of heels and run from it ?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all  
the books in England, I could find in my  
heart,

*Poins.* [Within] Francis !

*Fran.* Anon, sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis ?

*Fran.* Let me see—about Michaelmas next  
I shall be— 61

*Poins.* [Within] Francis !

*Fran.* Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my  
lord.

*Prince.* Nay, but hark you, Francis : for  
the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penny-  
worth, wasn't it not ?

*Fran.* O Lord, I would it had been two !

*Prince.* I will give thee for it a thousand  
pound : ask me when thou wilt, and thou  
shalt have it. 70

*Poins.* [Within] Francis !

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon, Francis ? No, Francis : but  
to-morrow, Francis ; or, Francis, o' Thurs-  
day ; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt.  
But, Francis !

*Fran.* My lord ?

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin,

crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spaniard-pouch,—

80  
*Fran.* O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Prince.* Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully : in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins.* [Within] Francis!

*Prince.* Away, you rogue ! dost thou not hear them call ?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

'Enter Vintner'

*Vint.* What, standest thou still, and hearst such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [Exit Francis.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door : shall I let them in ?

*Prince.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins !

Re-enter Poins.

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door : shall we be merry ?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye ; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come, what's the issue ?

*Prince.* I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What's o'clock, Francis ?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. [Exit. 109]

*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman ! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs ; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north ; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life ! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day ?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he ; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after ; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff : I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo !' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO ; FRANCIS following with wine.

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack : where hast thou been ?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen ! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netter stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards ! Give

me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant ?

[He drinks.]

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's ! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Ful.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too : there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man : yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward ! Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men imhanged in England ; and one of them is fat and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

149

*Fal.* A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

*Prince.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter ?

*Ful.* Are not you a coward ? answer me to that : and Poins there ?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

160

*Ful.* I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack : I am a rogue, if I drunk-to-day.

*Prince.* O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

171

*Fal.* All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter ?

*Ful.* What's the matter ! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

*Ful.* Where is it ! taken from us it is : a hundred upon poor four of us.

180

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man ?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my sword hacked like a band-saw—eccc signum ! I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards ! Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

191

*Prince.* Speak, sirs ; how was it ?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us--

200

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all ?

Fal. All ! I know not what you call all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

210

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for : I have peppered two of them ; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward ; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

Prince. What, four ? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

220

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven ? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram ?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

230

Prince. Prithee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,--

239

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,--

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so

dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason : what sayest thou to this ?

259

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,--

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish ! O for breath to utter what is like thee ! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,--

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again : and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack,

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four ; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house : and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimblly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack ; what trick hast thou now ?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir-apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct : the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors : watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

Prince. Content ; and the argument shall be thy running away.

311

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince !

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess ! what sayest thou to me ?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you : he says he comes from your father.      319

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he ?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ? Shall I give him his answer ?

*Prince.* Prithee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[Exit.]

*Prince.* Now, sirs : by'r lady, you fought fair ; so did you, Peto ; so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince : no, fie !

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked ?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.      339

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*Prince.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away : what instinct hadst thou for it ?      350

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend ?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone, How now, my sweet creature of bombast ! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee ?      361

*Fal.* My own knee ! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring : a plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad : here was Sir John Bracy from your father ; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him ?

*Pois.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same : and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas,

that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.      380

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running !

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo ; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.      389

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more : Worcester is stolen away tonight ; thy father's beard is turned white with the news : you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

*Prince.* Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true ; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid ? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i' faith ; I lack some of thy instinct.      409

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I ? content : this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown !      420

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.      429

*Host.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith !

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen ; for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father, how he holds his countenance !

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my trifling queen ;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see !

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good

tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point ; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a mickey and eat blackberries ? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses ? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also : and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

461  
*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent : of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man shoulde be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poultier's hare.

481  
*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand : judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you ?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false : may, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

489

*Prince.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace : there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man : a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Moundingtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grev iniquity, that

father ruffian, that vanity in years ? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it ? wherein cunning, but in craft ? wherein crafty, but in villany ? wherein in villainous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

*Fal.* I would your grace would take me with you : whom means your grace ?

*Prince.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it ; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned : if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord ; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins : but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company : banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*Prince.* I do, I will.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord ! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, ye rogue ! Play out the play : I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter the Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord !

*Prince.* Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick : what's the matter ?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door : they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in ?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit : thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

541

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major : if you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*Prince.* Go, hide thee behind the arras the rest walk up above. Now, my master for a true face and good conscience.

55

*Fal.* Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

*Prince.* Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as batter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here;

For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charged withal : And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen [marks.

Have in this robbery lost three hundred

*Prince.* It may be so : if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable ; and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*Prince.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exit Sheriff and Carrier.*

*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaff !—Fast asleep behind the arras, and sporting like a horse.

*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*H' searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found ?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*Peto.* [Reads] Item, A capon, . . . 2s. 2d.  
Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.  
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.  
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, . . . 2s. 6d.  
Item, Bread, . . . ob.

*Prince.* O monstrous ! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack ! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so, good morrow, Peto. [*Exit.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down ?

And uncle Worcester : a plague upon it !

I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur, For by that name as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets ; and at my birth The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born. 21

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire, And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30

Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature, In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave To tell you once again that at my birth The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. 40

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ; And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ? And bring him out that is but woman's son Can trace me in the tedious ways of art And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there's no man speaks better

Welsh. Till to dinner.

50

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ; But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil

By telling truth : tell truth and shame the devil

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

60

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil !

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !

How 'scapes he argues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map : shall we divide our right

70

According to our threefold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it into three limits very equally :

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, By south and east is to my part assign'd :

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, And all the fertile land within that bound.

To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you The remnant northward, tying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;

80

Which being sealed interchangeably, A business that this night may execute,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power, As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet, Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

Within that space you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends and neighboring gentlemen.

90

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords :

And in my conduct shall your ladies come ; From whom you now must steal and take no leave.

For there will be a world of water shed Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours : See how this river comes me cranking in, And cuts me from the best of all my land A huge half-moon, a monstrous cautle out. 100 I'll have the current in this place damn'd up ; And here the snug and silver Trent shall run In a new channel, fair and evenly ; It shall not wind with such a deep indent, To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side ; Gelding the opposed continent as much 110 As on the other side it takes from you.

Hot. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here

And on this north side win this cape of land ; And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then ; speak it in Welsh.

120 Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;

For I was train'd up in the English court ; Where, being but young, I framed to the harp Many an English ditty lovely well And gave the tongue a helpful ornament, A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, And I am glad of it with all my heart : I had rather be a kitten and cry new Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ; I had rather hear a brazen caustle turn'd, 131 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ; And that would set my teeth nothing on edge, Nothing so much as mincing poetry : 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend ; But in the way of bargain, mark ye me, I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140 Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair ; you may away by night : I'll haste the writer and withal Break with your wives of your departure hence :

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant, Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150

And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me fro'n my faith. I tell you what :  
He held me last night at least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys : I cried ' hum,' and  
‘ well, go to,’

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife : 160  
Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on eates and have him talk to me  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
And wondrous affable and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
He holds your temper in a high respect 170  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
When you come 'cross his humor ; faith, he  
does :

I warrant you, that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof :  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-  
blame ;  
And since your coming hither have done  
enough

To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this  
fault : 180

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,  
blood,—  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain :  
The least of which haunting a nobleman  
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd : good manners  
be your speed ! 190  
Here come our wives, and let us take our  
leave.

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER with the ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers  
me :

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glo.* My daughter weeps : she will not  
part with you ;

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her that she and my  
aunt Percy

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glocester speaks to her in Welsh, and she  
answers him in the same.*

*Glo.* She is desperate here ; a peevish  
self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can  
do good upon. [The lady speaks in Welsh.]

*Mort.* I understand thy looks : that pretty  
Welsh 201  
Which thou pourst down from these swelling  
heavens  
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*  
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation :  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learned thy language ; for thy  
tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run  
mad. [*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this !

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes  
lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep  
As is the difference betwixt day and night 220  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear  
her sing :

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so ;  
And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shall be here : sit, and at-  
tend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying  
down : come, quick, quick, that I may lay my  
head in thy lap. 231

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands  
Welsh ;

And tis no marvel he is so humorous.

By'r lady, he is a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but  
musical for you are altogether governed by  
humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady  
sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach,  
howl in Irish. 241

*Lady P.* Wouldst thou have thy head  
broken ?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee !

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that ?

*Hot.* Peace ! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth. 251

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth ! Heart !  
you swear like a confit-maker's wife. ' Not  
you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and

'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'  
And givest such surceint surely for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, 260  
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing,

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or  
be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be  
drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and  
so, come in when ye will. [Exit.

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you  
are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go,  
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, 270  
And then to horse imme-ately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [Exit.

## SCENE II. London. The palace.

*Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others.*

*King.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince of  
Wales and I  
Must have some private conference: but be  
near at hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you.

[Exit Lords.  
I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost in thy passages of life  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else, 11  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean  
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*Prince.* So please your majesty, I would 1  
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20  
Myself of many I am charged withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As in reproof of many tales devised,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must

hear,  
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood:

The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the son of every man  
Prephetically doth forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputedless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;  
That men would tell their children 'This is he?  
Others would say 'Where, which is Boling-  
broke?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast  
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down 60  
With shallow jesters and rash bav'ry wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative,  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70

They surfeited with honey and began

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a

little

More than a little is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80  
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids  
down,

Slept in his face and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and  
full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou:  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation: not an eye  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee  
more;

Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. 91

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,

Be more myself.

*King.* For all the world  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then

When I from France set foot at Ravensburgh,  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession ;  
For of no right, nor color like to right,      100  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.

What never-dying honor hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
And military title capital      110  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge  
Christ :

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing  
clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprizes  
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up.      120  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels and curtsey at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*Prince.* Do not think so; you shall not find  
it so :  
And God forgive them that so much have  
sway'd      130

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood  
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame  
with it :

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honor and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
For every honor sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth ex-  
change

His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,      150  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here :  
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in  
this :      160  
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust  
herein.

### Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of  
speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to  
speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:  
A mighty and fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*King.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth  
to-day ;      170  
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;  
For this advertisement is five days old :  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set for-  
ward ;

On Thursday we ourselves will march: our  
meeting

Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.      180

[Exeunt.

### SCENE III. Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.

#### Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely  
since this last action ? do I not hate ? do I not  
dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like  
an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like  
an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that  
suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall  
be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have  
no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten  
what the inside of a church is made of, I am a  
peppercorn, a brewer's horse : the inside of a  
church ! Company, villainous company, hath  
been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you  
cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it : come sing me a  
bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuous  
as given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous  
enough ; swore little ; diced not above  
seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house  
not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid  
money that I borrowed, three or four times ;  
lived well and in good compass : and now I live  
out of all order, out of all compass,

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.      30

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori : I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel ;' but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years ; God reward me for it !

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

*Fal.* God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

#### Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen ! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket ?      61

*Host.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John ? do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess : Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? no ; I defy thee : God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John ; you owe me money, Sir John ; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.      81

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drink-

ings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it ; let him pay.

*Host.* He ? alas, he is poor ; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How ! poor ? look upon his face, what call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks : I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younger of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked ? I have lost a sealing-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper !

*Fal.* How ! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-up : 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.      101

*Enter the PRINCE and PETO, marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his transverse like a fife.*

How now, lad ! is the wind in that door, i' faith ? must we all march ?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

*Host.* Mylord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickley ? How doth thy husband ? I love him well : he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Jack ?      111

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked : this house is turned bawdy-house ; they pick pockets.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack ?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pound apiece, and a sealing-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord ; and I said I heard your grace say so ; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is ; and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What ! he did not ?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune ; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox ; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.      121

*Host.* Say, what thing ? what thing ?

*Fal.* What thing ! why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it : I am an honest man's wife : and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.      140

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou ?

*Fal.* What beast ! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John ! why an otter ?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so : thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou !

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, hostess ; and he sculders thee most grossly. 150

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal ! a million : thy love is worth a million : thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph ? 160

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper : darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*Prince.* And why not as the lion ?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray Cod my girdle break.

*Prince.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine ; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : art thou not ashamed ?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy ? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket ? 190

*Prince.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad, how is that answered ?

*Prince.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee : the money is paid back again. 200

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back ; 'tis a double labor.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot. 200

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph !

*Bard.* My lord ?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [Exit Bardolph.] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [Exit Peto.] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive

Money and order for their furniture. The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ; And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit.

*Fal.* Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my breakfast, come ! 220

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter ; I do defy The tongues of soothsers ; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself : Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honor : 10 No man so potent breathes upon the ground But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord ; he is grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ? Under whose government come they along ?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited :  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise ;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

†He writes me here, that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is disposed to us ;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly possess'd 40

Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a main to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :

And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it : were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?  
It were not good ; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50  
The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

*Douy.* 'Faith, and so we should ;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion :

†We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here. 60

The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks no division : it will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :

And think how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction

And breed a kind of question in our cause ;

For well you know we of the offering side

Must keep aloof from strict arbitration, 70

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us :

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use :  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here ; for men must think

If we without his help can make a head 80  
To push against a kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Douy.* As heart can think : there is not such a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm : what more ?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd, 90  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass ?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms :

†All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;

Glittering in golden coats, like images ; 100  
As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs gallantly arm'd,

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus

And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more : worse than the sun in March, 111

This praise doth nourish argues. Let them come ;

They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war

All hot and bleeding will we offer them  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh

And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse

O that Glendower were come !

*Ver.* There is more news : I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.  
*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be: 130  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. A public road near Coventry.

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil tonight.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coininge. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end. 10

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soured gurnet, I have misused the king's press damnable. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the buns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drun; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tipsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cunkers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draif and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the giblets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat; nay, and the villainous march

wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tucked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quill!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury. 59

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you looks for us all: we must away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*Prince.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. 81

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast 85

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.*

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advised; stir not tonight.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Douy.* You do not counsel well :  
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honor bid me on, 10

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day

lives :

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

*Douy.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much.

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition : certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; 21

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated and brought low :

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours :

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king, 30

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and would to God

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well ; and even those some

Envie your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his dueuteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs ; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50

H herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind ; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears ;

And when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low  
A poor unmindful outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God, 61  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his liveries and beg his peace,

With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance and perdon'd it too,  
Now when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,

The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him

Even at the heels in golden multitudes,  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravensburgh ;

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,

This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for ;  
Proceeded further : cut me off the heads  
Of all the favorites that the absent king

In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.  
In short time after, he deposed the king ; 90  
Soon after that, deprived him of his life :  
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman

March,  
Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales  
There without ransom to lie forfeited ;  
Disgraced me in my happy victories,  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence :

Rated mine uncle from the council-board :  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court :  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on

wrong, 101

And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety ; and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king ?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle 110  
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace  
and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you do.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. York. *The Archbishop's palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR MICHAEL.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief With winged haste to the lord marshal; This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest To whom they are directed. If you knew How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord, I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you do. To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, As I am truly given to understand, 11 The king with mighty and quick-raised power Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,

What with the sickness of Northumberland, Whose power was in the first proportion, And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew too And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies, I fear the power of Percy is too weak To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn

The special head of all the land together: The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt; And many more corrivals and dear men 31 Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear; And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed: For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king Dismiss his power, he means to visit us, For he hath heard of our confederacy, And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste. I must go write again To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. [Exeunt. 41]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and FALSTAFF.*

*King.* How bloodyly the sun begins to peer Above you busky hill! the day looks pale

At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,

And by his hollow whistling in the leaves Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize, For nothing can seem foul to those that win. [The trumpet sounds.

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well That you and I should meet upon such terms As now we meet. You have deceived our trust And made us doff our easy robes of peace, To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel: This is not well, my lord, this is not well. What say you to it? will you again unknit This curlish knot of ali-abhorred war? And move in that obedient orb again Where you did give a fair and natural light, And be no more an exhaled meteor, A prodigy of fear and a portent 20 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege: For nine own part, I could be well content To entertain the lag-end of my life With quiet hours; for I do protest, I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You have not sought it! how con-es it then? Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace! Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 30

Of favor from myself and all our house; And yet I must remember you, my lord, We were the first and dearest of your friends. For you my staff of office did I break In Richard's time; and posted day and night To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand, When yet you were in place and in account Nothing so strong and fortunate as I. It was myself, my brother, and his son, That brought you home and boldly outdare The dangers of the time. You swore to us, 41 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state; Nor claim no further than your new-falln' right, The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster: To this we swore our aid. But in short space It rain'd down fortune showering on your head; And such a flood of greatness fell on you, What with our help, what with the absent king, What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50 The seeming sufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious winds that held the king So long in his unlucky Irish wars.

That all in England did repute him dead: And from this swarm of fair advantages You took occasion to be quickly woo'd To gripe the general sway into your hand; Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster; And being fed by us you used us so As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60

Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk  
 That even our love durst not come near your  
 sight  
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight and raise this present head ;  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forged against yourself  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth      70  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeed you have artic-  
 ulate,  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine color that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation :  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water-colors to impaint his cause ;      80  
 Nor moodily beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both your armes there is many  
 a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the  
 world

In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,  
 This present enterprise set off his head,  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 More active-valiant or more valiant-young, 90  
 More daring or more bold, is now alive  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
 I have a tyrant been to chivalry ;  
 And so I hear he doth account me too ;  
 Yet this before my father's majesty —  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.      100

*King.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we  
 venture thee,

Albeit considerations infinite  
 Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well ; even those we love  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part :  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his :  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do : but if he will not yield, 110  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us  
 And they shan't do their office. So, be gone ;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply :  
 We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my life :  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*King.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his  
 charge ;  
 For, on their answer, will we set on them :

And God befriend us, as our cause is just ! 120  
 [*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the  
 battle and bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of  
 friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do theo  
 that friendship. Say thy prayers, and fare-  
 well.

*Fal.* I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death.      [Exit.

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to  
 pay him before his day. What need I be so  
 forward with him that calls not on me ? Well,  
 'tis no matter ; honor pricks me on. Yea, but  
 how if honor prick me off when I come on ?  
 how then ? Can honor set to a leg ? no : or an  
 arm ? no : or take away the grief of a wound ?  
 no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then ? no.  
 What is honor ? a word. What is in that word  
 honor ? what is that honor ? air. A trim reck-  
 oning ! Who hath it ? he that died o' Wednesday.  
 Doth he feel it ? no. Doth he hear it ?  
 no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But  
 will it not live with the living ? no. Why ? de-  
 traction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none  
 of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon : and so  
 ends my catechism.      [Exit.

## SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know,  
 Sir Richard,  
 The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Vern.* 'Twere best he did.  
*Wor.* Then are we all undone.  
 It is not possible, it cannot be.  
 The king should keep his word in loving us :  
 He will suspect us still and find a time  
 To punish this offence in other faults :  
 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of  
 eyes ;

For treason is but trusted like the fox.  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd  
     up,      10  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot :  
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,  
 And an adopted name of privilege,  
 A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :  
 All his offences lie upon my head      20  
 And on his father's : we did train him on,  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
 In any case, the offer of the king.

*Vern.* Deliver what you will ; I'll say 'tis so.  
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd :  
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Uncle,* what news ? 30  
*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.  
*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*]  
*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any ? God forbid !

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus, By now forswearing that he is forsworn : He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us. 41

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.  
*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day

But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me, 50  
How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

*Per.* No, by my soul : I never in my life Did hear a challenge urged more modestly, Unless a brother should a brother dare To gentle exercise and proof of arms. He gave you all the duties of a man ; Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle, Making you ever better than his praise By still dispraising praise valued with you ; 60 And, which became him like a prince indeed, He made a blushing cital of himself ; And chid his wanton youth with such a grace As if he master'd there a double spirit Of teaching and of learning instantly. There did he pause : but let me tell the world, If he outhe the envy of this day, England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamored 70 On his follies : never did I hear Of any prince so wild a libertine. But be he as he will, yet once ere night I will embrace him with a soldier's arm, That he shall shrink under my courtesy. Arm, arm with speed : and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue, Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you. 80

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.  
O gentlemen, the time of life is short ! To spend that shortness basely were too long, If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour. An if we live, we live to tread on kings ; If die, brave death, when princes die with us !

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair, When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace. 90

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking ; only this—  
Let each man do his best : and here draw I A sword, whose temper I intend to stain With the best blood that I can meet withal In the adventure of this perilous day. Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on. Sound all the lofty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace ; For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall A second time do such a courtesy. 101

[*The trumpets sound.* They embrace, and *exit.*

### SCENE III. Plain between the camps.

*The KING enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me ? what honor dost thou seek Upon my head ?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas : And I do haunt thee in the battle thus. Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought

Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry, This sward hath ended him : so shall it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

*Blunt.* I was not born a yelder, thou proud Scot ; And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies the king.

*Hot.* Where ?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas ? no : I know this face full well :

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself. 21  
*Douy.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats,

*Douy.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats :

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away !

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. 29  
[Exit.

*Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring bnt upon the pate. Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt : there's honor for you ! here's no vanity ! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered : there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ? 40

*Enter the PRINCE.*

*Prince.* What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoots of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unrevenget : I prithee,  
lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is indeed : and living to kill thee, I prithee, lend me thy sword. 50

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*Prince.* Give it me : what, is it in the case ?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot : there's that will sack a city. [The Prince drives it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.

*Prince.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now ? [He throws the bottle at him. Exit.

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath : give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND.*

*King.* I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*Lau.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prince.* I beseech your majesty, make up, Let your retirement do amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so. My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help : 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

*Lan.* We breathe too long : come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come. [Exit Prince John and Westmoreland.

*Prince.* By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster :

I did not think thee the lord of such a spirit : Before, I loved thee as a brother, John ; But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O, this boy Lends mettle to us all ! [Exit.

*Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king ! they grow like Hydry's heads : I am the Douglas, fatal to all those That wear those colors on them : what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

*King.* The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30 And not the very king. I have two boys Seek Percy and thyself about the field : But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee : so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit : And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king : But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be, And thus I win thee. [They fight ; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again ! the spirits 40 Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee : Who never promiseth but he means to pay

[They fight : Douglas falls. Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent, And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile : Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion, And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

*Prince.* O God ! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world  
And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

*King.* Make up to Clifton : I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [Exit.]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmonth.

*Prince.* Thou speakest as if I would deny my name. 60

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.* Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of the name.  
I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not,  
Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

*Prince.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ; 71

And all the budding honors on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.  
[They fight.]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal ! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.* HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !

I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh : 80

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthly and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue : no, Percy, thou art dust.

And food for — [Dies.]

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy : fare thee well, great heart !

Hi-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !

When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ; 90

But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough : this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal :  
But let my favors hide thy mangled face ;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, 100  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[He spieth Falstaff on the ground.]  
What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !  
I could have better spared a better man :  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity !  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.] 110

*Fal.* [Rising up] Embowelled ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead : how, if he should counterfeit too and rise ? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [stabbing him], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes up Hotspur on his back]

*Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John ; full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

*Lan.* But, soft ! whom have we here ? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

*Prince.* I did ; I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive ?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight ? I prithee, speak ; we will not trust our eyes 139  
Without our ears : thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain : I am not a double man : but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [throwing the body down] : if your father will do me any honor, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou ? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying ! I grant you I was down and out of breath : and so was he : but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so : if not, let them that shold reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh : if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. 159

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back : For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours. Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward, He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE V. Another part of the field.

*The trumpets sound.* Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke, Ill-spirited Worcester ! did not we send grace, Pardon and terms of love to all of you ? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary ? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ? three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl and many a creature else Had been alive this hour, If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to :

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too :

Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.* How goes the field ? the saw

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ; 20 And falling from a hill, he was so bruised That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honorable bounty shall belong :

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :

His valor shown upon our crests to-day Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds 30

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy.

Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 46

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day :

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeun:*

# KING HENRY IV. PART II.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1597-98.)

## INTRODUCTION.

[See Introduction to Part I.]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.  
KING HENRY the Fourth.  
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V., } his  
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE, } sons.  
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,  
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
GOWER.  
HARCOURT.  
BLUNT.  
Lord Chief-Judge of the King's Bench.  
A Servant of the Chief-Judge.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.  
LORD MOWBRAY.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD BARDOLPH.  
SIR JOHN COLEVILE.  
TRAVERS AND MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
His Page.  
BARDOLPH.  
PISTOL.  
POINS.  
PETO.  
SHALLOW, } country justices.  
SILENCE,  
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.  
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and  
BULLCALF, tennants.  
FANG and SNAKE, sheriff's officers.  
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.  
LADY PERCY.  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in  
Eastcheap.  
DOLL TEARSHEET.  
Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers,  
Beadles, Grooms, &c.  
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.  
SCENE : England.

## INDUCTION.

*Warkworth. Before the castle.*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues*

*Rum.* Open your ears ; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Staffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity  
Under the smile of safety wounds the world :

And who but Rumour, who but only I, 11  
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,  
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other  
grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncouth heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household ? Why is Rumour  
here ?  
I run before King Harry's victory ;  
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury

Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his  
troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? my office is  
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stooped his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumor'd through the peasant  
towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's  
tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than  
true wrongs. [Exit. 40]

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.**Enter LORD BARDOLPH.**L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?*The Porter opens the gate.*

Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the  
orchard;Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.**L. Bard.* Here comes the earl. [Exit Porter.*North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every  
minute nowShould be the father of some stratagem:  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose  
And bears down all before him. 11*L. Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.*North.* Good, an God will!*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish:  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the  
BluntsKill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince  
John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir

John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, 20  
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Caesar's fortunes!*North.* How is this derived?Saw you the field? came you from Shrews-  
bury?*L. Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that  
came from thence,A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.*North.* Here comes my servant Travers,  
whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.*Enter TRAVERS.**L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the  
way; 30And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me.*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings  
comes with you?*Trav.* My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd  
me backWith joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,  
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied  
horse.He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury: 40  
He told me that rebellion had bad luck  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And bending forward struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.*North.* Ha! Again:  
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold? 50  
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?*L. Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what;  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honor, for a silken point  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.*North.* Why should that gentleman that  
rode by Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

*L. Bard.* Who, he?  
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen  
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more  
news.*Enter MORTON.* [60]*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-  
leaf,Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
So looks the strand whereon the imperious  
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-  
bury?*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble  
lord;Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our party.*North.* How doth my son and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy  
cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was  
burnt;  
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.  
This thou wouldest say, 'Your son did thus and  
thus;  
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Doug-  
las.'

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80  
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother,  
yet;

But, for my lord your son,—

*North.* Why, he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,

*Morton;*

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gain-  
said: 91

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.  
*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's  
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:  
The tongue offends not that reports his death:  
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

*L. Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son  
is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry I should force you to be-  
lieve

That which I would to God I had not seen:  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-  
breathed.

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat  
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110  
From whence with life he never more sprung  
up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:  
For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy  
lead:

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, 121  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their  
fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field. Then was the noble Wor-  
cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious  
Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring  
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the  
king,

'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the  
shame

Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his  
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out

A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough  
to mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me  
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me  
well:

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd  
joints,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with  
grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou  
niece crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly  
quof!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to  
hit.

Now bind my brows with iron; and approach  
The ragged st'hour that time and spite due  
bring

To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!  
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's  
hand

Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being  
set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160  
*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong,  
my lord.

*L. Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom  
from your honor.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give  
o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before  
you said  
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,  
That, in the dole of blows, your son might  
drop :  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er ;      171  
You were advised his flesh was capable  
Of wounds and scars and that his forward  
spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger  
ranged :

Yet did you say 'Go forth ;' and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff-borne action : what hath then be-  
fallen,

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought  
forth,

More than that being which was like to be ?

*L. Bard.* We all that are engaged to this  
loss      180

Knew that we ventured on such dangerous  
seas

That if we wrought our life 'twas ten to one ;  
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed  
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd ;  
And since we are o'erst, venture again.

Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time : and, my most  
noble lord,

I bear for certain, and do speak the truth,  
The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
With well-appointed powers : he is a man 190  
Who with a double surety binds his follow-  
ers.

My lord your son had only but the corpse,  
But shadows and the shews of men, to fight ;  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
And they did fight with queasiness constrain'd,  
As men drink potions, that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and  
souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop 200  
Turns insurrection to religion :

Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's followed both with body and with mind;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Poinfret  
stones :

Berives from heaven his quarrel and his  
cause :

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;  
And more and less do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before ; but, to  
speak truth,      210

This present grief had wiped it from my mind.  
Go in with me ; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge :  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with  
speed :

Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. A street.

Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his  
sword and buckler.

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doc-  
tor to my water ?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a  
good healthy water : but, for the party that  
owed it, he might have more diseases than he  
knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird  
at me : the brain of this foolish-compounded  
clay, man, is not able to invent anything that  
tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented  
on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I  
do here walk before thee like a sow that hath  
overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the  
prince put thee into my service for any other  
reason than to set me off, why then I have no  
judgment. Thou whoreson mudrake, thou  
art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at  
my heels. I was never maimed with an agate  
till now ; but I will inset you neither in gold nor  
silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back  
again to your master, for a jewel,—the juven-  
tal, the prince your master, whose chin is not  
yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard  
growin the palm of my hand than he shall  
get one on his cheek ; and yet he will not  
stick to say his face is a face-royal : God may  
finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss  
yet : he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a  
barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ;  
and yet he'll be crowing as it he had writ  
man ever since his father was a bachelor. He  
may keep his own grace, but he's almost out  
of mine, I can assure him. What said Master  
Doubledon about the satin for my short cloak  
and my slops ?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him  
better assurance than Bardolph : he would  
not take his band and yours ; he liked not the  
security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned, like the glutton !  
pray God his tongue be hotter ! A whoreson  
Achitophel ! a rascally yeaforsooth knave !  
to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand  
upon security ! The whoreson smooth-pates  
do now wear nothing but high shoes, and  
lunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a  
man is through with them in honest taking  
up, then they must stand upon security. I  
had as lief they would put ratsbane in my  
mouth as offer to stop it with security. I  
looked a' should have sent me two and twenty  
yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he  
sends me security. Well, he may sleep in se-  
curity ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and  
the lightness of his wife shines through it :  
and yet cannot he see, though he have his own  
lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph ?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your  
wership a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy  
me a horse in Smithfield : au I could get me

but a wife in the stews, I were manned,  
horsed, and wived. 61

*Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait, close ; I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there ?

*Serv.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery ? 69

*Serv.* He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York ? Call him back again.

*Serv.* Sir John Falstaff !

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder ; my master is deaf. 79

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

*Serv.* Sir John !

*Fal.* What ! a young knave, and begging ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it. 90

*Serv.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

*Serv.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside ; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me ; if thou takest leave, thouwert better be hanged. You hunt counter : hence ! avaunt !

*Serv.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord ! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad : I heard say your lordship was sick : I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time ; and I must humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty : you would not come when I sent for you. 121

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God mend him ! I pray you, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it ? be it as it is. 130

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain : I have read the cause of his effects in Galen : it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well : rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 140

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient : your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty ; but how should I be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great. 160

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer. [prince.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful [prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound : your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action. 171

*Fal.* My lord ?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 181

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord : your ill angel is light ; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go : I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valor is turned bearherd : pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls ; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ? and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John !

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding ; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him ! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents ; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God send the prince a better companion !

*Fal.* God send the companion a better prince ! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry : I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea ; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day ; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it : well, I cannot last ever : but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I

would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is : I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest ! and God bless your expedition !

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth ?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny : you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well : command me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chieff Justice and Servant.*

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a can part young limbs and lechery : but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other ; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy !

*Page.* Sir ?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse ?

*Page.* Seven groats and two pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse : borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster : this to the prince : this to the Earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it : you know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout ! or a gout of this pox ! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt ; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing : I will turn diseases to commodity.

[Exit.

SCENE III. York. *The Archishop's palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause and known our means ; And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes : And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms :

But gladly would be better satisfied How in our means we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice : And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

*Bard.* The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus ;

[sigh] Whether our present five and twenty thou-

May hold up head without Northumberland ?

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bard.* Yea, marry, there's the point :  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we lead his assistance by the hand ;      21  
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids uncertain should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for  
indeed

It was young Hotspur's ease at Shrewsbury.  
*L. Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lined him-  
self with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself in project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his  
thoughts :      30

And so, with great imagination  
Proper to meidmen, led his powers to death  
And winking leapt'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did  
hurt

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope,

*L. Bard.* 'Yes, if this present quality of  
war,

Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot  
Lives so in hope as in an early spring  
We see the appearing buds ; which to prove  
fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant as despair 40  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean  
to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the  
model ;

And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at last desist  
To build at all ? Much more, in this great  
work,

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down  
And set another up, should we survey      50

The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,

Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite ; or else  
We fortify in paper and in figures,

Using the names of men instead of men :  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half  
through,

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost      60  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes, yet likely of  
fair birth,      [sess'd]

Should be still-born, and that we now pos-  
The utmost man of expectation,

I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*L. Bard.* What is the king but five and  
twenty thousand ?

*Hast.* To us no more ; nay, not so much,  
Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,      76

Are in three heads : one power against the  
French,  
And one against Glendower ; perforce a third  
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king  
In three divided ; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several  
strengths together

And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and  
Welsh

Baying him at the heels : never fear that.      80

*L. Bard.* Who is it like should lead his  
forces hither ?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster and West-  
moreland ;

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-  
mouth :

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on,  
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own  
choice ;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :  
An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.      90  
O thou fond many, with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-

broke,      [be !]  
Before he was what thou wouldest have him  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;

And now thou wouldest eat thy dead vomit  
up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these  
times ?      100

They that, when Richard lived, would have  
him die,

Are now become enamor'd on his grave :  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly

head  
When through proud London he came sigh-  
ing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cries now 'O earth, yield us that king again,

And take thou this ! ' O thoughts of men  
accursed !

Past and to come seems best ; things present  
worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers and  
set on ?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time  
bids be gone.      [Exeunt. 110]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A street.

Enter Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her,  
and SNARE following.

*Host.* Master Fang, have you entered the action?

*Fang.* It is entered.

*Host.* Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most basely: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice.—

*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an intitutive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is invited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lambert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred marks is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that ariant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou basely rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wot, wot thou? thou wot wot ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallion! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, and his men.*

*Ch. Just.* What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

*Ch. Just.* How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Host.* O most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord: it if for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip? Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar: telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people: saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-orthy: deny it, if thou canst.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says up and down the town that the eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sanctiness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

*Host.* Yea, in truth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this snep without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sanctiness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.      140

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, Master Gower, what news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry Prince

of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman.

*Host.* Faith, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.      151

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn bota my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an' twere not for thy humors, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.      170

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

*Fal.* Will I live? [To Bardolph] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers and Boy.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my lord?      180

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are marched up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently:      190

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.      200

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.      [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. Another street.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*Prince.* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

*Prince.* Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

*Prince.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colored ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland; and God knows, whether those that bawl out

the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom : but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*Prince.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes, faith ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

*Prince.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell. 41

*Prince.* Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly upon such a subject.

*Prince.* By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency : let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick ; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason ?

*Prince.* What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep ?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite. 59

*Prince.* It would be every man's thought ; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks : never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine : every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrailed to Falstaff.

*Prince.* And to thee.

*Poins.* By this light, I am well spoke on ; I can hear it with my own ears ; the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*Enter BARDOLPH and PAGE.*

*Prince.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff : a' had him from me Christian : and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Bard.* God save your grace !

*Prince.* And yours, most noble Bardolph !

*Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing ? wherefore blush you now ? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become ! Is't such a matter to get a potter-pot's maidenhead ?

*Page.* A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window ; at last I

spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

*Prince.* Has not the boy profited ? 90

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althaea's dream, away !

*Prince.* Instruct us, boy ; what dream, boy ?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althaea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

*Prince.* A crown's worth of good interpretation : there 'tis, boy. 100

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers ! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*Prince.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town : there's a letter for you.

*Poins.* Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master ? 110

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician ; but that no-yes not him : though that be sick, it dies not.

*Prince.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog ; and he holds his place ; for look you how he writes.

*Poins.* [Reads] 'John Falstaff, knight' — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself ; even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that ?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. 'The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

*Prince.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :

*Poins.* [Reads] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

*Prince.* Peace !

*Poins.* [Reads] 'I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity : he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.' 'I command me to thee, I command thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest ; and so, farewell. 141

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.' My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

*Prince.* That's to make him eat twenty of

his words. But do you use me thus, Ned ?  
must I marry your sister? 151

*Poins.* God send the wench no worse fortune ! But I never said so.

*Prince.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London ?

*Bard.* Yea, my lord.

*Prince.* Where sups he ? doth the old boar feed in the old frank ? 160

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* What company ?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

*Prince.* Sup any women with him ?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

*Prince.* What pagan may that be ?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. 170

*Prince.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ? [low you.

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord ; I'll fol-

*Prince.* Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town : there's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir, I will govern it. 180

*Prince.* Fare you well : go. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

*Prince.* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen ?

*Poins.* Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. 191

*Prince.* From a God to a bull ? a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice ? a low transformation ! that shall be mine ; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the lolly. Follow me, Ned.

[Exit.

SCENE III. Warwickshire. Before the castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs :  
Put not you on the visage of the times  
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more :

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn ;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word, 10

When you were more endeared to it than now ;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear

Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?  
There were two honors lost, yours and your

son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it !

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light

Did all the chivalry of England move 20

To do brave acts : he was indeed the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves :  
He had no legs that practised not his gait ;

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ;

For those that could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him : so that in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humors of blood, 30  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him, O won-

drous him !

O miracle of men ! him did you leave,

Second to none, unseconded by you,  
To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage : to abide a field  
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible : so you left him.

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong

To hold your honor more precise and nice 40  
With others than with him ! let them alone :

The marshal and the archbishop are strong :  
Had my sweet Harry had but half their num-

bers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,

Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from

me

With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go and meet with danger there,  
Or it will seek me another place

And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O, fly to Scotland, 50  
Till that the nobles and the armed commons

Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage  
of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son ;

He was so suffer'd : so came I a widow ;  
And never shall have length of life enough

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as

heaven,

60

For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis  
with my mind.

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:  
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
I will resolve for Scotland : there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. London, *The Boar's-head Tavern*  
*in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

*First Draw.* What the devil hast thou  
brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest  
Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

*Sec. Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The  
prince once set a dish of apple-johns before  
him, and told him there were five more Sir  
Johns, and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now  
take my leave of these six dry, round, old,  
withered knights.' It angered him to the  
heart : but he hath forgot that. [10]

*First Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them  
down : and see if thou canst find out Sneak's  
noise ; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear  
some music. Dispatch : the room where they  
supped is too hot ; they'll come in straight.

*Sec. Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince  
and Master Poins anon ; and they will put on  
two of our jerkins and aprons ; and Sir John  
must not know of it : Bardolph hath brought  
word. [20]

*First Draw.* By the mass, here will be old  
Utis : it will be an excellent stratagem.

*Sec. Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.  
[*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.

*Host.* P' faith, sweetheart, methinks now  
you are in an excellent good temperality : your  
pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart  
would desire ; and your color, I warrant you,  
is as red as any rose, in good truth, la ! But,  
i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries :  
and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it  
perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's  
this ?' How do you now ?

*Dol.* Better than I was : hem !

*Host.* Why, that's well said ; a good heart's  
worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* [*Singing.*] 'When Arthur first in court,  
—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*] —  
[*Singing.*] 'And was a worthy king.' How  
now, Mi-tress Doll !

*Host.* SICK of a calm ; yea, good faith. [40]

*Fal.* So is all her sect ; an they be once in  
a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the  
comfort you give me ?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them ! gluttony and diseases  
make them ; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony,  
you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch  
of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my  
poor virtue, grant that. [51]

*Dol.* Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

*Fal.* Your brooches, pearls, and ouches : 'for  
to serve bravely is to come halting off, you  
know : to come off the breach with his pike  
bent bravely, and to surgery bravely : to  
venture upon the charged chambers bravely.—

*Dol.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger,  
hang yourself ! [59]

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion ;  
you two never meet but you fall to some dis-  
cord : you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic  
as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with  
another's confirmities. What the good-year !  
one must bear, and that must be you : you  
are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier  
vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a  
huge full hogshead ? there's a whole merchant's  
venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have  
not seen a hulk better stuffed in the  
hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack :  
thou art going to the wars ; and whether I  
shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody  
cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

*First Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol's below,  
and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let  
him not come hither : it is the foul-mouthed st  
rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here ;  
no, by my faith ; I must live among my neighbors :  
I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name  
and fame with the very best : shut the door ;  
there comes no swaggerers here : I have not  
lived all this while, to have swaggering now :  
shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess ?

*Host.* Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John :  
there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me :  
your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors.  
I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other  
day ; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer  
ago than Wednesday last, 'I good faith,  
neighbor Quickly,' says he ; Master Dumbe,  
our minister, was by then ; 'neighbor Quick-  
ly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil : for,'  
said he, 'you are in an ill name : ' now a' said  
so, I can tell whereupon : 'for,' says he, 'you  
are an honest woman, and well thought on :  
therefore take heed what guests you receive :  
receive,' says he, 'no swaggering compa-  
nions.' There comes none here : you would  
bless you to hear what he said : no, I'll no  
swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame  
cheater, i' faith ; you may stroke him as  
gently as a puppy greyhound : he'll not swag-  
ger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn

back in any show of resistance. Call him up,  
drawer. [Exit First Drawer.]

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar  
no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but  
I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am  
the worse, when one says swagger: feel,  
masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant  
you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an'  
twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swag-  
gerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

*Pist.* God save you, Sir John! 119

*Fal.* Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol,  
I charge you with a cup of sack: do you dis-  
charge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John,  
with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall  
hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no  
bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me  
good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I  
will charge you. 131

*Dol.* Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy com-  
panion. What! you poor, base, rascally,  
cheating, luck-linen mate! Away, you mouldy  
rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you  
filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust  
my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play  
the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-  
ale rascal! you basket-hilt stile juggler, you!  
Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with  
two points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.* God let me not live, but I will murder  
your ruff for this.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have  
you go off here: discharge yourself of our  
company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, Good Captain Pistol; not here,  
sweet captain. 150

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damned  
cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called  
captain? An captains were of my mind, they  
would truncheon you out, for taking their  
names upon you before you have earned them.  
You a captain! you slave, for what? for  
tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?  
He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives  
upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes.  
A captain! God's light, these villains will  
make the word as odious as the word 'occupy,'  
which was an excellent good word before it  
was ill sorted: therefore captains had need  
look to't.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, Mistress Dol.

*Pist.* Not I; I tell thee what, Corporal  
Bardolph I could tear her: I'll be revenged  
of her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's  
damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal  
deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold  
hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down,  
faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis  
very late, I' faith: I beseech you now, aggra-  
vate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humors, indeed! Shall  
pack-horses

And hollow pauper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,  
Compare with Cesars, and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? may, rather damn them  
with

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fail foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very  
bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will  
grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men like dogs! give crowns like  
pins! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* O' my word, captain, there's none  
such here. What the good-year! do you  
think I would deny her? For God's sake, be  
quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calip-  
olis.

Come, give's some sack.  
'Si fortune me tormenta, sperato me con-  
tentu.'

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give  
fire:

Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou  
there. [Laying down his sword.]  
Come we to full points here; and are etceteras  
nothing?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.  
*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what!  
we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* For God's sake, thrust him down  
stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we  
not Galloway nags?

*Fal.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a  
sheave-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing  
but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall  
we imbrie? [Snatching up his sword.]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my dole-  
ful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping  
wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I  
say!

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not  
draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.]

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll for-  
swear keeping house, afore I'll be in these  
tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant,

now. Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet ; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you ! .

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin ? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors ?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk : you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder. 231

Fal. A rascal ! to brave me !

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poorape, how thou sweatest ! come, let me wipe thy face : come on, you whoreson chops : ah, rogue ! I' faith, I love thee : thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies : ah, villain !

Fal. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket. 241

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart : an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets

*Enter Music.*

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foaming o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

*Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and Poins, disguised.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's-head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humor's the prince of ?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow : a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit. 260

Fal. He a good wit ? hang him, baboon ! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, [then ?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories ; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him : for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avaridupis.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ? 279

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot. 281

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! what says the almanac to that ?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper. 290

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busseys.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of ? I shall receive money o' Thursday : shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late ; we'll to bed. Thou it forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so : prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return : well, harken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. { Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*

Poins. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ? And art not thou Poins his brother ?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ! 310

Fal. A better than thou : I am a gentleman ; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good gracie by thy troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine ! O Jesu, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. 321

Dol. How, you fat fool ! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentleman !

Host. God's blessing of your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth. 330

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill : you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no : not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you. [abuse.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor ; no

*Prince.* Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse?

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

*Prince.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

*Prince.* For the women?

*Fal.* For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

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*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*Prince.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[Knocking within.]

380

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

*Prince.* Peto, how now! what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster:

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I come along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*Prince.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

390

So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins,

Peto and Bardolph.]

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of

the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. [Knocking within.] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

400

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* [To the Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Doll.* I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.]

*Host.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [Within] Mistress Tearsheet!

*Host.* What's the matter?

*Bard.* [Within] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

419

*Host.* O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doil: come. [She comes blubbered.] Yea, will you come, Doll?

[Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. Westminster. The palace.

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.

*King.* Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them; make good speed.

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee

10

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge

20

And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them  
With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stilllest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ? Then happy low, lie down !  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. 31

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty !  
*King.* Is it good morrow, lords ?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*King.* Why, then, good morrow to you all,  
my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*King.* Then you perceive the body of our  
kingdom

How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow  
And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd ;  
Which to his former strength may be restored  
With good advice and little medicine :

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*King.* O God ! that one might read the  
book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean 50

Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances  
mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth, viewing his progress  
through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book, and sithim down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone

Since Richard and Northumberland, great  
friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after  
Were they at warr : it is but eight years since

This Percy was the man nearest my soul, 61  
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs

And laid his love and life under my foot,  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—  
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—

[To Warwick.

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,  
Did speak these words, now proved a proph-  
ecy ? 69

'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;'  
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
But that necessity so bow'd the state  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :  
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,  
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering  
head,

Shall break into corruption : 'so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition  
And the division of our amity.

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ; 81  
The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings he intreasured.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of  
time ;

And by the necessary form of this  
King Richard might create a perfect gness  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

*King.* Are these things then necessities ?  
Then let us meet them like necessities :  
And that same word even now cries out on us :  
They say the bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord ;  
Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your  
grace

To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,  
The powers that you already have sent forth  
Shall bring this prize in very easily. 101  
To comfort you the more, I have received  
A certain inst once that Glendower is dead.  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,  
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add  
Unto your sickness.

*King.* I will take your counsel :  
And were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II. Gloucestershire. Before JUSTICE SHALLOW's house.

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, a Servant or two with them.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on, sir ;  
give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir ;  
an early stirrer, by the rood ! And how  
doth my good cousin Silence ?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bed-  
fellow ? and your fairest daughter and mine,  
my god-daughter Ellen ?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow ! 9

*Shal.* By ye and nay, sir, I dare say my  
cousin William is become a good scholar : he  
is at Oxford still, is he not ?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir, to my cost.

*Shal.* A' must, then, to the inns o' court  
shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where  
I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called 'lusty Shallow' then,  
cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any thing ;  
and I would have done any thing indeed too,  
and roundly too. There was I, and little John  
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes,

and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cots-wold man ; you had not four such swingebucklers in all the inns o' court again : and I may say to you, we knew where the bouarobas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers? 31

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn, Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead !

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin. 39

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

*Sil.* By my troth, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet ?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Jesu, Jesu, dead ! a' drew a good bow ; and dead ! a' shot a fine shott : John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead ! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score ; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now ?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead ?

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think. 60

*Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.*

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen : I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow ?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace : what is your good pleasure with me ?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you ; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader,

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight ? may I ask how my, lady his wife doth ? 71

*Bard.* Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated ! it is good ; yea, indeed, is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated ! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good ; a good phrase. 79

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir ; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it ? by this good day,

I know not the phrase ; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

*Shal.* It is very just. 89

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand : by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well : welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow : Master Surecard, as I think ?

*Shal.* No, Sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome. 100

*Fal.* Fie ! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so : yea, marry, sir : Ralph Mouldy ! Let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see ; where is Mouldy ? 111

*Moul.* Here, an't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John ? a good-limbed fellow ; young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy ?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good ! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said. 120

*Fal.* Prick him.

*Moul.* I was pricked well enongh before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery : you need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to : peace, Mouldy ; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent ! 129

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside : know you where you are ? For the other, Sir John : let me see : Simon Shadow !

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under : he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow ?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou ?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son ! like enough, and thy father's shadow : so the son of the female

is the shadow of the male. it is often so, indeed ; but much of the father's substance !

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John ?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer ; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart !

*Fal.* Where's he ?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart ?

150

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wark.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him down, Sir John ?

*Fal.* It were superfluous : for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins : prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha ! you can do it, sir ; you can do it : I commend you well, Francis Feeble !

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble ?

160

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir ?

*Fal.* You may : but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat ?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir ; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor ! well said, courageous Feeble ! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor : well, Master Shallow ; deep, Master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands : let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

180

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble, Who is next ?

*Shal.* Peter Bulcalf o' the green !

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let's see Bulcalf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow ! Come, prick me Bulcalf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O Lord ! good my lord captain.—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked ?

190

*Bull.* O Lord, sir ! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou ?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown ; we will have away thy cold : and I will take such order that my friends shall ring for thee. Is here all ?

199

*Shal.* Here is two more called than your number : you must have but four here, sir : and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field ?

*Fal.* No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha ! twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive ?

211

*Fal.* She lives, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.

*Fal.* Never, never ; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well ?

*Fal.* Old, old, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old ; she cannot choose but be old : certain she's old ; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five year ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen ! Ha, Sir John, said I well ?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

229

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have ; in faith, Sir John, we have ; our watchword was 'Hem boys !' Come, let's to dinner ; come, let's to dinner : Jesus, the days that we have seen ! Come, come,

[Enter Falstaff and the Justices]

*Bull.* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend : and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go : and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care ; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends ; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to ; stand aside.

*Moul.* And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself : you shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to ; stand aside.

249

*Fie.* By my troth, I care not : a man can die but once : we owe God a death : I'll ne'er bear a base mind : an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so : no man is too good to serve's prince ; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[Enter Falstaff and the Justices]

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

*Shal.* Four of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you : I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalf.

261

*Fal.* Go too : well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four wil you

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry, then, Mouldy, Bulcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bullealf : for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service : and for your part, Bulcalf, grow till you come unto it : I will none of you. 271

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong : they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fd.* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblage of a man ! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart ; you see what a ragged appearance it is ; a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow ; give me this man : he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat ; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off ! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the greatness. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 290

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse ; thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So : very well : go to : very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart ; thou'rt a good scab : hold, there's a taster for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's master : he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, -I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus ; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in : 'rab, tah, tah,' would a' say ; 'bounce' would a' say ; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come : I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

*Fd.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence : I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats. 311

*Shal.* Sir John, the Lord bless you ! God prosper your affairs ! God send us peace ! At your return visit our house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed ; peradventure I will with ye to the court.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to ; I have spoke at a word. God keep you. 320

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exeunt Justices.] On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnball Street : and every third word a lie, duer

paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife : a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible : a' was the very genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake ; a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name ; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin ; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court : and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return ; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me : if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.*  
Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY,  
HASTINGS, and others.

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd ?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'Tis well done. My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have received New-dated letters from Northumberland : Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus : Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality, 11  
The which he could not levy ; whereupon He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland : and concludes in hearty prayers That your attempts may overlive the hazard And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

*Hast.* Now, what news ?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy : 20  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their  
number.

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave  
them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

*Arch.* What well-appointed leader fronts  
us here ?

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Mowb.* I think it is my Lord of Westmore-  
land.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our  
general,

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland,  
in peace :

What doth concern your coming ?

*West.* Then, my lord, 30  
Unto your grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech. If that rebel-  
lion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And contenance by boys and beggary,  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection 40

With your fair honors. You, lord arch-

bishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintaine'd,  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath

touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath  
Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such  
grace,

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ;  
Turning your books to † graves, your ink to

blood,

Your pens to lances and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this ? so the question  
stands.

Briefly to this end : we are all diseased,  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it ; or which disease

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.

But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician, 60

Nor do I as an enemy to peace.

Troop in the throngs of military men ;  
But rather show awhile like fearful war,

To diet rank minds sick of happiness

And purge the obstructions which begin to  
stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs  
we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth

run.

And are enforced from our most quiet there  
By the rough torrent of occasion :  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show iniquities ;  
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience :  
When we are wrong'd and would untold our  
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us  
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,  
Not to break peace or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal  
denied ?

Wherein have you been galled by the king ?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grante on you,  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine ?  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

*Arch.* † My brother general, the common-  
wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

*West.* There is no need of any such re-  
dress :

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him in part, and to us  
all

That feel the bruises of the days before, 100  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honors ?

*West.* O, my good Lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities.

And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me  
Either from the king or in the present time

That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on : were you not restored

To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories, 111  
Your noble and right well remember'd father's ?

*Mowb.* What thing, in honor, had my father  
lost.

That need to be revived and breathed in me ?  
The king that loved him, as the state stood

then.

Was force perforce compell'd to banish him :  
And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he,

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers

down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of

steel

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,

Then, then, when there was nothing could  
have stay'd  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the king did throw his warden down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw :  
Then threw he down himself and all their  
lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you  
know not what.      130  
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman :  
Who knows on whom fortune would then have  
smiled ?

But if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :  
For all the country in a general voice  
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers  
and love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on  
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the  
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our princely general      141  
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace  
That he will give you audience ; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forced us to compel this  
offer ;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween to take it  
so ;

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :  
For, lo ! within a ken our army lies,      151  
Upon mine honor, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best :  
Then reason will our heart should be as good :  
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will we shall admit no  
parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your  
offence :      160

A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full commis-  
sion,

In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

*West.* That is intended in the general's  
name :

I muse you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my Lord of Westmore-  
land, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances :  
Each several article herein redress'd,      170  
All members of our cause, both here and  
hence,

That are insinu'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form

And present execution of our wills

To us and to our purposes confined,  
We come within our awful banks again  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the general. Please  
you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet ; 179  
And either end in peace, which God so frame !  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so. [Exit West.  
*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom  
tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that : if we can make  
our peace  
Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-  
tains.

*Mowb.* Yea, but our valuation shall be such  
That every slight and false-derived cause, 190  
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason  
Shall to the king taste of this action ;  
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff  
And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord. Note this ; the  
king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :  
For he hath found to end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,      200  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance ; for full well he knows  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion :  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend :  
So that this land, like an offensive wife      210  
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up  
And hangs resolved correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his  
rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement :  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.*      'Tis very true :  
And therefore be assured, my good lord mar-  
shal,      220

If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.*      Be it so.

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*  
*West.* The prince is here at hand : pleaseth  
your lordship  
To meet his grace just distance 'twixt our  
armies.

*Mowbr.* Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we come. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another part of the forest.

*Enter,* from one side, MOWBRAY, attended; afterwards the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others; from the other side, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND; Officers, and others with them.

*Lan.* You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ; And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all. My Lord of York, it better shold' with you When that your flock, assembled by the bell, Encircled you to hear with reverence Your exposition on the holy text Than now to see you here an iron man, Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum, 9 Turning the word to sword and life to death. That man that sits within a monarch's heart, And ripens in the sunshine of his favor, Would he abuse the countenance of the king, Alack, what mischiefs might he set abrooch In shadowy of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken How deep you were within the books of God ? To us the speaker in his parliament ; To us the imagined voice of God himself ; The very opener and intelligencer 20 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven And our dull workings. O, who shall believe But you misuse the reverence of your place, Employ the countenance and grace of heaven, As a false favorite doth his prince's name, In deeds dishonorable ? You have ta'en up, Under the counterfeited zeal of God, The subjects of his substitute, my father, And both against the peace of heaven and him Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster, 30 I am not here against your father's peace ; But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland, The time misorder'd doth, in common sense, Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form, To hold our safety up. I sent your grace The parcels and particulars of our grief, The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ; Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep With grant of our most just and right desires, And true obedience, of this madness cured, Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowbr.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down, We have supplies to second our attempt : If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ; And so success of mischief shall be born

And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up. Whiles England shall have generation.

*Lan.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow. 50

To sound the bottom of the after-times

*West.* Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly

How far forth you do like their articles.

*Lan.* I like them all, and do allow them well,

And swear here, by the honor of my blood,

My father's purposes have been mis-tak'd,

And some about him have too hastyly

Wrested his meaning and authority.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-dress'd ;

Upon my son, they shall. If this may please you, 60

Discharge your powers unto their several counties,

As we will ours ; and here between the armies Let's drink together friendly and embrace, That all their eyes may bear those tokens home

Of our restored love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*Lan.* I give it you, and will maintain my word :

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain, and deliver to the army This news of peace : let them have pay, and part : 70

I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [Exit Officer.

*Arch.* To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace ; and, if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace, You would drink freely : but my love to ye Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you. 70

*West.* I am glad of it. Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

*Mowbr.* You wish me health in very happy season ;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry ;

But heaviness foretells the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowbr.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [Shouts within.

*Lan.* The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout !

*Mowbr.* This had been cheerful after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest :

For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90

And neither party loser.

*Lan.* Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*  
And, good my lord, so please you, let our  
trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have coped withal.

*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*

*Lan.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night  
together.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you  
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

*Lan.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispersed al-  
ready ;

Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their  
courses

East, west, north, south ; or, like a school  
broke up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-  
place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ;  
for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :

And you, lord archbishop, and you, lord Mow-  
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honor-  
able ? 110

*West.* Is your assembly so ?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith ?

*Lan.* I pawn'd thee none :  
I promised you redress of these same griev-  
ances

Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine  
honor,

I will perform with a most Christian care.  
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd  
stray : 120

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of  
death,

Treason's true bed and yilder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

*Alarum. Excursions.* Enter FALSTAFF  
and COLEVILE, meeting.

*Fal.* What's yonr name, sir ? of what condic-  
tion are you, and of what place, I pray ?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir, and my name is  
Colevile of the dale.

*Fal.* Well, then, Colevile is your name, a

knight is your degree, and your place the dale :  
Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your  
degree, and the dungeon your place, a place  
deep enough ; so shall you be still Colevile of  
the dale. 10

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff ?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, who'e'r I  
am. Do ye yield, sir ? or shall I sweat for  
you ? If I do sweat, they are the drops of  
thy lovers, and they weep for thy death :  
therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do  
observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and  
in that thought yield me. 19

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in  
this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them  
all speaks any other word but my name. An I  
had but a belly of any indifference, I were  
simply the most active fellow in Europe : my  
womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me.  
Here comes our general.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WEST-  
MORELAND, BLUNT, and others.*

*Lan.* The heat is past ; follow no further  
now :

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this  
while ?

When every thing is ended, then you come : 30  
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should  
be thus : I never knew yet but rebuke and  
check was the reward of valor. Do you think  
me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I,  
in my poor and old motion, the expedition of  
thought ? I have speeded hither with the very  
extremest inch of possibility ; I have foundered  
nine score and odd posts : and here, traveltained  
as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate  
valor, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale,  
a most furious knight and valorous enemy.  
But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ;  
that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed  
fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

*Lan.* It was more of his courtesy than your  
deserving.

*Fal.* I know not : here he is, and here I  
yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be  
booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or,  
by the Lord, I will have it in a particular bal-  
lad else, with mine own picture on the top on't,  
Colevile kissing my foot : to the which course  
if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt  
twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of  
fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon  
doth the cinders of the element, which show  
like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of  
the noble : therefore let me have right, and let  
desert mount. 61

*Lan.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine, then.

*Lan.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord,

that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*Lan.* Is thy name Colevile?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*Lan.* A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him. 70

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are  
That led me hither: had they been ruled by  
me,

You should have won them dearer than you  
have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves;  
but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself  
away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

*Lan.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

*Lan.* Send Colevile with his confederates  
To York, to present execution: 80

*Blunt.* lead him hence; and see you guard  
him sure.

[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*  
And now dispatch we toward the court, my  
lords:

I hear the king my father is sore sick;  
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,  
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,  
And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave  
to go

Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come  
to court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

*Lan.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my con-  
dition, 90

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all but Falstaff.*

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere  
better than your dukedom. Good faith, this  
same young sober-blooded boy doth not love  
me; nor a man cannot make him laugh: but  
that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's  
never none of these demure bys come to any  
proof for thin drink doth so over-cool their  
blood, and making many fish-meals, that they  
fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then,  
when they marry, they get wenches:  
they are generally fools and cowards; which  
some of us should be too, but for inflammation.  
A good sherris sack hath a two-fold opera-  
tion in it. It ascends me into the brain;  
dries me there all the foolish and dull and  
curdy vapors which environ it; makes it ap-  
prehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble  
fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered  
o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth,  
becomes excellent wit. The second property  
of your excellent sherris is, the warming of  
the blood; which, before cold and settled, left  
the liver white and pale, which is the badge of  
pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris  
warms it and makes it course from the in-  
wards to the parts extreme: it illumireth the  
face, which as a beacon gives warning to all  
the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm;

and then the vital commoners and inland petty  
spirit: n' uther me all to their captain, the  
heart, who, great and puffed up with this re-  
tinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor  
comes of sherris. So that smit in the weapon  
is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work;  
and learning a mere hour or gold kept by a  
devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act  
and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry  
is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally  
inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, stern  
and bare land, manured, husbanded and filled  
with excellent endeavor of drinking good and  
good store of fertile sherris, that he is become  
very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand  
sons, the first humane principle I would teach  
them should be, to forswear thin potations  
and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now Bardolph?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all and gone.

*Fid.* Let them go, I'll through Gloucester-  
shire; and there will I visit Master Robert  
Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering  
between my finger and my thumb, and shortly  
will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Westminster. *The Jerusalem  
Chamber.*

*Enter the King, the Princes THOMAS OF  
CLARENCE and HUMPHREY OF GLOUCE-  
STER, WARWICK, and others.*

*King.* Now, lords, if God doth give suc-  
cessful end

To this debate that bleedzth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength:  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government. 13

*War.* Both which we doubt not but your  
majesty

Shall soon enjoy.

*King.* Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*Glou.* I think he's gone to hunt, my lord,  
at Windsor.

*King.* And how accompanied?

*Glou.* I do not know, my lord.

*King.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clae-  
rence, with him?

*Glou.* No, my good lord; he is in presence  
here.

*Clar.* What would my lord and father?

*King.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of  
Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy  
brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,

Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection.

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,  
And noble offices thou mayst effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren :  
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace  
By seeming cold or careless of his will ;  
For he is gracious, if he be observed: 30  
He hath a tear for pity and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity :  
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,  
As humorous as winter and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well observed  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth ;  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn  
this, Thomas, 41  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion—  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

*Clar.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

*Clar.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*King.* And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

*Clar.* With Poins, and other his continual followers.

*King.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:  
The flood weeps from my heart when I do shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days  
And rotten time that you shall look upon 60  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affection fly  
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

*Wur.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:  
The prince but studies his companions  
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,  
'Tis needful that the most immodest word 70  
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, come to no further use  
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will in the perfectness of time  
Cast off his followers; and their memory

Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must meet the lives of others,  
Turning past evils to advantages.  
*King.* 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion.

#### Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland? 80

*West.* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver !  
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand :

Mowbray, the Bishop Scoop, Hastings and all  
Are brought to the correction of your law;  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd  
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
The manner how this action hath been borne  
Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
With every course in his particular. 90

*King.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the hunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.

#### Enter HARcourt.

Look, here's more news.

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of !

The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bar-dolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :  
The manner and true order of the fight 100  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*King.* And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?,  
She either gives a stomach and no food;  
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast  
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.  
I should rejoice now at this happy news; 109  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:

O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

*Glou.* Comfort, your majesty !

*Clar.* O my royal father !  
*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,  
look up.

*Wur.* Be patient, princes: you do know,  
these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.  
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

*Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs :

The incessant care and labor of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in

So thin that life looks through and will break out.

*Glou.* The people fear me; for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature: The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

*Clar.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles, Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*Glou.* This apoplexy will certain be his end.

*Xing.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

#### SCENE V. Another chamber.

*The King lying on a bed:* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others in attendance.

*King.* Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favorable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*Wor.* Call for the music in the other room.

*King.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Clar.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

*Prince.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

*Clar.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*Prince.* How now! rain'within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

*Glou.* Exceeding ill.

*Prince.* Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

*Glou.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*Prince.* If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

*Clar.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with us?

*Prince.* No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [Exit all but the Prince. 20]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost

sit

Like a rich armor worn in heat of day, 30  
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not: Did he suspirre, that light and weightless down Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep That from this golden rigol hath divorced So many English kings. Thy due from me Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood, Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: 40 My due from thee is this imperial crown, Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits, Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force This lineal honor from me: this from thee Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

*King.* Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.

*Clar.* Doth the king call?

*War.* What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

*King.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

*Clar.* We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*King.* The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

*War.* This door is open; he is gone this way.

*Glou.* He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

*King.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*King.* The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [Exit Warwick.

This part of his conjoins with my disease, And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and piled up The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with  
honey,  
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,  
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste  
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the  
next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks.  
With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his  
knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*King.* But wherefore did he take away  
the crown?

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me,  
Harry.

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. 91

[*Excunt Warwick and the rest.*]

*Prince.* I never thought to hear you speak  
again. [thought:

*King.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my  
honors

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm  
thee.

Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind. 100  
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stolen that which after some few  
hours

Were thine without offence; and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy  
thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.  
What! canst thou not forbear me half an  
hour? 110

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear.  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:  
Only compound me with forgotten dust:  
Give that which gave thee life unto the  
worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form:  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity! 120  
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,  
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your  
scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,  
dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;  
England shall double gild his treble guilt, 129  
England shall give him office, honor, might;  
For the fifth Harry from curl'd license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild d'g  
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy  
riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again.

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*Prince.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for  
my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140  
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke  
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
And He that wears the crown immortally  
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more  
Than as your honor and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
Which my most inward true and dutious spirit  
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.  
God witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your  
majesty, 151

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die  
And never live to show the incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,  
I spake unto this crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee de-  
pending'

Hath fed upon the body of my father; 160  
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in medicinable potable;  
But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most re-  
nown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most  
royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it, as with an enemy  
That had before my face murder'd my father,  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did with the least affection of a welcome  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head  
And make me as the poorest vassal is  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*King.* O my son,  
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's  
love, 180  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;



PRINCE HENRY.

"There is your crown,  
And He that wears the crown immortally  
Long guard it yours!"

KING HENRY IV.—*Enter Hal, fat*



And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown ; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head,  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation ;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes      190  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous hand,  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances ;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears  
Thou see'st with peril I have answered ;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument : and now my death  
Changes the mode ; for what in me was pur-      200  
chased,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I  
could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are  
green ;  
And all my friends, which thou must make  
thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en  
out ;  
By whose fell working I was first advanced  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displaced : which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now      210  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence  
borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

*Prince.* My gracious liege,      221  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;  
Then plain and right must my possession be :  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.*

*King.* Look, look, here comes my John of  
Lancaster.  
*Lan.* Health, peace, and happiness to my  
royal father !  
*King.* Thou bring'st me happiness and  
peace, son John ;  
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight  
My worldly business makes a period.      231  
Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

*Prince.* My Lord of Warwick !

*Enter WARWICK, and others.*

*King.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.  
*King.* Laud be to God ! even there my life  
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem :  
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land : 239  
But bear me to that chamber : there I'll lie :  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die      *[Exeunt]*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Gloucestershire. SHALLOW's house.

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and  
PAGE.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie, sir, you shall not  
away to-night. What, Davy, I say !

*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master Robert  
Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you : you shall not  
be excused : excuses shall not be admitted :  
there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not  
be excused. Why, Davy !

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.      9

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,  
Davy ; let me see, Davy ; let me see : yea,  
marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir  
John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus ; those precepts can-  
not be served : and, again, sir, shall we sow  
the headland with wheat ?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for  
William cook : are there no young pigeons ?

*Davy.* Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note  
for shoeing and plough-irons.      20

*Shal.* Let it be cast and paid. Sir John,  
you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* New, sir, a new link to the bucket  
must need be had : and, sir, do you mean to  
stop any of William's swages, about the sack he  
lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

*Shal.* A' shall answer it. Some pigeons,  
Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of  
mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,  
tell William cook.      30

*Davy.* Both the man of war stay all night,  
sir ?

*Shal.* Yea, Davy. I will use him well : a  
friend i' the court is better than a penny in  
purse. Use his men well, Davy : for they are  
arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are backbitten,  
sir, for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy : about thy  
business, Davy.      40

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance  
William Visor of Woneot against Clement  
Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There is many complaints, Davy,  
against that Visor : that Visor is an arrant  
knavie, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship that he is a

knave, sir ; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir ; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to ; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, Sir John ? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph : and welcome, my tall fellow [to the Page]. Come, sir John.

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [Exit Shallow.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man : their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-goose. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master : if to his men, I would carry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another : therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shal laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders ! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak laid up !

*Shal.* [Within] Sir John !

*Fal.* I come, Master Shallow ; I come, Master Shallow. [Exit.]

## SCENE II. Westminster. The palace.

*Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, meeting.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief-justice ! whither away ?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king ?

*War.* Exceeding well ; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature ; And to our purposes he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me with him :

The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not, and do arm myself

10

To welcome the condition of the time,  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,  
WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead  
Harry :

O that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !  
How many nobles then should hold their places  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

*Ch. Just.* O God, I fear all will be over-  
turn'd !

*Lan.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good  
morrow,

20

*Glon.* { Good morrow, cousin.

*Clar.* { Good morrow, cousin.

*Len.* We meet like men that had forgot to  
speak.

*War.* We do remember ; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*Lan.* Well, peace be with him that hath  
made us heavy !

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be  
heavier !

*Glon.* O, good my lord, you have lost a  
friend indeed ;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

*Len.* Though no man be assured what grace  
to find,

30

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; would 'twere otherwise.

*Clar.* Well, you must now speak Sir John  
Falstaff fair ;

Which swins against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did  
in honor,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul :  
And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,

40

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter KING HENRY the Fifth, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow ; and God save  
your majesty !

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment,  
majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some  
fear :

This is the English, not the Turkish court ;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you : 50  
 Sorrow so royally in you appears  
 That I will deeply put the fashion on  
 And wear it in my heart : why then, be sad ;  
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,  
 I'll be your father and your brother too ;  
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :  
 Yet weep that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;  
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears  
 By number into hours of happiness. 61

*Princes.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me : and you most ;

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assured, if I be measured rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father ;

The image of his power lay then in me : And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth, Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice, The image of the king whom I presented,

And striek me in my very seat of judgment : Whereon, as an offender to your father, 81

I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill, Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awfull banch, To trip the course of law and blunt the sword That guards the peace and safety of your person ;

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image And mock your workings in a second body. 90

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;

Be now the father and propose a son, Hear your own dignity so much profaned,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ; And then imagine me taking your part

And in your power soft silencing your son : After this cold considerance, sentence me ;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state What I have done that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty. 101

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :

And I do wish your honors may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine Offend you and obey you, as I did. So shall I live to speak my father's words : ' Happy am I, that have a man so bold, That dares do justice on my proper son ; And not less happy, having such a son, 110 That would deliver up his greatness so into the hands of justice.' You did commit me :

For which, I do commit into your hand The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;

[same With this remembrance, that you use the With the like bold, just and impartial spirit As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth : My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear.

And I will stoop and humble my intents To your well-practised wise directions.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ; My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my afflictions ; And with his spirit sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world, To frustrate prophecies and to raze out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now : 130 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of parliament : And let us choose such limbs of noble coun-

sel,

That the great body of our state may go In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be As things acquainted and familiar to us :

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

140 Our coronation done, we will accite,

As I before remember'd, all our state :

And, God consigning to my good intents, No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,

God shorten Harry's happy life one day !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Gloucestershire. SHALLOW'S orchard.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth : come, cousin Silence : and then to bed.

*Fal.* Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John : marry, good air. Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy : well said, Davy.

10

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your serving-man and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John : by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper : a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down : come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a, we shall Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[*Singing.*]

And praise God for the merry year ; When flesh is cheap and females dear, 20 And lusty lads roam here and there

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

*Fal.* There's a merry heart ! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit ; I'll be with you anon ; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface ! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink : but you must bear ; the heart's all. [Exit.

*Shal.* Be merry, Master Bardolph ; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ; [*Singing.*]

For women are shrews, both short and tall : 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

*Fal.* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle. 41

*Sil.* Who, I ? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

*Davy.* There's a dish of leather-coats for you. [To Bardolph.]

*Shal.* Davy !

*Davy.* Your worship ! I'll be with you straight [to Bardolph]. A cup of wine, sir ?

*Sil.* A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [Singing.]

And drink unto the leman mine ;

And a merry heart lives long-a. 50

*Fal.* Well said, Master Silence.

*Sil.* An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

*Sil.* Fill the cup, and let it come ; [Singing.] I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome : if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [to the Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy, --

*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha ! will you not, Master Bardolph ?

*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

*Shal.* By God's liggens, I thank thee : the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out ; he is true bred. 71

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing : be merry. [Knocking within.] Look who's at door there, ho ! who knocks ?

[Exit Davy.]

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.]

*Sil.* Do me right, [Singing.]

And dub me knight : Samingo.

80

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so ? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY

*Davy.* An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court ! let him come in

Enter PISTOL

How now, Pistol !

*Pist.* Sir John, God save you !

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

*Sil.* By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

*Pist.* Puff !

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base ! Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee, And tidings do I bring and lucky joys And golden times and happy news of price

*Fal.* I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world. 101

*Pist.* A fountre for the world and worldlings base !

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Singing.]

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?

And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 110

*Sil.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir : if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Besonian ? speak, or die.

*Shal.* Under King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth ? or Fifth ?

*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.

*Pist.* A fountre for thine office ! 120

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king .

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth :  
When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak  
are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ! saddle my horse,  
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office  
thou will in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will  
double-charge thee with dignities. 130

Bard. O joyful day !

I would not take a knighthood for my for-  
tune.

Pist. What ! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master  
Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou  
wilt ; I am fortune's steward—get on thy  
boots : we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol !  
Away, Bardolph ! [Exit Bard.] Come, Pist-  
ol, utter more to me ; and withal devise  
something to do thyself good. Boot, boot,  
Master Shallow : I know the young king is  
sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ;  
the laws of England are at my command-  
ment. Blessed are they that have been my  
friends ; and woe to my lord chief-justice !

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs  
also !

'Where is the life that late I led ?' say they :  
Why, here it is ; welcome these pleasant  
days ! [Exitent.

#### SCENE IV. London. A street.

*Enter Beadles, dragging in HOSTESS QUICK-  
LY and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would to  
God that I might die, that I might have thee  
hanged : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of  
joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered  
her over to me ; and she shall have whipping-  
cheer enough, I warrant her : there hath been  
a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come  
on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-  
visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do  
miserry, thou wert better thou hadst struck  
thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come !  
He would make this a bloody day to somebody.  
But I pray God the fruit of her womb mis-  
carry !

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen  
of cushions again ; you have but eleven now.  
Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the  
man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst  
yon.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a  
censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for  
this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy fam-  
ished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll  
forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-  
errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus over-  
come night ! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come ; bring me to  
a justice. 30

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones !

Host. Thou atomy, thou !

Dol. Come, you thin thing ; come, you  
rascal.

First Bead. Very well. [Exitent.

SCENE V. A public place near Westminster  
Abbey.

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Second Groom. The trumpets have sounded  
twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they  
come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [Exitent.

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BAR-  
DOLPH, and Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shal-  
low ; I will make the king do you grace : I will  
leer upon him as a' comes by ; and do but mark  
the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight. 9

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.  
O, if I had had time to have made new liveries,  
I would have bestowed the thousand pound I  
borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter ; this  
poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal  
I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and  
not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have  
patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and  
sweating with desire to see him : thinking of  
nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion,  
as if there were nothing else to be done but to  
see him. 29

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc  
nihil est' : 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed. [liver.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance and contagious prison ;

Haled thither  
By most mechanical and dirty hand :  
Rouse up revenge from elon den with fell  
Alecto's snake. 39

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-  
clangor sounds.

*Enter the KING and his train, the LORD CHIEF-  
JUSTICE among them*



# KING HENRY V.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1599.)

## INTRODUCTION.

This play is not mentioned by Mores, and the reference in the chorus of Act V. to Essex in Ireland, and in the Prologue to "this wooden O," i.e., the Globe Theatre, built in 1599, make it probable that 1599 was the date of its production. A pirated imperfect quarto appeared in the following year. In this play Shakespeare bade farewell in trumpet tones to the history of England. It was a fitting climax to the great series of works which told of the sorrow and the glory of his country, embodying as it did the purest patriotism of the days of Elizabeth. And as the noblest glories of England are presented in this play, so it presents Shakespeare's ideal of active, practical, heroic manhood. If Hamlet exhibits the dangers and weakness of the contemplative nature, and Prospero, its calm and its conquest, Henry exhibits the utmost greatness which the active nature can attain. He is not an astute politician like his father; laying pat every thing upon a sound substantial basis he need not strain anxious eyes of foresight to discern and provide for contingencies arising out of doubtful deeds; for all that naturally comes within its range he has an unerring eye. A devotion to great objects outside of self fills him with a force of glorious enthusiasm. Hence his religious spirit and his humility or modesty—he feels that the strength he yields comes not from any clever disposition of forces due to his own prudence, but streams into him and through him from his people, his country, his cause, his God. He can be terrible to traitors, and his sternness is without a touch of personal revenge. In the midst of danger he can feel so free from petty heart-eating cares as to enjoy a piece of honest, soldierly mirth. His wooing is as plain, frank, and true as are his acts of piety. He unites around himself in loyal service, the jarring nationalities of his father's time—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, all are at Henry's side at Agincourt. Having presented his ideal of English kingship, Shakespeare could turn aside from history. In this play no character except Henry greatly interested Shakespeare, unless it be the Welsh Fluellen, whom he loves (as Scott loved the Baron of Bradwardine) for his real simplicity underlying his apparatus of learning, and his touching faith in the theory of warfare.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fifth.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.  
DUKE OF BEDFORD,  
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.  
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.  
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and  
WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMERIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN,  
MACMORRIS, JAMY, officers in King  
Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the  
same.

PISTOL, NVM, BARDOLPH.  
Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOUR-  
BON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDERY, French Lords.

Governor of Harleur.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on her.

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly  
Mistress Quickly, and now married to  
Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Mes-  
sengers, and Attendants.  
(Chorus.)

SCENE : *England; afterwards France.*

## PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend

The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword  
and fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,

The flat unraised spirits that have dared  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10  
So great an object : can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?  
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million ;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confined two mighty monarchies, 20  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder :  
Piece out our imperfections with your  
thoughts ;

Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance :  
Think when we talk of horses, that you see  
them

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving  
earth ;  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our  
kings,  
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er  
times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years 30  
Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history ;  
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. London. An ante-chamber in the  
King's palace.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and  
the BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you ; that self bill  
is urged,  
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's  
reign

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scambling and unquiet time  
Did push it out of farther question.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it  
now ?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass  
against us,

We lose the better half of our possession :  
For all the temporal lands which men devout  
By testament have given to the church 10  
Would they strip from us ; being valued thus :  
As much as would maintain, to the king's  
honor,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires :  
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses right well supplied ;  
And to the coffers of the king beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year : thus runs  
the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink d' ep.

*Cant.* Twould drink the cup and all. 20

*Ely.* But what prevention ?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace and fair re-  
gard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promised it  
not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment  
Consideration, like an angel, came  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise, 30  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made :  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady currance, scouring faults ;  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat and all at once  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And all-admiring with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a  
prelate : 40  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say it hath been all in all his  
study :

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music :  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter : that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mate wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ; 50  
So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theorie :  
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean  
it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain.  
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,  
And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the  
nettle 60

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality :  
And so the prince obscured his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crevise in his faculty.

*Cant.* It must be so ; for miracles are  
ceased ;

And therefore we must needs admit the means  
How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill 70  
Urged by the commons ? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no ?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent,  
Or rather swaying more upon our part  
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us ;  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,  
Upon our spiritual convocation  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I rave open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France, to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80  
Did to his predecessors part withhold.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem received, my  
lord ?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty ;  
Save that there was not time enough to hear,  
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,  
The severals and unhidden passages  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms  
And generally to the crown and seat of France.  
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke  
this off ? 90

*Cant.* The French ambassador upon that  
instant

Craved audience ; and the hour, I think, is  
come

To give him hearing : is it four o'clock ?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy ;  
Which I could with a ready guess declare,

Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear  
it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Presence chamber.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,  
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and  
Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious Lord of  
Canterbury ?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador, my  
liege ?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin : we would be  
resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and  
France.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and  
the BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Cant.* God and his angels guard your  
sacred throne

And make you long become it !

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you,

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed  
And justly and religiously unfold 10  
Why the law Salique that they have in France  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim ;  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your  
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate, whose right  
Suits not in native colors with the truth ;  
For God doth know how many now in health  
Shall drop their blood in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our per-  
son,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war :  
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed ;  
For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless  
drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint  
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the  
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord ;  
For we will hear, note and believe in heart  
That what you speak is in your conscience  
wash'd 31

As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign,  
and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives and services  
To this imperial throne. There is no bar  
To make against your highness' claim to France  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,  
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant.'

'No woman shall succeed in Salique land :'  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond 41  
The founder of this law and female baron,  
Yet their own authours faithfully affirm

That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe ;  
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the  
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French ;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female 50  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land :

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.  
Then doth it well appear that Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France :  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years

After defumation of King Pharamond,  
Idly supposed the founder of this law ;  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the  
Great 61

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,  
Did, as heir general, being descended

Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clo-thair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir  
male 70

Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,  
To find his title with some shows of truth,  
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and  
naught,

Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the  
Tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lor-raine :

By the which marriage the line of Charles the  
Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.  
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,  
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female :  
So do the kings of France unto this day : 90  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law  
To bar your highness claiming from the female,  
And rather choose to hide them in a net  
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience  
make this claim ?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sover-eign !

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,  
When the man dies, let the inheritance 99  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors :  
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's  
tomb,

From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike  
spirit,  
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black  
Prince.

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France,  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility. 110  
O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work and cold for action !

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant  
dead

And with your puissant arm renew their feats :  
You are their heir ; you sit upon their throne ;  
The blood and courage that renowned them  
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant  
liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Exc.* Your brother kings and monarchs of  
the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know your grace hath can-  
and means and might ;

So hath your highness ; never king of England  
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies her<sup>e</sup> in  
England

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear  
liege, 130

With blood and sword and fire to win your  
right ;

In aid whereof we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade  
the French,

But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches, gracious  
sovereign, 140

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing  
snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us ;  
For you shall read that my great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France.  
But that the Scot on his un furnis'h kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150  
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns ;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbor-hood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd than  
harm'd, my liege ;

For hear her but exampled by herself :  
When all her chivalry hath been in France  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended

But taken and impounded as a stray 160  
The King of Scots ; whom she did send to  
France,

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings  
And make her chronicle as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

*West.* But there's a saying very old and  
true,

' If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin :  
For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.'

*Exe.* It follows then the cat must stay at home :

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves,  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
The advised head defends itself at home ;  
For government, though high and low and lower, 180  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*Cant.* Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavor in continual motion ;  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts ; 190  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home.

To the tent-royal of their emperor ;  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey, 200  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea :  
As many lines close in the dial's centre ; 210  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.

Divide your happy England into four ;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog, 220  
Let us be worried and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from  
the Dauphin. [Exit some Attendants.  
Now are we well resolved : and, by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces : or there we'll sit,  
Ruling in large and ample empery  
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedom,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :  
Either our history shall with full mouth 230  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,

Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*First Amb.* May't please your majesty to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off

The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ? 240

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*First Amb.* Thus, then, in few.  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the

Third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says that you savor too much of your youth,  
And bids you be advised there's nought in France 251

That can be with a nimble galliard won ;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meetier for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim.  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle ?

*Exe.* Tennis-balls, my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us ;  
His present and your pains we thank you for :  
When we have march'd our rackets to these balls. 261

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chaces. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valued this poor seat of England ;  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :  
For that I have laid by my majesty  
And plodded like a man for working-days,  
But I will rise there with so full a glory  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France, 279  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us,  
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul  
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;  
And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,  
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name  
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,  
Tovenge me as I may and to put forth  
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
So get you hence in peace ; and tell the

Dauphin

His jest will savor but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.

Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

*[Exit Ambassadors.]*

*Esm.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300  
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;  
For we have now no thought in us but France,  
Save those to God, that run before our business.

Therefore let our proportions for these wars  
Be soon collected and all things thought upon  
That may with reasonable swiftness add  
More feathers to our wings : for, God before,  
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
Therefore let every man now task his thought,  
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

*[Exeunt. Flourish.]*

## ACT II.

### PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :  
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man :  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air,  
And hides a sword from hints unto the point  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,  
Promised to Harry and his followers. 11  
The French, advised by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes.

O England ! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural !  
But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out 20

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,  
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,  
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,  
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed !  
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;  
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,

If hell and treason hold their promises,  
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30

Linger your patience on ; and we'll digest  
The abuse of distance ; force a play :  
The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;  
The king is set from London : and the scene  
Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton ;  
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :

And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may, 39  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

*[Exit.]*

### SCENE I. London. A street.

*Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

*Bard.* What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not : I say little ;  
but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ;  
but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight ;  
but I will wink and hold out mine iron : it is  
a simple one ; but what though ? it will toast  
cheese, and it will endure cold as another  
man's sword will : and there's an end. 11

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast to make  
you friends ; and we'll be all three sworn  
brothers to France : let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may,  
that's the certain of it ; and when I cannot live  
any longer, I will do as I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is  
married to Nell Quickly : and certainly she  
did you wrong ; for you were troth-plight to her. 21

*Nym.* I cannot tell : things must be as they

may : men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter PISTOL and Hostess.*

*Bard.* Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife : good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol !

30

*Pist.* Base tike, call'st thou me host ? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Host.* No, by my troth, not long ; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [Nym and Pistol draw.] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now ! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

40

*Bard.* Good lieutenant ! good corporal ! offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish !

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou prick-eard' cur of 'celand !

*Host.* Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off ? I would have you solus.

*Pist.* 'Solus,' egregious dog ? O viper vile !

The 'solus' in thy most mervainous face ; 50  
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,  
perdy.

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth !  
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels ;  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason ; you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms : if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may : and that's the humor of it.

*Pist.* O braggart vile and damned furions wight !

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near ;

Therefore exhale.

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say : he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilt, as I am a soldier. [Draws.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might ; and fury shall abate.

70

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give : Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms : that is the humor of it.

*Pist.* 'Couple a gorge !'

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?

No ; to the spital go,  
And from the powdering tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, so  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:  
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly  
For the only she ; and —pauca, there's enough.  
Go to.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess : he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue !

90

*Host.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [Exit Hostess and Boy.

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends ? We must to France together : why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats ?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on !

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

100

*Nym.* That now I will have : that's the humor of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound : push home. [They draw.

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him : by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends : an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

111

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood :

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ; Is not this just ? for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble ?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

120

*Nym.* Well, then, that's the humor oft.

*Re-enter Hostess.*

*Host.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humors on the knight : that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right ; His heart is fracted and corroborate.

130

*Nym.* The king is a good king ; but it must

be as it may ; he passes some humors and care.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight ; for, lambkins we will live.

SCENE II. *Southampton. A council-chamber.*  
Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

*Bed.* Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.  
*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves !

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favors,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and Attendants.

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :

Think you not that the powers we bear with us

Will eat their passage through the force of France,

Bring the execution and the act For which we have in head assembled them ?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that ; since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence That grows not in a fair consent with ours,

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cum.* Never was monarch better fear'd and loved

Than is your majesty : there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True : those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness :

And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner than quittance of desert and merit According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labor shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That rail'd against our person : we consider It was excess of wine that set him on ; And on his more advice we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security :

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cum.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, You show great mercy, if you give him life, After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch ! If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,

[man, Appear before us ? We'll yet enlarge that Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person, Would have him punished. And now to our French causes :

Who are the late commissioners ?

*Cum.* One, my lord : Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And I, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours : Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, We will aboard to night. Why, how now, gentlemen !

What see you in those papers that you lose So much complexion ? Look ye, how they change !

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood Out of appearance ?

*Cum.* I do confess my fault ; And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey.* } To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy that was quick in us but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd : You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes, and my noble peers, These English monsters ! My lord of Cambridge here,

You know how apt our love was to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honor ; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,  
And sworn unto the practices of France, 90  
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.  
But, O,  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou  
cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature !  
Thou that didst bear the key of all my coun-  
sels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,  
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,  
May it be possible, that foreign hire 100  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger ? tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black and white, my eye will scarcely  
see it.  
Treason and murder ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
That admiration did not whoop at them :  
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder: 110  
And whatsoever cunning tiend it was  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously  
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :  
All other devils that suggest by treasons  
Do botch and bungle up damnation  
With patches, colors, and with forms being  
fet'ched  
From glistening semblances of piety ;  
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,  
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do  
treason,  
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120  
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus  
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
And tell the legions 'I can never win  
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'  
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?  
Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and  
learned ?  
Why, so didst thou : come they of noble fam-  
ily ?  
Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ? 130  
Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,  
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,  
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,  
Not working with the eye without the ear,  
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?  
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem .  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued  
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:  
Arrest them to the answer of the law;

And God acquit them of their practices !  
*Ere.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the  
name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.  
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.  
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150  
*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath dis-  
cover'd ;  
And I repent my fault more than my death ;  
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
Although my body pay the price of it.  
*Cam.* For me, the gold of France did not  
seduce ;  
Although I did admit it as a motive  
The sooner to effect what I intended :  
But God be thanked for prevention ;  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160  
*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more re-  
joice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself.  
Prevented from a damned enterprise :  
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.  
*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy ! Hear  
your sentence.  
You have conspired against our royal person,  
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his  
coffers  
Received the golden earnest of our death ;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to  
slaughter, 170  
His princes and his peers to servitude,  
His subjects to oppression and contempt  
And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
Touching our person seek we no revenge ;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :  
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give 179  
You patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.  
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey,*  
guard'd.]  
Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
This dangerous treason lurking in our way  
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now  
But every rub is smoothed on our way.  
Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver  
Our puissance into the hand of God, 190  
Putting it straight in expedition.  
Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :  
No king of England, if not king of France.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. London. Before a tavern.  
Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and  
Boy.

*Host.* Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let  
me bring thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.  
Bardolph, be blithe : Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins :  
Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresoever he is, either in heaven or in hell !

*Host.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell : he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child ; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide : for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, sir John !' quoth I : 'what, man ! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God !' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God ; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say he cried out of sack.

*Host.* Ay, that a' did.

30

*Bard.* And of women.

*Host.* Nay, that a' did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that a' did ; and said they were devils incarnate.

*Host.* A' could never abide carnation ; 'twas a color he never liked.

*Boy.* A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

*Host.* A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

41

*Boy.* Do you not remeber, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire ?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire : that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables : 50  
Let senses rule ; the word is 'Pitch and Pay :'

Trust none ;  
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck :  
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,  
Let us to France ; like horse-leeches, my boys,  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

*Boy.* And that's but unwholesome food they say. 60

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it ; but, adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear : keep close, I thee command.

*Host.* Farewell ; adieu. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV. France. The KING's palace.

*Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the DUKES of BERRI and BRETAGNE, the CONSTABLE, and others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus comes the English with full power upon us ;

And more than carefully it us concerns  
To answer royally in our defences.  
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,  
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dis-

patch,

To line and new repair our towns of war  
With men of courage and with means defend-

ant :

For England his approaches makes as fierce  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf 10  
It fits us then to be as provident  
As fear may teach us out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintaine'd, assembled and collected,

As were a war in expectation. 20  
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth

To view the sick and feeble parts of France :  
And let us do it with no show of fear ;  
No, with no more than if we heard that Eng-

land

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,

That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, Prince Dauphin !

You are too much mistaken in this king : 30  
Question your grace the late ambassadors,  
With what great state he heard their em-

bassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
How modest in exception, and withal  
How terrible in constant resolution,

And you shall find his vanities forespent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots.  
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high con-

stable ;

But though we think it so, it is no matter :

In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems :

So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;

Which of a weak or niggardly projection  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we King Harry strong ;  
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet  
him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain 51  
That haunted us in our familiar paths :  
Witness our too much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captived by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of  
Wales ;

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain  
standing,  
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,  
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,  
Mangle the work of nature and deface 60  
The patterns that by God and by French  
fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry King of  
England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience.  
Go, and bring them.

[*Exit Messenger and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for  
coward dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem  
to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short, and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother England ?

*Exe.* From him ; and thus he greets your  
majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature and of nations, long 80  
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown  
And all wide-stretched honors that pertain  
By custom and the ordinance of times  
Unto the crown of France. That you may  
know

"Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, [days,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,  
He sends you this most memorable line,  
In every branch truly demonstrative ;  
Willing you overlook this pedigree : 90  
And when you find him evenly derived  
From his most famed of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows ?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint : for if you hide the  
crown

Even in your hearts, there will be rake for it :  
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100  
That, if requiring fail, he will compel :  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy  
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head  
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'  
groans,

For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threatening and my mes-  
sage : 110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this  
further :

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him : what to him from Eng-  
land ?

*Exe.* Scorn and defiance ; slight regard,  
contempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king ; an' if your father's high-  
ness 120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
That eaves and wombey vaultages of France  
Shall chide your trespass and return your  
mock

In second accent of his ordnance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will ; for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130  
I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake  
for it,

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe :  
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,  
As we his subjects have in wonder found,  
Between the promise of his greener days  
And these he masters now : now he weighs  
time

Even to the utmost grain : that you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our  
mind at full. 140

*Exe.* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that  
our king

Come here himself to question our delay :  
For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon dispatch'd with  
fair conditions :

A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning :  
Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;  
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
To sounds confused ; behold the threaden sails,  
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottons through the furrow'd sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;  
For so appears this fleet majestical,  
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow :  
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,  
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance ;  
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These culld and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege :  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back ;  
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner  
With hinstock now the devilish cannon touch-  
es, [Alarum, and chambers go off.]  
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE I. France. Before Harfleur.

*Alarum.* Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility :  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair not ire with hard-favor'd rage ;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head 10  
Like the brass cannon : let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swil'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument : 21  
Dishonor not your mothers ; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget  
you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George !'  
[Exit. Alarum, and chambers go off.]

SCENE II. The same.

*Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !

*Nym.* Pray thee, corporal, stay : the knocks are too hot : and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives : the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just ; for humors do abound :

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;

And sword and shield,  
In bloody field, 10  
Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

*Pist.* And I :  
If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I lie.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on boagh. 20

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* Up to the breach, you dogs ! avaunt, you cullions ! [Driving them forward.]

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,  
Abate thy rage, great duke !  
Good biwoock, bate thy rage ; use lenity,  
sweet chuck !

*Nym.* These be good humors ! your honor wins bad humors. [Exit all but Boy.]

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three : but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced ; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward : but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds ; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel : I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers : which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.]

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines ; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you. [Exit.]

*Flu.* To the mines ! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines ; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war : the concavities of it is not sufficient ; for, look you, th' adversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines : by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not ?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world : I will verify as much in his beard : he has no more directions in the true disciplines

of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.*

*Gow.* Here a' comes : and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him. [Exit.]

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain : and of great expedition and knowledge in th' auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-deu to your worship, good Captain James. [Exit.]

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris ! have you quit the mines ? have the pioneers given o'er ?

*Muc.* By Chrish, la ! tish ill done : the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done : it ish give over : I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la ! in an hour : O, tish ill done, tish ill done : by my hand, tish ill done ! [Exit.]

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you youtsafe me, look you, a few disputationis with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication ; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline ; that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath : and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion : that sall I, marry. [Exit.]

*Muc.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me : the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes : it is no time to discourse. The town is besieged, and the trumpet call us to the breach : and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing : 'tis shame for us all : so God sa'me, 'tis shame to stand still : it is shame, by my hand : and there is threats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa'me, la ! [Exit.]

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to stombēr, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it : ay, or go to death ; and ay'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the bref and the long. Marry, I wad fell fain hear some question 'twenn you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation— [Exit.]

*Muc.* Of my nation ! What ish my nation ? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?

*Flo.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Chrish save me, I will ent off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* A ! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded.]

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley. 149

*Flo.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war ; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates. The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit : Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ; Or like to men proud of destruction Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war, Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends, Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation ? What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20 Of hot and forcing violation ?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career ? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil

As send precepts to the Leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command : Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

30 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady murder, spoil and villany. If not, why, in a moment look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whilst the mad mothers with their howls confused

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry 40

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid,

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

*Gow.* Our expectation hath this day an end : The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated, Returns us that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.

Enter our gates ; dispose of us and ours ; For we no longer are defensible. 50

*K. Hen.* Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur : there remain, And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French : Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, The winter coming on and sickness growing Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest ; To-morrow for the march are we address.

[Flourish. *The King and his train enter the town.*

SCENE IV. *The FRENCH KING'S palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

*Kath.* Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

*Alice.* Un peu, madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie, m'enseignez : il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois ?

*Alice.* La main ? elle est appellée de hand.

*Kath.* De hand. Et les doigts ?

*Alice.* Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appellés de fingres ; oui, de fingres. 11

*Kath.* La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

*Alice.* Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

*Kath.* De nails. Econtez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

*Alice.* C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras. 20

*Kath.* De arm, madame,

*Kath.* Et le coude ?

*Alice.* De elbow.

*Kath.* De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

*Alice.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

*Kath.* Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

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*Alice.* De elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

*Alice.* De neck, madame.

*Kath.* De neck. Et le menton ?

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. Le col, de neck ; de menton, de sin.

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*Alice.* Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

*Kath.* Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

*Alice.* N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

*Kath.* Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

50

*Alice.* Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

*Kath.* Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de neck, et de sin. Comment appellez-vous le pied et la robe ?

*Alice.* De foot, madame ; et de coum.

*Kath.* De foot et de coum ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh ! le foot et le coum ! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de coum.

*Alice.* Excellent, madame !

*Kath.* C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V. *The same.*

*Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France ; let us quit all And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,

The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters ?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !

10

Mort de ma vie ! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a stobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*Con.* Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

19

Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat ? And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty ? O, for honor of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields ! Poor we may call them in their native lords,

*Dau.* By faith and honor,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say Our mettle is bred out and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth 30 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos :

Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy the herald ?

speed him hence : Let him greet England with our sharp defiance,

Up, princes ! and, with spirit of honor edged More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :

39

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ; You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of

Berry,

Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ; Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faucon-

berg,

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolois :

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and

knightis,

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Hartleur : Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon : Go down upon him, you have power enough,

And in a captive chariot into Ronen Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great. Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march, For I am sure, when he shall see our army,

He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear And for achievement offer us his ransom.

60 *Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy, And let him say to England that we send

To know what willing ransom he will give.  
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in  
Rouen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.  
*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain  
with us.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,  
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.  
[Exit.]

SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen ! come  
you from the bridge ?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent  
services committed at the bridge.

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe ?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous  
as Agamemnon ; and a man that I love  
and honor with my soul, and my heart, and  
my duty, and my life, and my living, and  
my uttermost power : he is not—God be praised  
and blessed !—any hurt in the world ; but keeps  
the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline.  
There is an auncient lieutenant there  
at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he  
is as valiant a man as Mark Antony ; and he  
is a man of no estimation in the world ; but I  
did see him do as gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him ?

*Flu.* He is called Auncient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not. 20

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me fa-  
vors :

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise God ; and I have merited  
some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound  
of heart,

And of baxom valor, hath, by ernele fate,  
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind, 30

That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

*Flu.* By your patience, Auncient Pistol.  
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore  
her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is  
blind : and she is painted also with a wheel,  
to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that  
she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability,  
and variation : and her foot, look you, is fixed  
upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls,  
and rolls : in good truth, the poet makes a most  
excellent description of it : Fortune is an ex-  
cellent moral. 40

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns  
on him :

For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a'  
be :

A damned death !

Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free  
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak : the duke will hear thy  
voice :

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach :  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee  
requite. 51

*Flu.* Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand  
your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then, rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing  
to rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my  
brother, I would desire the duke to use his  
good pleasure, and put him to execution ; for  
discipline ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd ! and figo for thy  
friendship ! 60

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain ! [Exit.]

*Flu.* Very good.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit  
rascal ; I remember him now ; a bawd, a cut-  
purse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, a' uttered as brave  
words at the bridge as you shall see in a sum-  
mer's day. But it is very well ; what he has  
spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when  
time is serve. 69

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that  
now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself  
at his return into London under the form of  
a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in  
the great commanders' names : and they will  
learn you by rote where services were done ;  
at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at  
such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who  
was shot, who disgraced, what terms the  
enemy stood on ; and this they can perfectly  
in the phrase of war, which they trick up with  
new-tuned oaths : and what a beard of the  
general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will  
do among foaming bottles and ale-washed  
wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you  
must learn to know such slanders of the age,  
or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower : I do  
perceive he is not the man that he would gladly  
make show to the world he is : if I find a hole  
in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum  
heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I  
must speak with him from the pridge. 91

*Drum and colors.* Enter KING HENRY,  
GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

God bless your majesty !

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen ! camest thou  
from the bridge ?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The  
Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained  
the pridge : the French is gone off, look you ;  
and there is gallant and most prave passages ;  
marry, th' athversary was have possession of  
the pridge : but he is enforced to retire, and  
the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge : I  
can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave  
man. 101

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?  
*Flu.* The perdition of th' athressary hath been very great, reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man : his face is all bubuckles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire ; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off : and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language : for when 't enity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 120

*Tucket.* Enter Montjoy.

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well then I know thee : what shall I know of thee ?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king : Say thou to Harry of England : Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep : advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe ; now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial : England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom ; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested ; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion of our blood, the minister of his kingdom too faint a number ; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance : and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master ; so much my office. [quality.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name ? I know thy Mont.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king I do not seek him now ; But could be willing to march on to Calais 150 Without impeachment : for, to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessened, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French : Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God, 159

That I do brag thus ! This your air of France Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent, Go therefore, tell thy master here I am ; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, My army but a weak and sickly guard : Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself : If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood 170

Discolor : and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this : We would not seek a battle, as we are : Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it : So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [Exit.

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs. March to the bridge : it now draws toward night :

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, 180 And on to-morrow, bid them march away. [Exeunt.

### SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE of France, the LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others.

*Con.* Tat ! I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day !

*Orl.* You have an excellent armor : but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning ?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor ?

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. 10

*Dau.* What a long night is this ! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha ! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs : le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu ! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoot is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the color of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Persians : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him : he is indeed a horse ; and all other jades you may call beasts.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage. 31

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey : it is a theme as fluent as the sea : turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all : 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus : 'Wonder of nature,' —

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well ; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Cou.* Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So perhaps did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O then belike she was old and gentle ; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight strossers.

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship. 59

*Dau.* Be warned by me, then : they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truite lavée au bourbier ;' thou makest use of any thing. 70

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

*Rum.* My lord constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it ?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away. 81

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises ; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* Would I were able to load him with his desert ! Will it never be day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way : but I would it were morning ; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ran.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners ?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight ; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Rum.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills. 100

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity ; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow : he will keep that good name still. 111

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he ?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself ; and he said he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not ; it is no hidden virtue in him. 119

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is ; never any body saw it but his lackey : 'tis a hooded valor ; and when it appears, it will bate.

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

*Orl.* And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

*Con.* Well placed : there stands your friend for the devil : have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.' 130

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground ?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day ! Alas, poor Harry of England ! he longs not for the dawning as we do. 141

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge !

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack ; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces. 149

*Rum.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures ; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs, that run winking into

the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples ! You may as well say, that's a valiant tea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Cou.* Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustions and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meais of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Cou.* Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm : come, shall we about it ?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock : but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

## PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe,  
From camp to camp through the foul womb  
of night.

The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
Fire answers fire, and through their paly  
flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face ;  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful  
neighs

10

Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the  
tents

The armours, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation :  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name,  
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night

20

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned  
English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently and only ruminante.  
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will be-  
hold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to  
tent,

30

Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head !'  
For forth he goes and visits all his host,

Bids them good morrow with a modest smile  
And calls them brothers, friends and country-  
men.

Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrounded him :  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color  
Unto the weary and all-watched night,  
But freshly looks and over-beats attain  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty .  
That every wretch, pining and pale before, 11  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
A largess universal like the sun  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.  
And so our scene must to the battle fly :  
Where—O for pity !—we shall much disgrace  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,

51

The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,  
Minding true things by what their mockeries  
be.

[Exit.

SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOU-  
CESTER.

*K. Hen.* Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in  
great danger ;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.  
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Al-  
mighty !  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.  
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry :  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all, admonishing  
That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erip.* Not so, my liege : this lodging likes  
me better.

Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their  
present pains

Upon example : so the spirit is eased : 19  
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.  
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers  
both,

Command me to the princes in our camp ;  
Do my good morrow to them, and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glou.* We shall, my liege.

*Erip.* Shall I attend your grace ?

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight ;  
Go with my brothers to my lords of England :

I and my bosom must debate awhile,      31  
And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble  
Harry !      [Exeunt all but King.]  
*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou  
speak'st cheerfully.

*Enter Pistol.*

*Pist.* Qui va là ?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?  
Or art thou base, common and popular ?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?      40

*K. Hen.* Even so. What are you ?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the  
king.

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of  
gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame ;  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string  
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name ?

*K. Hen.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* Le Roy ! a Cornish name : art thou  
of Cornish crew ?      50

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen ?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about  
his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in  
your cap that day, lest he knock that about  
yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend ?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The figo for thee, then !      60

*K. Hen.* I thank you : God be with you !

*Pist.* My name is Pistol call'd.      [Exit.]

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen !

*Flu.* So ! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak  
lower. It is the greatest admiration of the  
universal world, when the true and auncient  
prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept:  
if you would take the paines but to examine  
the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find,  
I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle  
nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp ; I war-  
rant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the  
wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it,  
and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it,  
to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud ; you hear  
him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass and a fool and  
a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that  
we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool  
and a prating coxcomb ? in your own con-  
science, now ?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you and beseech you that you  
will.      [Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.]

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of  
fashion,  
There is much care and valor in this Welsh-  
man.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXAN-  
DER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the  
morning which breaks yonder ?

*Bates.* I think it be : but we have no great  
cause to desire the approach of day.      90

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the  
day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.  
Who goes there ?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you ?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most  
kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he  
of our estate ?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wrecked upon a sand,  
that look to be washed off the next tide.      101

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the  
king ?

*K. Hen.* No ; nor it is not meet he should.  
For, though I speak it to you, I think the  
king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells to  
him as it doth to me : the element shows to  
him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but  
humane conditions : his ceremonies laid by, in  
his nakedness he appears but a man ; and  
though his affections are higher mounted than  
ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with  
the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason  
of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be  
of the same relish as ours are : yet, in reason,  
no man should possess him with any appear-  
ance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should  
dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage  
he will ; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis,  
he could wish himself in Thames up to the  
neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him,  
at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my con-  
science of the king : I think he would not wish  
himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone ;  
so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a  
many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill,  
to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak  
this to feel other men's minds : methinks I  
could not die any where so contented as in the  
king's company ; his cause being just and his  
quarrel honorable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek  
after; for we know enough, if we know we are  
the king's subjects : if his cause be wrong,  
our obedience to the king wipes the crime of  
it out of us.

*Will.* But if the cause be not good, the  
king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make,  
when all those legs and arms and heads,  
chopped off in battle, shall join together at the

latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place ;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for beforebreach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others they should prepare.

*Will.* 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it. 199

*Bates.* But I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an' elder-gum, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. 220

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English tools, be friends: we have French quarrels now, if you could tell how to reckon. 241

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us: for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a cliper.

[*Exeunt soldiers.* Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children and our sins lay on the king! We must bear all. O hard condition, 250 Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy! And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy condings in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! 261

†What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree and form, Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage  
sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out 270  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's

knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee, and I know  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king, 280  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestic,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful  
bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set  
Sweats in the eye of Phebus and all night 290  
Sleeps in Elysium: next day after dawn,  
Dost rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labor, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with  
sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the  
peace, 300

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your  
absence,  
Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
Collect them all together at my tent:  
I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do't, my lord. [Exit.  
*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steal my soldiers'  
hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them  
now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O  
Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault 310  
My father made in compassing the crown!  
I Richard's body have interred anew;  
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up  
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have  
built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn  
priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;  
Though all that I can do is nothing worth, 320  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloucester's voice?

Ay;

I know thy errand, I will go with thee:  
The day, my friends and all things stay for  
me. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II. *The French camp.*

*Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES,  
and others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armor; up, my  
lords!

*Dau.* Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet!  
laquais! ha!

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* Via! les eaux et la terre.

*Orl.* Rien puis? l'air et la feu.

*Dau.* Ciel, cousin Orleans.

*Enter CONSTABLE.*

Now, my lord constable!

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present ser-  
vice neigh!

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in  
their hides. 9

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our  
horses' blood?

How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you  
French peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight  
to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their  
souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of  
men.

There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20  
To give each naked curtie-axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw  
out.

And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow  
on them,

The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.  
'Tis pos'ive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,  
Who in unnecessary action swarm  
About our squares of battle, were enow  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,  
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30

Took stand for idle speculation :  
But that our honors must not. What's to say ?  
A very little little let us do.  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket sonance and the note to mount ;  
For our approach shall so much dare the field  
That England shall couch down in fear and  
yield.

*Enter GRANDPRE.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords  
of France ?

You island carions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favoredly become the morning field : 40  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully ;  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd  
host

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps :  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their  
poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and  
hips,

The gun down-rope from their pale-dead  
eyes

And in their pale dull mouths the gimbal bit  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-  
less ;

And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and  
they stay for death.

*Dan.* Shall we go send them dinners and  
fresh suits

And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them ?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon : to the  
field !

I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

*[Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *The English camp.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ER-  
PINGHAM, with all his host : SALISBURY and  
WESTMORELAND.*

*Glo.* Where is the king ?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their  
battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full three  
score thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one ; besides, they all  
are fresh.

*Sul.* God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fear-  
ful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :  
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford.

*My dear* Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord

*Exeter,*

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu ! 10

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good  
luck go with thee !

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly  
to-day :

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

{*Exit Salisbury.*

*Bed.* He is full of valor as of kindness ;  
Princely in both.

*Enter the KING.*

*West.* O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in Eng-  
land

That do no work to-day !

*K. Hen.* What's he that wishes so ?  
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair  
cousin :

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow. 20  
To do our country loss ; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.  
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man  
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost :  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;  
Such outward things dwelt not in my desires :  
But if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-  
land : 30  
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an  
honor

As one man more, methinks, would share  
from me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one  
more !

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through  
my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart : his passport shall be made  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :  
We would not die in that man's company

That tears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is called the feast of Crispian : 40

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,  
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian :'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his  
sears.

And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's  
day.'

Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages 50

What feats he did that day : then shall our  
names.

Familiar in his mouth as household words,  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remember'd ;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition :  
And gentlemen in England now-a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not  
here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whilst any  
speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Re-enter SALISBURY.*

*Sol.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself  
with speed :  
The French are bravely in their battles set,

And will with all expedience charge on us. 70  
*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds  
be so.

*West.* Perish the man whose mind is back-  
ward now !

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from  
England, coz ?

*West.* God's will ! my liege, would you and  
I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle !

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five  
thousand men :

Which likes me better than to wish us one.  
You know your places : God be with you all !

*Tucket.* *Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee,  
King Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80  
Before thy most assured overthrow :  
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,  
Thou needs must be englutt'd. Besides, in  
mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind  
Thy followers of repentance : that their souls  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
From off these fields, where, wretches, their  
poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.* Who hath sent thee now ?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former an-  
swer back : 90  
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.  
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows  
thus ?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting  
him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt  
Find native graves ; upon the which, I trust,  
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work :  
And those that leave their valiant bones in

France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-  
hills,  
They shall be famed ; for there the sun shall  
greet them, 100  
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven ;  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your  
clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in  
France.

Mark then abounding valor in our English,  
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly : tell the constable  
We are but warriors for the working-day ;  
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd 110  
With rainy marching in the painful field ;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host—  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—  
And time hath worn us into slovenry :  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads

And turn them out of service. If they do this,—  
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy  
labor ; 121

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my  
joints ;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. And so fare  
thee well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

*K. Hen.* I fear thou 'lt once more come  
again for ransom.

*Enter YORK.*

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I  
beg

The leading of the vaward. 130

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York. Now, sol-  
diers, march away :  
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day !

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

*Alarum. Excursions.* *Enter PISTOL, French  
Soldier, and BOY.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur !

*Fr. Sol.* Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme  
de bonne qualité.

*Pist.* Qualtitie calmie custure me ! Art  
thou a gentleman ? what is thy name ? discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* O Seigneur Dieu !

*Pist.* O, Signieur Dew should be a gentle-  
man :

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and  
mark ;

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,  
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 10  
Egregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié  
de moi !

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve ; I will have forty  
moys ;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat  
In drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* Est-il impossible d'échapper la  
force de ton bras ?

*Pist.* Brass, cur !  
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20  
Offer'st me brass ?

*Fr. Sol.* O pardonnez moi !

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of  
moys ?

Come hither, boy : ask me this slave in French  
What is his name.

*Boy.* Ecoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé ?

*Fr. Sol.* Monsieur le Fer.

*Boy.* He says his name is Master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and tirk him,  
and ferret him : discuss the same in French  
unto him. 31

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and  
ferret, and tirk.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare : for I will cut his  
throat.

*Fr. Sol.* Que dit-il, monsieur ?

*Boy.* Il me commande de vous dire que vous  
faites vous prêt : car ce soldat ici est disposé  
tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

*Pist.* Ow, cupple gorge, permafoy,  
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave  
crowns ; 40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour  
de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme  
de bonne maison : gardez ma vie, et je vous  
donnerai deux cents écus.

*Pist.* What are his words ?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life : he is a  
gentleman of a good house : and for his  
ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take. 51

*Fr. Sol.* Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

*Boy.* Encore qu'il est contre son jurement  
de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins,  
pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est  
content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-  
ment.

*Fr. Sol.* Sur mes genoux, je vous donne  
mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que  
je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier,  
je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distin-  
tingué seigneur d'Angleterre. 61

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand  
thanks ; and he esteems himself happy  
that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as  
he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-  
worthy signeur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy  
show.

Follow me ! 69

*Boy.* Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [Exit  
*Pistol*, and *French Soldier*.] I did never know  
so full a voice issue from so empty a heart :  
but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel  
makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym  
had ten times more valor than this roaring  
devil i' the old play, that every one may pare  
his nails with a wooden dagger : and they are  
both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst  
steal any thing adventurously. I must stay

with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp;  
the French might have a good prey of us, if he  
knew of it : for there is none to guard it but  
boys. [Exit.

#### SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON,  
DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES.

*Con.* O diable !

*Ord.* O seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est  
perdu !

*Dau.* Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded,  
all !

Reproach and everlasting shame  
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante for-  
tune !

Do not run away. [A short ahurum.

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke,

*Dau.* O perdurabile shame ! let's stab our-  
selves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice  
for ?

*Ord.* Is this the king we sent to for his  
ransom ?

*Bour.* Shame and eternal shame, nothing  
but shame ! 10

Let us die in honor : once more back again ;  
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,  
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door  
Whilst by slave, no gentler than my dog,  
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoild us, friend  
us now !

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

*Ord.* We are enow yet living in the field  
To smother up the English in our throngs, 20  
If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now ! I'll to the  
throng :

Let life be short ; else shame will be too long.  
[Exit.

#### SCENE VI. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and forces,  
EXETER, and others.

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice valiant  
countrymen : But all's not done ; yet keep the French the  
field.

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to  
your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within  
this hour

I saw him down ; thrice up again and fighting ;  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array, brave soldier, doth he  
lie,

Landing the plain : and by his bloody side,  
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10  
Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;  
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !  
My soul shall thine keep company to death ;  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,  
As in this glorious an' well-foughten field  
We kept together in our chivalry !'      19  
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up :  
He smiled me in the face, caught me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign.'  
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips ;  
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.  
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced  
Those waters from me which I would have  
stopp'd ;  
But I had not so much of man in me,      30  
And all my mother came into mine eyes  
And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not ;  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mislifful eyes, or they will issue too,

[*Alarum.* But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?  
The French have reinforced their scatter'd  
men :  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners :      40  
Give the word through.      [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert ; in your conscience, now, is it not ?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter : besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king !      11

*Flu.* Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born !

*Gow.* Alexander the Great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.      19

*Gow.* I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon ; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also moreover a river in Monmouth : it is called Wye at Monmouth ; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers

is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.      41

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that : he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it : as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups ; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet : he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he : I'll tell you there is good men born at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

[*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, and forces, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others.*

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald : Ride thou unto the horsemen on you bell : 60 If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field ; they do offend our sight : If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them skirr away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings : Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

*Enter MONTJOY.*

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they used to be.      70

*K. Hen.* How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st thou not That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom ?

Comest thou again for ransom ?

*Mont.* No, great king : I come to thee for charitable license, That we may wander o'er this bloody field To look our dead, and then to bury them ; To sort our nobles from our common men. For many of our princes—woe the while !—Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ; So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs 80 In blood of princes ; and their wounded steeds Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety and dispose  
Of their dead bodies !

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not if the day be ours or no ;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer  
And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our  
strength, for it ! 90

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of  
Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory,  
an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle  
Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have  
read in the chronicles, fought a most prave  
pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen. 100

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true : if your  
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen  
did good service in a garden where leeks did  
grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ;  
which, your majesty know, to this hour is an  
honorable badge of the service ; and I do believe  
your majesty takes no scorn to wear the  
leek upon Saint Tay's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honor ;  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash  
your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody,  
I can tell you that : God bless it and preserve  
it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too !

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Jeshu, I am your majesty's coun-  
tryman, I care not who know it ; I will confess  
it to all the 'orld : I need not to be ashamed  
of your majesty, praised be God, so long as  
your majesty is an honest man. 120

*K. Hen.* God keep me so ! Our heralds go  
with him :

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams.* *Ereunt Heraldis  
with Montjoy.*

*Ere.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wearest thou that  
glove in thy cap ?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the  
gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be  
alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman ? 129

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal  
that swaggered with me last night ; who, if  
alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I  
have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear : or if  
I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore,  
as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I  
will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen ?  
is it fit this soldier keep his oath ?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else, an't  
please your majesty, in my conscience. 140

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman

of great sort, quite from the answer of his  
degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as good a gentleman as  
the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebul himself,  
it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep  
his vow and his oath : if he be perjured, see  
you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain  
and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod  
upon God's ground and his earth, in my con-  
science, la ! 150

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when  
thou meetest the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under ?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a good captain, and is good  
knowledge and literaturne in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen ; wear thou this  
favor for me and stick it in thy cap : when  
Alençon and myself were down together, I  
plucked this glove from his helm : if any man  
challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and  
an enemy to our person ; if thou encounter  
any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace doo's me as great honors  
as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects :  
I would fain see the man, that has but two  
legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this  
glove ; that is all ; but I would fain see it  
once, an please God of his grace that I might  
see.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower ?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring  
him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, and my  
brother Gloucester.

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels :  
The glove which I have given him for a favor  
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear ; 181  
It is the soldier's ; I by bargain should  
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge  
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,  
Some sudden mischiel may arise of it ;  
For I do know Fluellen valiant  
And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,  
And quickly will return an injury :  
Follow, and see there be no harm between  
them. 196

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Ereunt.*

SCENE VIII. Before KING HENRY'S pavilion.

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* God's will and his pleasure, captain,  
I beseech you now, come apace to the king :  
there is more good toward you peradventure  
than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove ?

*Flu.* Know the glove ! I know the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this ; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Sblood ! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England !

*Gow.* How now, sir ! you villain !

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forswn ?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him : he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

11  
19

*Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.*

*War.* How now, how now ! what's the matter ?

*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it !—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now ! what's the matter ?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove ; here is the fellow of it ; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap : I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is : I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me ; in your conscience, now ?

40

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier : look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

*Will.* All offences, my lord, come from the heart : never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

51

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself : you appeared to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

60

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow ; And wear it for an honor in thy cap Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns : And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you ; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of praws, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

71

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a good will ; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes : come, wherefore should you be so pashtful ? your shoes is not so good : 'tis a good siling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

80

*Ere.* Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ; John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt ; Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty six : added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead : Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ; Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ; Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard

100

Dolphin, John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Bra-

bant, The brother of the Duke of Burgundy, And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fanconberg and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Lestrale. Here was a royal fellowship of death !

Where is the number of our English dead ?

[*Herald shews him another paper.* Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire : None else of name ; and of all other men

110

**But five and twenty.** O God, thy arm was here ;  
**And not to us, but to thy arm alone,**  
 Ascribe we all ! When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss  
 On one part and on the other ? Take it, God,  
 For it is none but thine !

*Exe.* 'Tis wonderful !

**K. Hen.** Come, go we in procession to the village :  
 And be it death proclaimed through our host  
 To boast of this or take the praise from God 120  
 Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed ?

**K. Hen.** Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,

That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

**K. Hen.** Do we all holy rites ;  
 Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum' ;  
 The dead with charity enclosed in clay :  
 And then to Calais ; and to England then : 130  
 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[Exit.

## ACT V.

### PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

**Chor.** Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
 That I may prompt them : and of such as have, I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
 Of time, of numbers and due course of things,  
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,  
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts  
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach  
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives and  
 boys, 10  
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,  
 Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king  
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land,  
 And solemnly see him set on to London.  
 So swift a pace hath thought that even now  
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath :  
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne  
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword  
 Before him through the city : he forbids it, 19  
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;

Giving full trophy, signal and ostent  
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and working-house of  
 thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens !  
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,

Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in :  
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood, 29  
 Were now the general of our gracious empress,  
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;

As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the King of England's stay at home ;  
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them ; and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanced, 40  
 Till Harry's back-return again to France :  
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.

### SCENE I. France. The English camp.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

**Gow.** Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower : the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and brings me bread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not bear no contention with him ; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

[Enter PISTOL.

**Gow.** Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Auncient Pistol ! you scury, lousy knave, God pless you !

*Pist.* Ha ! art thou bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, 20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ? Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseoch you heartily, scury, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek : because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for a lwallader and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. [Strikes him] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it ?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scould knave, when God's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him.] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

[him. 41]

*Gow.* Enough, captain: you have astonished

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you ; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite ?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge : I eat and eat, I swear—

[50]

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you : will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see I eat.

*Flu.* Much good do you, scould knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em ; that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

[60]

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is good : hold you, there is a groat to heat your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat !

*Flu.* Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels : you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[71] *Exit.*

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you find it otherwise ; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[*Exit.*]

*Pist.* Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now ?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France ; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs Honor is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, 90 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal : And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. France. A royal palace.

*Enter, at one door,* KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; *at another,* the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies ; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !

Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ; And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contrived, We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ; And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England ; fairly met: 10 So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes ; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent,

The fatal bals of murdering basilisks : The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love, Great Kings of France and England ! That I have labor'd, With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavors,

To bring your most imperial majesties Unto this bar and royal interview, Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30 You have congregated, let it not disgrace me, If I demand, before this royal view, What rub or what impediment there is, Why that the naked, poor and mangled

Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births, Should not in this best garden of the world Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ? Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corrupting in its own fertility. 40 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, Unpruned dies ; her hedges even-pleach'd, Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory

Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts  
That should deracinate such savagery;  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly  
forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clo-  
ver,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50  
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,  
burs,

Losing both beauty and utility.  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and  
hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,  
Even so our houses and ourselves and chil-  
dren

Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country;  
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60  
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire  
And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favor  
You are assembled : and my speech entreats  
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences  
And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would  
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfec-  
tions

Which you have cited, you must buy that  
peace 70

With full accord to all our just demands ;  
Whose tenors and particular effects

You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them ; to the  
which as yet

There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well then the peace,  
Which you before so urged, lies in his an-  
swer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary eye  
O'gleranced the articles : pleasest your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed 80  
To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Ex-  
eter,

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glou-  
cester,

Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king ;  
And take with you free power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
Any thing in or out of our demands,  
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sis-  
ter, 90

Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with  
them :

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine  
here with us :

She is our capital demand, comprised  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

*[Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.]*

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine and most fair,  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me ; I  
cannot speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love  
me soundly with your French heart, I will be  
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your  
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

*Kath.* Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is  
like me ?

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate, and  
you are like an angel. 111

*Kath.* Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à  
les anges ?

*Alice.* Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace,  
ainsi dit-il.

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine ; and I  
must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes  
sont pleines de tromperies.

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one ? that the  
tongues of men are full of deceits ? 121

*Alice.* Oui, dat de tongues de de mans is be  
full of deceits : dat is de princess.

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better English-  
woman. I faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for  
thy understanding : I am glad thou canst  
speak no better English ; for, if thou couldst,  
thou wouldest find me such a plain king that  
thou wouldest think I had sold my farm to  
buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it  
in love, but directly to say 'I love you : ' then  
if you urge me farther than to say 'do you in  
fact ? ' I wear out my suit. Give me your  
answer : i' faith, do : and so clap hands and a  
bargain : how say you, lady ?

*Kath.* Sauf votre honneur, me understand  
well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to  
verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why  
you undid me : for the one, I have neither  
words nor measure, and for the other, I have  
no strength in measure, yet a reasonable  
measure in strength. If I could win a lady at  
leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with  
my armor on my back, under the correction  
of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly  
leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my  
love, or bound my horse for her favors, I  
could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-  
an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I  
cannot look greenly nor gasp out my elo-  
quence, nor I have no cunning in protestation  
; only downright oaths, which I never  
use till urged, nor never break for urging. If  
thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate,  
whose face is not worth sun-burning, that  
never looks in his glass for love of any thing  
he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook 1

speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncloined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or rather the sun and not the moon ; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me ; and take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ? 179

*K. Hen.* No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French ; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then ? Saint Denis be my speed !—done votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath.* Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle. 301

*K. Hen.* No, faith, is't not, Kate : but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be mñch at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, cañst thou love me ?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate ? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me : and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart : but, good Kate, mock me mercifully ; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good sol-

dier-breeder : shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard ? shall we not ? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce ?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise : do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy ; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse ?

*Kath.* Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French ! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate : by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me ; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me : therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face : thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better : and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine : ' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Harry Plantagenet is thine ;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music and thy English broken ; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English ; wilt thou have me ?

*Kath.* Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me. 370

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

*Kath.* Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en bâissant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur ; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* Les dames et demoiselles pour être bâisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* Oui, vraiment.

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss : therefore, patiently and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate : there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, BURGUNDY, and other Lords.

*Bur.* God save your majesty ! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English ?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her ; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt ?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth ; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle ; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her inked seeing self ? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. 450

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for maids, wellsummered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes ; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer ; and so I shall catch the

fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so : and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspective, the cities turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered. 450

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife ?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content ; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her : so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England ?

*West.* The king hath granted every article ; His daughter first, and then in sequel all, 461 According to their firm proposed natures.

*Eze.* Only he hath not yet subscribed this : Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition in French, Notre trescher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Heritier de France ; and thus in Latin, Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Anglie, et Heres Francie.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest :

And thereupon give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me ; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred, and this dear conju-

tion 480 Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen !

*K. Hen.* Now, welcome, Kate : and bear me witness all, That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish.

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one ! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorcee of their incorporate league ;  
That English may as French, French English-men,  
Receive each other. God speak this Amen !

*All.* Amen !

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage—on  
which day,  
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surely of our leagues, 500  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous  
be !

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

#### EPILOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Thus far, with rough and all-unable  
pen,

Our bending author hath pursued the story,  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts the full course of their  
glory.  
Small time, but in that small most greatly  
lived

This star of England : Fortune made his  
sword ;

By which the world's best garden he achieved,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King  
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;

10

Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France and made his England  
bleed :

Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for  
their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[*Exit.*

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1597.)

## INTRODUCTION.

This comedy first appeared in the folio of 1623, but it is in some way closely connected with a play published in 1594, and bearing the almost identical title, *The Taming of A Shrew*. Pope was of the opinion that Shakespeare wrote both plays, but this is hardly plausible. The play in the folio is certainly an enlargement and alteration of the earlier play, and it only remains to ask, was Shakespeare the sole reviser and adapter, or did his task consist of adding and altering certain scenes, so as to render yet more amusing and successful an enlarged version of the play of 1594, already made by some unknown hand? The last seems upon the whole the opinion best supported by the internal evidence. In *The Taming of the Shrew* three parts may be distinguished: (1) The humorous Induction, in which Sly, the drunken tinker, is the chief person; (2) A comedy of character, the Shrew and her tamer, Petruchio, being the hero and heroine; (3) A comedy of intrigue—the story of Bianca and her rival lovers. Now the old play of *A Shrew* contains, in a rude form, the scenes of the Induction and the chief scenes in which Petruchio and Katharina (named by the original writer Ferando and Kate) appear; but nothing in the old play corresponds with the intrigues of Bianca's disguised lovers. It is, however, in the scenes concerned with these intrigues that Shakespeare's hand is least apparent. It may be said that Shakespeare's genius goes in and out with the person of Katharina. We would therefore conjecturally assign the intrigue-comedy to the adapter of the old play, reserving for Shakespeare a title to those scenes—in the main enlarged from the play of *A Shrew*—in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are speakers. Turning this statement into figures we find that Shakespeare's part in *The Taming of the Shrew* is comprised in the following portions: Induction: Act II., Sc. i., L. 169-226; Act III., Sc. ii., L. 1-125, and 151-241; Act IV., Sc. i. ii. and iii.; Act V., Sc. ii., L. 1-180. Such a division, it must be borne in mind, is no more than a conjecture, but it seems to be suggested and fairly indicated by the style of the several parts of the comedy. However this may be, it is clear that Shakespeare cared little for the other characters in comparison with Sly, Katharina, and Petruchio. The play is full of energy and bustling movement; and the characters of Katharina and Petruchio in particular, are firmly and finely drawn, the scenes in which they appear, though infinitely amusing, never quite passing into downright farce. Widely separated dates have been assigned for *The Taming of the Shrew*, from 1594 to 1606. The best portions are in the manner of Shakespeare's comedies of the second period; and attributing the Bianca intrigue-comedy to a writer intermediate between the author of the play of *A Shrew* and Shakespeare, there is no difficulty in supposing that the Shakespeare scenes were written about 1597. Fletcher wrote a humorous continuation of Shakespeare's play, entitled *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*, in which Petruchio reappears.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker. } Persons in  
Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts- } the Induc-  
men, and Servants. } tion.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with  
Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor  
to Katharina.

GREMIO, } suitors to Bianca.  
HORTENSIO, }

TRanio, } servants to Lucentio.  
BIANDELLO, }  
GRUMIO, } servants to Petruchio.  
CURTIS, }  
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, the shrew, } daughters to Bap-  
tista,  
WIDOW,

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on  
Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: Padua, and Petruchio's country house.

## INDUCTION.

SCENE I. Before an alehouse on a heath.

*Enter Hostess and Sly.*

*Sly.* I'll pheeze you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue !

*Sly.* Ye are a budgee ; the Sly's are no rogues ; look in the chronicles ; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore patens ballabris ; let the world slide : sessa !

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst ?

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Jerominy : go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10

*Host.* I know my remedy : I must go fetch the third-borongh. [Exit.]

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borongh, I'll answer him by law : I'll not budge an inch, boy : let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

*Horns winded.* Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :

†Brach Merriman, the poor cur is embosc'd ; And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner, in the coldest frost ? 20

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*First Hm.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord :

He cried upon it at the merest loss And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent : Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool : if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well and look unto them all : To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*First Hm.* I will, my lord. 30

*Lord.* What's here ? one dead, or drunk ?

See, doth he breathe ?

*See, Hm.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warn'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies ! [Imme !

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he wakes, 40

Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

*First Hm.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose,

*See, Hm.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy,

Then take him up and manage well the jest :

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :

Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50 To make a duleet and a heavenly sound ;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight And with a low submissive reverence Say 'What is it your honor will command ?'

Let one attend him with a silver basin Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers ; Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands ?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit And ask him what apparel he will wear ; 60

Another tell him of his hounds and horse, And that his lady mourns at his disease :

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ; And when he says he is, say that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs : It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty.

*First Hm.* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,

As he shall think by our true diligence 70

He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently and to bed with him :

And each one to his office when he wakes.

[Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds. Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds : [Exit, Servingman.]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

*R -enter Servingman.*

How now ! who is it ?

*Serv.* An't please your honor, players That offer service to your lordship.

*Lord.* Bid them come near.

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

*Players.* We thank your honor. 80

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

*A Player.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son : 'Twas where you wo'd the gentlewoman so well :

I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

*A Player.* I think 'twas Soto that your honor means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true : thou didst it excellently.

Well, you are come to me in happy time ; 90

The ruther for I have some sport in hand Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night :

But I am doubtful of your modesties ;  
Lest over-eying of his odd behavior.—  
For yet his honor never heard a play—  
You break into some merry passion  
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile he grows impatient.

*A Player.* Fear not, my lord : we can contain ourselves.

Were he the veriest antic in the world,

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome every one ;  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[Exit one with the Players.

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;

And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance,  
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,  
He bear himself with honorable action,      110  
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished ;  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do  
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,  
And say 'What is't your honor will command,  
Wherein your lady and your humble wife  
May show her duty and make known her love ?'

[Kisses,

And then with kind embracements, tempting  
And with declining head into his bosom,  
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd.      120  
To see her noble lord restored to health,  
Who for this seven years hath esteem'd him  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar ;  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
To rain a shower of command'd tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shirt,  
Which in a napkin being close convey'd  
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.  
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou  
caust :

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.      130

[Exit a Servant.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman ;  
I long to hear him call the drunkard 'Bianchi,  
And how my men will stay themselves  
from laughter.

When they do homage to this simple peasant,  
I'll in to counsel them ; keep my presence  
May well abate the over-merry strain  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exit.

SCENE II. A chamber in the Lord's house.  
Enter Sir Sly, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin and water, and other appurtenances ; and Lord.

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

*First Serv.* Will't please your lordship  
drink a cup of sack ?

*Second Serv.* Will't please your honor taste of  
these conserves ?

*Third Serv.* What raiment will your honor  
wear to-day ?

*Sly.* I am Christopher Sly ; call not me 'honor,' nor 'lordship,' I never drakk sick  
in my life ; and if you give me any conserves, give me an ewer ; or else I never ask me what raiment I'll wear ; for I have no more doublets  
lets them backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; my soles sometimes  
more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes  
look through the oversleeven.

*Lord.* Be it so ; cease this idle humor in your honor !

O, that a mighty man of such descent,  
Of such possessions and so high esteem,  
Should be int'red with so foolish spirit !

*Sly.* What would you make me mad ? Am  
not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-  
hath, by birth a pedler, by education a card-  
maker, by transmutation a Tinker ? Ask  
Marina Hacket, the fairest wife of Winet, if  
she know me not ; if she say I am not fourteen  
pence on the score, for she will scarce be up  
for the lyingst knave in Christendom. What !  
I am not bestraught ; here's—

*Third Serv.* O, this it is that makes your  
lady incurse !

*Second Serv.* O, this it is that makes your ser-  
vant diabolical !

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindest  
shuns your house.      30  
As benten hence by your strange humer,  
One bold lord, beholding these thy birth,  
Call hometh ancient thoughts from banish-  
ment.

And banish hence thee subject to lowly dreams,  
Look how thy servants do thine end on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy book,  
Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays.      40  
[Music.

And twenty or odd nightingales do sing ;  
Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a  
couch.

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed,      49  
On purpose trimm'd up for sumptuous,  
Say then whar willest we will bestow the  
ground :

Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trimm'd,  
Their harness simple, fit to these dñeys peale,  
Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks  
will soar.

Above the morning lark, or with thondent ?  
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer  
them.

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth,  
*First Serv.* Say then wilt course ; thy grey-  
hounds will be fit.

As breeded stags, or never than the red,      50  
*Second Serv.* Do you come to picture ? we will  
teach thee to paint.

Adonis, Cimbel, Cupid, the Brook,  
And Cupid's bairns, or the Field,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her  
fleeth.

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee so as she was a  
maid,

And how she was beguiled and surprised,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*Third Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through  
a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she  
bleeds. 60

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a  
lord :

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

*First Serv.* And till the tears that she hath  
shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world ;  
And yet she is inferior to none. 69

*Sly.* Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?  
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?

I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak :

I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things :  
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed

And not a tinker nor Christopher Sly.  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

*Sec. Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to  
wash your hands ?

O, how we joy to see your wit restored !  
O, that once more you knew but what you  
are ! 80

These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;  
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years ! by my fay, a  
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time ?

*First Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle  
words : [ber,

For though you lay here in this goodly chamb'r,  
Yet wold you say ye were beaten out of door ;

And rail upon the hostess of the house ;  
And say you would present her at the leet,

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd  
quarts : 90

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely  
Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

*Third Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house  
nor no such maid.

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece  
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell  
And twenty more such names and men as  
these

Which never were nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now Lord be thanked for my good  
amends ! 100

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee : thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page as a lady, with attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord ?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer  
enough.

Where is my wife ?

*Page.* Here, noble lord : what is thy will  
with her ?

*Sly.* Are you my wife and will not call me  
husband ?

My men should call me 'lord : ' I am your  
goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord  
and husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well. What must I call her ?

*Lord.* Madam. 111

*Sly.* Ap'ee madam, er Joan madam ?

*Lord.* 'Madam,' and nothing else : so  
lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have  
dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto  
me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and  
her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of  
you 120

To pardon me yet for a night or two,

Or, if not so, until the sun be set :

For your physicians have expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed :

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so that I may hardly  
tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into  
my dreams again : I will therefore tarry in  
despite of the flesh and the blood. 130

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your honor's players, hearing your  
amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy :

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your  
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy :

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens

life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not  
a comony a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-

trick ? 141

*Page.* No, my good lord ; it is more pleas-

ing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff ?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife,

sit by my side and let the world slip : we shall

ne'er be younger.

*Flourish.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

*Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since for the great desire I  
had

To see fair Padua, nursery of arts

I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd  
With his good will and thy good company,  
My trusty servant, well approved in all,  
Here let us breathe and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens      10  
Gave me my being and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli.  
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence  
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achieved.      20  
Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra.* Mi perdonato, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself ;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,      30  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray ;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :  
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk ;  
Music and poesy use to quicken you ;  
The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves  
you ;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en :  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.      40

*Luc.* Gramceries, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget,

But stay a while : what company is this ?

*Tra.* Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*Enter* BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolved you know :  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
Before I have a husband for the elder :      51  
If either of you both love Katharina,  
Because I know you well and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* [tside] To eart her rather : she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

*Kath.* I pray you, sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

*Hor.* Mates, maid ! how mean you that ?  
no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.      60  
*Kath.* Faith, sir, you shall never need to fear :

I wis it is not half way to her heart :  
But if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool  
And paint your face and use you like a tool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord !

*Tra.* Hush, master ! here's some good pastime toward :  
That wench is stark mad or wonderful forward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see Maid's mild behavior and sobriety,  
Peace, Tranio !

*Tra.* Well said, master ; mimm ! and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said, Bianca, get you in :  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty peat ! it is best  
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.      80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :  
My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio ! thou mayst hear  
Minerva speak.

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?

Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolved :      90

Go in, Bianca : [Exit Bianca.]  
And for I know she taketh most delight

In music, instruments and poetry,  
Schoalmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,  
Or Signior Gremio, you know any such,  
Prefer them hither : for to enmuring men  
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up :  
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay :  
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

*Kath.* Why, and I trust I may go too,  
may I not ? What, shall I be appointed hours ;  
as though, belike, I knew not what to take,  
and what to leave, ha ? [Exit.

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam : your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.  
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly

out : our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell : yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior Gremio : but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labor and effect one thing specially. 121

*Grem.* What's that, I pray ? [sister.

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her

*Grem.* A husband ! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Grem.* I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell ?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*Grem.* I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come ; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to t' refresh. Sweet Bianca ! Happy man be his dole ! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio ?

*Grem.* I am agreed ; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her ! Come on. {Exit *Gremio* and *Hortensio*. 150}

*Tra.* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

*Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely ; But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness : And now in plainness do confess to thee, That art to me as secret and as dear As Anna to the queen of Carthage was, Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 160 If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now ;

Afection is not rated from the heart : If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,

'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

*Luc.* Gramceries, lad, go forward ; this contents :

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 170

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all,

*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move And with her breath she did perfume the air : Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. 181

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir : if you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands :

Her eldest sister is so curst and sereuld That till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home ; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he ! But art thou not advised, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jumpe in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster And undertake the teaching of the maid : That's your device.

*Luc.* It is : may it be done ?

*Luc.* Not possible ; for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son, 200 Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,

Visit his countrymen and banquet them ?

*Luc.* Basta ; content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house, Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces For man or master ; then it follows thus ; Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house and port and servants, as I should : I will some other be, some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 210 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so : Tranio, at once Unease thee : take my color'd hat and cloak : When Blondello comes, he waits on thee ; But I will charin him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient : For so your father charged me at our parting, 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he, Although I think 'twas in another sense ; 220 I am content to be Lucentio, Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded  
eye.

Here comes the rogue.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Sirrah, where have you been ?

*Bion.* Where have I been ! Nay, how  
now ! where are you ? Master, has my fellow  
Tranio stolen your clothes ? Or you stolen  
his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ? 230

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither : 'tis no time to  
jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the  
time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his ;  
For in a quarrel since I came ashore  
I kill'd a man and fear I was deserv'd :  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my  
life :

You understand me ?

*Bion.* 1, sir ! ne'er a whit. 240

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your  
mouth :

Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him : would I were  
so too !

*Tra.* So could I, faith, boy, to have the  
next wish after,  
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest  
daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your mas-

ter's, I advise  
You use your manners discreetly in all kind  
of companies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;  
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go : one thing more  
rests, that thyself execute, to make one among  
these wooers : if thou ask me why, sufficeth,  
my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

*The presenters above speak.*

*First Serv.* My lord, you nod ; you do not  
mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good  
matter, surely : comes there any more of it ?

*Poly.* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work,  
Madam lady : would 'twere done ! 259

[*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S  
house.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua, but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ?  
Is there any man has rebus'd your worship ?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir ! why, sir, what  
am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's  
pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome. I  
should knock you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the  
worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be ?  
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it ;  
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[*He rings him by the ears.*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help ! my master is  
mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah  
villain !

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now ! what's the matter ? My  
old friend Grumio ! and my good friend  
Petruchio !

How do you all at Verona ?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part  
the fray ?

'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

*Hor.* 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto  
onorato signor mio Petruchio.'

Rise, Grumio, rise : we will compound this  
quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he  
'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause  
for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he  
bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir ;  
well, was it fit for a servant to use his master  
so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and  
thirty, a pip-out ?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at  
first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain ! Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate  
And could not get him for my heart to do  
it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate ! O heavens !  
Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah,  
knock me here, rap me here, knock me well,  
and knock me soundly ?' And come you now  
with, 'knocking at the gate' ?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise  
you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience : I am Grumio's  
pledge :

Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and  
you.

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy  
gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona ?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men  
through the world 56  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home.  
Where small experience grows. But in a few,  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me ;  
Antonio, my father is deceased ;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may :  
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home.  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly  
to thee ?

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife ?  
Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my coun-  
sel :

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich  
And very rich : but thou'rt too much my  
friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends  
as we  
Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou  
know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd      70  
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic seas :  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly  
what his mind is: why, give him gold enough  
and marry him to a puppet or an aghet-baby ;  
or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head,  
tho'gh she have as many diseases as two and  
fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, so  
money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus  
far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :  
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
Is that she is intolerable curst  
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all meas-  
ure

That, were my state far worse than it is,      91  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not  
gold's effect :

Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough ;  
For I will broider her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman :  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongne.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not  
her ;

And he knew my deceased father well  
I will not sleep. Hortensio, till I see her ;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the  
humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him  
as well as I do, she would think scolding  
would do little good upon him : she may per-

haps call him half a score knaves or so : why,  
that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in  
his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she  
stand him but a little, he will throw a figure  
in her face and so disfigure her with it that she  
shall have no more eyes to see withal than a  
cat. You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,      120  
And her withholdes from me and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehearsed,  
That ever Katharina will be wod'd :  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Katharine the curst !  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.      130

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me  
grace,

And offer me disguised in sober robes  
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;  
That so I may, by this device, at least  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Gru.* Here's no knavery ! See, to begitile  
the old folks, how the young folks lay their  
heads together !

140

*Enter GREMIO, and LUENTIO disguised.*  
Master, master, look about you : who goes  
there, ha ?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio ! it is the rival of my  
love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling and an amorous !  
*Gre.* O, very well ; I have perused the note,  
Hark you, sir : I'll have them very fairly  
bound :

All books of love, see that at any hand ;  
And see you read no other lectures to her :  
You understand me : over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality,      150  
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper  
too.

And let me have them very well perfumed :  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself  
To whom they go to. What will you read to  
her ?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for  
you

As for my patron, stand you so assured,  
As firmly as yourself were still in place :  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning, what a thing it is !      160

*Gru.* O this woodcock, what an ass it is !

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah !

*Hor.* Grumio, mum ! God save you, Signior Gremio.

*Gre.* And you are well met, Signior Hor-  
tensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista  
Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca :  
And by good fortune I have lighted well  
On this young man, for learning and behavior  
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry      170  
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well; and I have met a gentle-  
man

Hath promised me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

*Gre.* Beloved of me; and that my deeds  
shall prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our  
love :

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,      180  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well.

*Hortensio,* have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling  
scold :

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? What com-  
tryman?      190

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see

*Gre.* O sir, such a life, with such a wife,  
were strange!

But if you have a stomach, to't i' God's name :  
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither but to that intent?  
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?      204  
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds  
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'  
clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,  
That gives not half so great a blow to hear  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?      210  
Fush, fush! fear boys with bugs.

*Gru.* For he fears none.

*Gre.* Hortensio, bark :  
This gentleman is happily arrived,  
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

*Hor.* I promised we would be contributors  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win  
her.

*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good din-  
ner.

*Enter TRanio brave, and BIONDELLO.*

*Tran.* Gentlemen, God save you. If I may  
be bold,  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest  
way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? 221

*Bon.* He that has the two fair daughters;  
is't he you mean?

*Tran.* Even he, Biondello.

*Gre.* Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—

*Tran.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have  
you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,  
I pray.

*Tran.* I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's  
away.

*Luc.* Well begun, Tranio.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:  
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, ya  
or no? 230

*Tran.* And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you wil,  
get you hence.

*Tran.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets  
as free

For me as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tran.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,  
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior Hor-  
tensio.

*Tran.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentle-  
men,

Do me this right: hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman,      240

To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have and me for one,  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand woers,  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:  
And so she shall: Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk  
us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove  
a jade.

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these  
words? 250

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tran.* No, sir; but hear I do that he hath  
two.

The one as famous for a scolding tongue  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her  
go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labor to great Her-  
cules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me in  
sooth:

The youngest daughter whom you hearken for  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 261  
And will not promise her to any man  
Until the elder sister first be wed;

The younger then is free and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,  
And if you break the ice and do thisfeat,  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her  
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

*Hor.* Sir, you say well and well you do con-  
ceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign  
whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law.

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru.* *Bion.* O excellent motion ! Fellows,  
let's be gone. 280

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed and be  
it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Padua. A room in Baptista's house.*

*Enter Katharina and Bianca.*

*Kath.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong  
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;  
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat :  
Or what you will command me will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,  
tell

Whom thou lovest best : see thou dissemble  
not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men  
alive 10

I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion, thou liest. Is't not Horten-  
tus?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have  
him. [More :

*Kath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches  
You will have Grenio to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so ?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while; 20

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was  
so. [Strikes her.

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame ! whence grows  
this insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl ! she weeps.  
Go ply thy needle : meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong  
thee ?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-  
venged. [Flies after Bianca.

*Bap.* What, in my sight ? Bianca, get  
thee in. [Exit Bianca. 30

*Kath.* What, will you not suffer me ? Nay,  
now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband :  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me : I will go sit and weep  
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Ls. 32

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I ?  
But who comes here ?

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a  
mean man ; Petruchio, with Hortensio  
as a musician ; and Tranio, with Bion-  
dello bearing a lute and books.*

*Grem.* Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God  
save you, gentlemen ! 41

*Pet.* And you, good sir ! Pray, have you  
not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous ?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

*Grem.* You are too blunt : go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signor Grenio : give  
me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and be-helf modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, 50  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the  
witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting Hortensio.

Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof I know she is not ignorant :

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :  
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir ; and he, for  
your good sake,

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her,  
Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.  
Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your  
name ?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name : Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well : you are welcome  
for his sake. 70

*Grem.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :  
Becare ! you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* O, pardon me, Signor Gremio ; I would,  
fain be doing

*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting *Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. [To *Tranio*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tran.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,

That, being a stranger in this city here, 90  
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.  
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  
In the preferment of the eldest sister.  
This liberty is all that I request,  
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,  
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo  
And free access and favor as the rest :  
And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin  
books :

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name ; of whence, I pray ?

*Tran.* Of Pisa, sir : son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa ; by report I know him well : you are very welcome, sir, Take you the lute, and you the set of books ; You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within !

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my daughters ; and tell them both, 110  
These are their tutors : bid them use them  
well.

[Exit Servant, with *Lucentio* and *Hortensio*,  
*Biondello* following.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh  
haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.  
You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreased :  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

*Bap.* After my death the one half of my  
lands,

And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever :

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love : for that is all in all. 130

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you  
father,

I am as peremptory as she prond-minded ;  
And where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury,  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :  
So I to her and so she yields to me ;  
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be  
thy speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for  
winds, 141

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend ! why dost thou  
look so pale ?

*Hort.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale,

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good  
musician ?

*Hort.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier :  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her  
to the lute ?

*Hort.* Why, no ; for she hath broke the  
lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
'Frets, call you these ?' quoth she ; 'I'll tune  
with them :'

And, with that word, she struck me on the  
head.

And through the instrument my pate made  
way ;

And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;

While she did call me rascal fiddler  
And twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile  
terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so. 160

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did :

O, how I long to have some chat with her !

*Bap.* Well, go with me and be not so dis-  
comfited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;  
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

*Pet.* I pray you do. [Exit all but Petruchi-  
cio.] I will attend her here, 169

And woo her with some spirit when she cometh.  
Say that she rail : why then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :  
Say that she frown : I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word :

Then I'll commend her voluntility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week :  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 180  
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.  
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio,  
speak.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

Good morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :  
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate ; and sometimes Kate the curst ;  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom  
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ; 191  
Hearing thy mildness prai-ed in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Moved ! in good time : let him that moved you hither

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first  
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable ?

*Kath.* A join'd-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas ! good Kate, I will not burden thee ;

For knowing thee to be but young and light—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should he ! should—buzz !

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp ; I faith, you are too angry. 210

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting ? In his tail.

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue ?

*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails : and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come again,

Good Kate ; I am a gentleman.

*Kath.* That I'll try. [She strikes him. 220

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again,

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms : If you strike me, you are no gentleman ; And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books !

*Kath.* What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine ; you crow too like a craven.

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab ; and therefore looks not sour. 231

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face ?

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares. 240

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth you scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit : I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;  
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 250  
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy woers,  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate like the hazel-twigs

Is straight and slender and as brown in hue  
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt,

*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove 260  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;  
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful !

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother ! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise ?

*Kath.* Yes ; keep you warm.

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed :

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270  
Thus in plain terms : your father hath consented,



KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, P. 492



That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed  
on ;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;  
For, by this light, whereof I see thy beauty,  
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,  
Thou must be married to no man but me ;  
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,  
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate.  
Conformable as other household Kates. 280  
Here comes your father : never make denial ;  
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRanio.*

*Bap.* Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed  
you with my daughter ?

*Pet.* How but well, sir ? how but well ?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine !  
in your dumps ? [ise you

*Kath.* Call you me daughter ? now, I promise  
You have shold a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus : yourself and all the  
world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her :  
If she be curst, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
And Roman Luerece for her chastity :  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well to-  
gether,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.  
*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio ; she says she'll see  
thee hang'd first.

*Tran.* Is this your speeding ? nay, then,  
good night our part !

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her  
for myself :

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you ?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !  
She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss  
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, 311  
That in a twink she won me to her love.  
O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curtest  
shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;  
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say : but give me  
your hands ;

*Gre.* Tran., Amen, say we : we will be wit-  
nesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen,  
adieu ;

I will to Venice : Sunday comes apace :  
We will have rings and things and time array ;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sun-  
day.

[*Exit Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so sud-  
denly ?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a mer-  
chant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tran.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by  
you : 330  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet  
catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :  
Now is the day we long have looked for :  
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

*Tran.* And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can  
guess.

*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear  
as I.

*Tran.* Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry. 340

Skipper, stand back : 'tis age that nourisheth

*Tran.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flour-  
isheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen : I will com-  
pound this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he of both  
Shall assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within

the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;  
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ; 351  
In ivory collars I have stuff'd my crowns ;

In express chests my arras counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass and all things that belong  
To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm

I have a hundred mitch-kine to the pail,  
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360  
And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;  
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tran.* That 'only' came well in. Sir, list  
to me :

I am my father's heir and only son :  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ; 370  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her joint-  
ure.

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of

land !

My land amounts not to so much in all :  
That she shall have ; besides an argosy  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
What, have I choked you with an argosy ?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath  
no less  
Than three great argosies ; besides two gal-  
lieses. 380  
And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure  
her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st  
next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no  
more ;  
And she can have no more than all I have :  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all  
the world,

By your firm promise : Gremio is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best ;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me,  
If you should die before him, where's her  
dower ? 391

*Tra.* That's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well  
as old ?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolved : on Sunday next you know  
My daughter Katharine is to be married :  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;  
If not, to Signior Gremio :  
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbor. 400

[Exit Baptista.]

Now I fear thee not :  
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy !  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[Exit.]

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd  
hide !  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.  
'Tis in my head to do my master good :  
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio  
Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio,'  
And that's a wonder : fathers commonly 411  
Do get their children ; but in this case of woo-  
ing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my  
cunning.

[Exit.]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Publia. Baptista's house.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too for-  
ward, sir :  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal ?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony :  
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Lac.* Preposterous ass, that never read so  
far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd !  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man 11  
After his studies or his usual pain ?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of  
thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double  
wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice :  
I am no breeding scholar in the schools ;

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,  
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in  
tune ?

*Luc.* That will be never : tune your instru-  
ment.

*Bian.* Where left we last ?

*Luc.* Here, madam :

‘Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.’

*Bian.* Construe them. 30

*Luc.* ‘Hic ibat,’ as I told you before, ‘Si-  
mois, I am Lucentio, ‘hic est,’ son unto Vin-  
centio of Pisa, ‘Sigeia tellus,’ disguised thus  
to get your love ; ‘Hic steterat,’ and that  
Lucentio that comes a-wooing, ‘Priami,’ is my  
man Tranio, ‘regia,’ bearing my port, ‘celsa  
senis,’ that we might beignle the old panta-  
loon.

*Hor.* Madam, my instrument's in tune.

*Bian.* Let's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it :  
‘Hic ibat Simois,’ I know you not, ‘hic est  
Sigeia tellus,’ I trust you not ; ‘Hic steterat  
Priami,’ take heed he hear us not, ‘regia,’  
presume not, ‘celsa senis,’ despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right ; 'tis the base knave  
that jars.

[Aside] How fiery and forward our pedant is !  
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my  
love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. 50

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not : for, sure, Eaclesides  
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master ; else, I

promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :  
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you :

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* You may go walk, and give me leave

a while :

My lessons make no music in three parts. 60  
*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

[*Aside*] And watch withal; for I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,  
 I must begin with rudiments of art;  
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
 More pleasant, pithy and effectual,  
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [*Reads*] "Gamut" I am, the ground of all accord,

"A re," to plead Hortensio's passion;

"B mi," Bianca, take him for thy lord,

"C fa ut," that loves with all affection;

"D sol re," one clef, two notes have I:

"E la mi," show pity, or I die."

Call yo' this gamut? tut, I like it not:  
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for old inventions. 81

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up: You know to-morrow is the wedding-day,

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exit Bianca and Servant.*]

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pendant:

Methinks he looks as though he were in love: Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90 Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRanio, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUENTIO, and others, attendants.

*Bap.* [To Tranio] Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day.

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be, To want the bridegroom when the priest attends?

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*Kath.* No shame but mine: I must forsooth, be forced

To give my hand opposed against my heart Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen. 10

Who would in haste and means to wed it leisurely?

I told you, he was a frantic fool, Hiding his better jests in blunt behavior; And, to be sure, 't is a merry man, He'll woo at the last, 'point the day of marriage,

Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;

Yet never means to wed where he hath wold, Now must the world point at poor Katharine, And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife, If it would please him come and marry her!"

*Tr.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too. 21

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word;

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Kath.* Would Katharine had never seen him thought!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint, Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of! 31

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am and sees you there. 41

*Tr.* But say, what to thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-eases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapless; with two broken points: his horse hopped with an old moth saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glands and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, spod with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, beginnaw with the hots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-slecked bit and a headstall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of vulture, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pickthreath.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lackey, for all the world  
equalised like the horse ; with a linen stock  
on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other,  
gartered with a red and blue list ; an old hat  
and 'the humor of forty fancies' pricked in't  
for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel,  
and not like a Christian footboy or a  
gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to  
this fashion ;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he  
comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes ?

*Bion.* Who ? that Petruchio came ?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came. 80

*Bion.* No, sir ; I say his horse comes, with  
him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants ? who's  
at home ?

*Bap.* You are welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well. 90

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd  
As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.  
But where is Kate ? where is my lovely bride ?  
How does my father ? Gentles, methinks you  
frown :

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet or unusual prodigy ?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wed-  
ding-day :

First were we sad, fearing you would not  
come ; 100

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival !

*Tra.* And tells us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to  
hear :

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress ;  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But where is Kate ? I stay too long from her :  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at  
church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unrever-  
ent robes :

*Go* to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me : thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry  
her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha'-  
done with words :

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :  
Could I repair what she will wear in me, 120  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
Twere well for Kate and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad-at-  
tire :

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.  
*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of  
this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

*Tra.* But to her love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;  
And make assurance here in Padua  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow-school-  
master 140

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say  
no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look  
into,

And watch our vantage in this business :  
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
The quaint musician, amorous Llelio ;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 150

*Re-enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?  
*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from  
school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom com-  
ing home ?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you ? 'tis a groom  
indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall  
find.

*Tra.* Curster than she ? why, 'tis impos-  
sible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very  
fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's  
dam.

*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to  
him !

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : when the priest 160  
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,  
'Ay, by gogs-wounds,' quoth he ; and swore sc  
loud,  
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book ;  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff  
hat down fell priest and book and book and priest :

Now take them up,' quoth he, ' if any list.'  
*Tra.* What said the wench when he rose again ?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170

But after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine : ' A health ! ' quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
After a storm ; quaff'd off the muscadel  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;  
Having no other reason  
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly.  
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack 180

That at the parting all the church did echo :  
And I seeing this came thence for very shame ;  
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.  
Such a mad marriage never was before :

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Musick.*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and TRIN.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :

I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer ;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, 189  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night ?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come :

Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife :  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;

For I must hence ; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you. 201

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay ?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse,

*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have

eaten the horses.

*Kath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day : 210  
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.  
The door is open, sir ; there lies your way ;  
You may be jogging whilsts your boots are green ;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself :  
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O Kate, content thee ; prithee, be not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry : what hast thou to do ?

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure. 219

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work,  
*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :

I see a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;  
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;

I will be master of what is mine own :  
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my bœn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing :  
And here she stands, touch her whoe'er dare ;  
I'll bring mine action on the prondest he  
To stopps my way in Padua. Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves :

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man,  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate : 240

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mad.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom warre,

For to supply the place at the table,  
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place :

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO's country house.

Enter GRUMIO.

*Gru.* Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? was ever man so rayed ? was ever man so weary ? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me : but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself : for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho ! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS.

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly ?*Gru.* A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool ! I am *Gru.* Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office ?*Curt.* I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world ?*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and therefore fire : do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.*Curt.* There's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.*Gru.* Why, 'Jack, boy ! ho ! boy !' and as much news as will thaw.*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching !*Gru.* Why, therefore fire ; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook ? supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept : the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order ?*Curt.* All ready ; and therefore, I pray thee, news.*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.*Curt.* How ?*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt ; and thereby hangs a tale.

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*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.*Gru.* Lend thine ear.*Curt.* Here.*Gru.* There.

[Strikes him]

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.*Gru.* And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale : and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin : Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my miss-tress.—

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*Curt.* Both of one horse ?*Gru.* What's that to thee ?*Curt.* Why, a horse.*Gru.* Tell thou the tale ; but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse ; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was benoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

[than she.]

*Curt.* By this reckoning he is more shrew*Gru.* Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this ? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sagarsop and the rest : let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knot : let them curtsey with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?*Curt.* They are.*Gru.* Call them forth.*Curt.* Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

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*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.*Curt.* Who knows not that ?*Gru.* Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them

Enter four or five Serving-men.

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio !

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*Phil.* How now, Grumio !*Jos.* What, Grumio !*Nich.* Fellow Grumio !*Nath.* How now, old lad ?*Gru.* Welcome, you ;—how now, you ;—what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master ?

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*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence ! I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse !

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

*All Serv.* Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

*Pet.* Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir !

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms !

What, no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

*Gru.* Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swain ! you whoreson maithorse drudge !

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with  
thee ?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully  
made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the  
heel ;

There was no link to color Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from  
sheathing :

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and  
Gregory :

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet  
you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper  
in. [Exit Servants.

[Singing] Where is the life that late I led—  
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and wel-  
come.—

Soud, soud, soud, soud !

*Re-enter Servants with supper.*

Why, when, I say ? Nay, good sweet Kate, be  
merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues ! you villains,  
when ?

[Sings] It was the friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way :—

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the  
other. [Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here ; what,  
ho !

Where's my spaniel Troilus ? Sirrah, get you  
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :  
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be ac-  
quainted with.

Where are my slippers ? Shall I have some  
water ?

*Enter one with water.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.  
You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ?

[Strikes him.  
*Kath.* Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault  
unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-eard  
knave !

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a sto-  
mach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else  
shall I ?

What's this ? mutton ?

*First Serv.* Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it ?

*Peter.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these ! Where is the rascal  
cook ?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the  
dresser.

And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, treachers, evps, and all ;

[Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.  
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd  
slaves !

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you  
straight.

*Koth.* I pray you, husband, be not so dis-  
quiet :

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried  
away :

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choleric, planethe anger :

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
Then feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient ; to-morrow 't shall be mended.  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company : 180

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exit.

*Re-enter Servants severally.*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like ?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humor.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he ?

*Curt.* In her chamber, making a sermon  
of contimency to her :

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she,  
poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to  
speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. 200

[Exit.

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politely begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfullly.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty ;  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,

For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come and know her keeper's  
call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That late and beat and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall

not ;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed ;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster.

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her ;  
And in conclusion she shall watch all night :  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
And with the clamor keep her still awake. 220  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak : 'tis charity to show.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before BAPTISTA's house.*

*Enter TRanio and HORTENSIO.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

*Ior.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

*Bian.* What, master, read you ? first resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love.  
*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art !

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart ! 10

*Ior.* Quick proceeders, marry ! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* O despitful love ! unconstant woman-kind !

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Ior.* Mistake no more : I am not Licio, Nor a musician, as I seem to be ; But one that scorn to live in this disguise, For such a one as leaves a gentleman, And makes a god of such a cullion : 20

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard Of your entire affection to Bianca ; And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented, Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*Ior.* See, how they kiss and court ! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow Never to woo her more, but do forswear her, As one unworthy all the former favors 30

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,

Never to marry with her though she would entreat :  
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him !

*Ior.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn !

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath, I will be married to a wealthy widow, Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me

As I have loved this proud disdainful hag-gard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love : and so I take my leave, In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.]

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As longeth to a lover's blessed ease ! Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love, And have forswn you with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest : but have you both forsworn me ?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, That shall be wo'd and wedded in a day. 51

*Bian.* God give him joy !

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long, To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

[Enter BIONDELLO.]

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I am dog-weary : but at last I spied 60 An ancient angel eoming down the hill, Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello ?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatante, or a pedant, I know not what ; but formal in apparel, In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio ?

*Tra.* If he be credulous and trust my tale, I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio, And give assurance to Baptista Minola, As if he were the right Vincentio. 70

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

[Enter a Pedant.]

*Ped.* God save you, sir !

*Tra.* And you, sir ! you are welcome. Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two : But then up farther, and as far as Rome ; And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray ?

*Ped.*

Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir ? marry, God forbid !  
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

*Ped.* My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that  
goes hard.

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the  
duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly :  
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd  
about.

*Ped.* Alas ! sir, it is worse for me than so ;  
For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence and must here deliver them. 90

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you :

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio ?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of  
him :

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to  
say, 99

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* [Aside] As much as an apple doth  
an oyster, and all one.

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favor will I do you for his sake ;  
And think it not the worst of all your for-  
tunes

That you are like to Sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:  
Look that you take upon you as you should ;  
You understand me, sir : so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city :  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it. 111

*Ped.* O sir, I do ; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me to make the matter  
good.

This, by the way, I let you understand ;  
My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :  
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120

[Exit.

### SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO's house.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth ; I dare not for my  
life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his  
spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?  
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
Upon entreaty have a present alms ;  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I, who never knew how to entreat,  
Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,  
With oaths kept waking and with brawling  
fed : 10

And that which spites me more than all these  
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;  
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.  
I prithee go and get me some repast ;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot ?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good : I prithee let me  
have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat,

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ? 20

*Kath.* I like it well : good Grumio, fetch  
it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell : I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Kath.* Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay then, I will not : you shall have  
the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou  
wilt.

*Gru.* Why then, the mustard without the  
beef. 30

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false delud-  
ing slave, [Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :  
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,  
That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat.

*Pet.* How fares my Kate ? What, sweet-  
ing, all amort ?

*Hort.* Mistress, what cheer ?

*Kath.* Faith, as cold as can be.  
*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully  
upon me.

Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am 39  
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee :  
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits  
thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay, then thou lovest it  
not :

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.  
*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with  
thanks ;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hort.* Signor Petruchio, fie ! you are to  
blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if  
thou lovest me. 50

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !

Kate, eat apace : and now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things ;  
With scarfs and fans and double change of  
bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads and all this  
knavery.  
What, hast thou dined ? The tailor stays thy  
leisure, 59  
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure,

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;  
Lay forth the gown.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

What news with you, sir ?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did  
bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer :

A velvet dish : fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy :  
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap :  
Away with it ! come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the  
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have  
one too,

And not till then.

*Hab.* [Aside] That will not be in haste.

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to  
speak ;

And I speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :  
Your betters have endured me say my mind,  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears,  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart concealing it will break,  
And rather than it shall, I will be free  
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry  
cap, 81

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :  
I love thee well, in that thou liktest it not.

*Kath.* Love me or love me not, I like the  
cap :

And if I will have, or I will have none.

[*Exit Haberdasher.*]

*Pet.* Thy gown ? why, ay : come, tailor,  
let us see't.

O mercy, God ! what masquing stuff is here ?  
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :

What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart ?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and  
slash, 90

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou  
this ?

*Hab.* [Aside] I see she's like to have neither  
cap nor gown.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did ; but if you be remem-  
ber'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir : 93  
I'll none of it : hence ! make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-  
mendable :

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true ; he means to make a pup-  
pet of thee.

*Tai.* She says your worship means to make  
a puppet of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest,  
thou thread, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,  
nail !

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou !  
Braved in mine own house with a skein of  
thread ?

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou  
livest !

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceived ; the gown  
is made

Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order ; I gave him the  
stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be  
made ? 120

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it  
cut ?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me : thou hast braved many  
men ; brave not me ; I will neither be faced  
nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master  
cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it  
to pieces : ergo, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion  
to testify. 131

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I  
said so.

*Tai.* [Reads] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied  
gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to  
death with a bottom of brown thread : I  
said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* [Reads] 'With a small compassed  
cape :'

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* [Reads] 'With a trunk sleeve :

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* [Reads] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill.  
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out.



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.



and sewed up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say : an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it. 151

*Gru.* I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me. [Mistress,

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir : 'tis for my

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use,

*Gru.* Villain, noa for thy life : take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use ! 161

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for : [use !

'Take up my mistress' gown to his master's  
'O, tie, tie, tie !'

*Pet.* [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow :

Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away ! I say ; commend me to thy master. 170

[Exit Tailor.

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments :  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honor peareth in the meanest habit,  
What is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ? 180  
O, no, good Kate : neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me :

And therefore frolic : we will hence forthwith,  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end :

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot

Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two ;  
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse :  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let's alone :  
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* [Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [Exit.

**SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.**

*Enter TRanio, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.*

*Tru.* Sir, this is the house : please it you that I call ?

*Ped.* Ay, what else ? and but I be deceived Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

*Tru.* 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Ped.* I warrant you.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

But, sir, here comes your boy :  
Twere good he were school'd.

*Tru.* Fear you not him, Sirrah Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you :  
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

*Tru.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

*Bion.* I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tru.* Thou'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to drink.  
Here comes Baptista : set your countenance, sir.

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the Pedant] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of : 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son !

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself :

And, for the good report I hear of you  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter

And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd : and if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;  
For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40  
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections :  
And therefore, if you say no more than this,

That like a father you will deal with him  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done :  
Your son shall have my daughter with con-

sent.

*Tru.* I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best

We be affled and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio for, you know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants ;  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still ;  
And happily we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you :  
There doth my father lie ; and there, this  
night,

We'll pass the business privately and well.  
Send for your daughter by your servant here :  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,  
You are like to have a thin and slender  
pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well. Biondello, hie you  
home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;  
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,  
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,  
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Bion.* I pray the gods she may with all my  
heart !

*Tra.* Daily not with the gods, but get thee  
gone. [Exit *Bianca*.]

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?  
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :  
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you. [Exit *Tranio*, *Pedant*, and *Baptista*.]

Re-enter *BIONDELLO*.

*Bion.* Cambio !

*Lue.* What sayest thou, Biondello ?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh  
upon you ?

*Lue.* Biondello, what of that ?

*Bion.* Faith, nothing ; but has left me here  
behind, to expound the meaning or mord of  
his signs and tokens.

*Lue.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking  
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Lue.* And what of him ?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you  
to the supper.

*Lue.* And then ?

*Bion.* The old priest of Saint Luke's church  
is at your command at all hours.

*Lue.* And what of all this ?

*Bion.* I cannot tell ; expect they are busied  
about a counterfeit assurance : take my  
assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimentum solium' to the church ; take the priest,  
clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :  
If this be not that you look for, I have no more  
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

*Lue.* Honest thou, Biondello ?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married  
in an afternoon as she went to the garden  
for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may you,  
sir ; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath ap-  
pointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the  
priest be ready to come against you come with  
your appendix.

[Exit.]

*Lue.* I may, and will, if she be so contented :  
She will be pleased ; then wherefore should I  
doubt ?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :  
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.]

### SCENE V. A public road.

Enter *PETRUCHIO*, *KATHARINA*, *HORTENSIO*,  
and Servants.

*Pet.* Come on, i' God's name ; once more  
toward our father's.  
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the  
moon !

*Kath.* The moon ! the sun : it is not moon-  
light now. [bright.]

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so

bright. [myself.]

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore cross'd and cross'd ; nothing but  
cross'd !

[10] *Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have  
come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :  
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon. [sun.]

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie : it is the blessed  
sun. [sun.]

*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;  
And the moon changes even as your mind. [20]  
What you will have it named, even that it is ;  
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is  
won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl  
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.  
But, soft ! company is coming here.

Enter *VINCENTIO*.

[To *Vincentio*.] Good morrow, gentle mistress :  
Where away ?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !  
What stars do spangle heaven with such  
beauty.

[31] As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's  
sake.

*Hor.* A' will make the man mad, to make  
a woman of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair and fresh  
and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode ?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
Happier the man, whom favorable stars [40]  
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art  
not mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking  
eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun  
That everything I look on seemeth green :  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father :  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire ; and withhold  
make known,

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amaz-  
ed me,

My name is call'd Vincentio ; my dwelling  
Pisa ;

And bound I am to Padua : there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met : the happier for thy son,  
And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60

I may entitle thee my loving father :

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not grieved : she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;  
Beside, so qualified as may beseem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,  
And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true ? or is it else your  
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake ?

*Hort.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth  
hereof ;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. [Exit all but Hortensio.]

*Hort.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in  
heart.

Have to my widow ! and if she be foward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be un-  
toward.

[Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before Lucentio's house.*

*Gremio disengaged. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest  
is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello : but they may chance  
to need thee at home : therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your  
back ; and then come back to my master's as  
soon as I can.

[Exit Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.]

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this  
while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,  
GRUMIO, with Attendants.*

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's

house :  
My father's bears more toward the market-  
place : 10

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before  
you go :

I think I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.]

*Gre.* They're busy within ; you were best  
knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

*Pet.* What's he that knocks as he would  
beat down the gate ?

*Vin.* Is Signor Lucentio within, sir ?

*Pet.* He's wit'um, sir, but not to be spoken  
withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred  
pound or two, to make merry withal ?

*Pet.* Keep your hundred pounds to your-  
self : he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well be-  
loved in Padua. D'st you hear, sir ? To leave  
frivulous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signor  
Lucentio that his father is come from

Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with  
him.

*Pet.* Thou liest : his father is come from  
Padua and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father ?

*Pet.* Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may  
believe her.

*Pet.* [To Vincentio.] Why, how now, gen-  
tleman ! why, this is flat knavery, to take  
upon you another man's name.

*Pet.* Lay hands on the villain : I believe  
a' means to cozen somebody in this city under  
my countenance.

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Re-enter BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church to-  
gether : God send 'em good shipping ! But  
who is here ? mine old master Vincentio !  
now we are undone and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* [Seeing Biondello.] Come hither, crack-  
hemp.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have  
you forgot me ?

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*Bion.* Forgot you ! no, sir : I could not for-  
get you, for I never saw you before in all my  
life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst  
thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio ?

*Bion.* What, my old worshipful old mas-  
ter ? yes, marry, sir : see where he looks out  
of the window.

*Vin.* It's so, indeed. [Beats Biondello.]

*Bion.* Help, help, help ! here's a madman  
will murder me.

Exit.

*Pet.* Help, son ! help, Signor Baptista !

[Exit from above.]

*Pet.* Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and  
see the end of this controversy. [They retire,

*Re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatin hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer.

*Enter one with an Officer.*

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Pet.* Swear, if thou darfst.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thouwert best say that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lu-

*Bap.* Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be hailed and abused: O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Bion.* O! we are spoiled and--yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*Luc.* [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant,* as fast as may be.]

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne

*Gre.* Here's packing, with a witness to de ceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damned villain Tranio That faced and braved me in this matter so?

*Rap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bion.* Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's

love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arrived at the last 130 Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

*Bap.* But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.* 140]

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

*Gre.* My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me? 150

*Kath.* No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay. [*Kate:*]

*Pet.* Is not this well? Come, my sweet Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Padua. LUENTIO'S house.

*Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCCIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our juring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at scapes and perils overblown. My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thee.

Brother Petruccio, sister Katharina, And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit  
down; 10

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and  
eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son  
Petruchio. [kind.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is  
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word  
were true. [widow.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his  
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you  
miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world  
turns round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hor-  
tensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives  
her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that,  
good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world  
turns round;

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a  
shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;  
And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting  
you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put  
her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad! [Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted  
folks? [well.

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted  
body

Would say your head and butt were head and  
horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd  
you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore  
I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you  
have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shite  
my bush;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.  
You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior

Tranio.

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her  
not; 50  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio shipp'd me like his  
greyhound,

Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something  
curish. [self:

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yours:  
Tis thought your deer does hold you at bay,

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Trajano bids you  
now,

Luc. I thank thee for that girl, good Trajano.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you  
here?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for as-  
surance

Let's each one send unto his wife:

And he whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns. 70

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all

myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come!  
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better. [wife

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my

To come to me forthwith. [Exit Bion.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? 90

Bion. She says you have some godly jest

in hand:

She will not come: she bids you come to her

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!

O'vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her to come to me.

[Exit Grumio.]

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

*Re-enter KATHARINA.*

*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

*Pet.* Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come. [Hands:

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husband. Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.]

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,

And awful rule and right supremacy; And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy? 110

*Bap.* Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns; Another dowry to another daughter, For she is changed, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.*

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not: Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too: The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time. [duty.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my

*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women 130

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall: and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknot that threatening unkind brow.

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads, Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, 140

And in no sense is meet or amiable. A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body To painful labor both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; 151

And craves no other tribute at thy hands But love, fair looks and true obedience; Too little payment for so great a debt. Such duty as the subject owes the prince Even such a woman oweth to her husband; And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour, And not obedient to his honest will, What is she but a foul contending rebel And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160 I am ashamed that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for peace, Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway, When they are bound to serve, love and obey. Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth, Unapt to toil and trouble in the world, But that our soft conditions and our hearts Should well agree with our external parts? Come, come, you froward and unable worms. My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170 My heart as great, my reason haply more, To bandy word for word and frown for frown; But now I see our lances are but straws, Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

Then vaile your stomachs, for it is no boot, And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please, My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate. 180

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't. [toward.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children are

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed. We three are married, but you two are sped.

[To Luc.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina]

*Hor.* Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a surst shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [Exeunt.

# THE

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1598.)

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## INTRODUCTION.

This is an offshoot from the comedy of *King Henry IV.*, while *King Henry V.* is the direct continuation of the history. Dennis, in 1702, reports a tradition that this play was written in fourteen days, by order of the Queen; and Rowe adds: "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love." This may have been the cause why Shakespeare does not fulfill the promise made in the Epilogue of *Henry IV.*, that Falstaff should reappear with Henry V. in France; but, indeed, among the great deeds of the victor of Agincourt there would be small room for a Falstaff. The choice of Windsor as the scene, and the compliments to the owner of Windsor Castle, and to the wearers of the Order of the Garter, suggest that the play was meant especially for Elizabeth and her courtiers. An early sketch of *The Merry Wives* was published in quarto, 1602; some touches in the play, as given in the folio, were evidently made after the accession of James I. (1603); the word "council" is altered to "king" (Act II., Sc. 1., L. 143); "these knights will back," exclaims Mrs. Page (Act II., Sc. 1., L. 52), and the allusion to James's too liberal creation of knights in 1604 was probably appreciated. Some critics have held that the first sketch of *The Merry Wives* was written as early as 1592. A German duke is spoken of by Bardolph as "about to visit Windsor, and his gentlemen ride off with nine host of the Garter's horses unpaid for. In the early sketch (Act IV., Sc. v., of the revised play), instead of "cousin-germans," where Evans puns upon the words *cousin* and *Germans*, occurs the strange "cosen garmomble"; Now, Count Frederick of Mömpelgard had visited England and accompanied the Queen to Windsor, Aug. 1592; and in the passport which he received for his journey back to the Continent, we read that he shall be furnished with post-horses, and shall pay nothing for the same. Next year the Count became Duke of Württemberg, and in 1595 he craved that, in accordance with a promise given, Elizabeth would confer upon him the Order of the Garter, which Elizabeth, on various pretexts, declined. "Garmomble" obviously reverses the true name "Mömpelgard;" but the inference that the date of the play is 1592, because it refers to the visit of the Germans, is unwarrantable, for such an event would be remembered, and the more so because of the Duke's subsequent unavailing attempt to obtain the honor of the Garter. If we try to make out exact relations between the characters of *The Merry Wives* and the same characters as they appear in the historical plays, we shall fail. The comedy has a certain independence of the histories, and cannot be pieced on to them in any way: the persons are the same and not the same. Mrs. Quickly, servant of Dr. Caius, has a different history from the Mrs. Quickly of the Bear's Head Tavern. Nor is Falstaff conceived in quite the same manner as the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* Here the knight is fatuous, his genius deserts him; the never-defeated hangs his head before two country dames; the buck-basket, the drench of Thames water, the blows of Ford's cudgel, are reprisals too coarse upon the most imitable of jesters. Yet the play is indeed a merry one, with well-contrived incidents and abundance of broad mirth. A country air breathes over the whole; nowhere else has Shakespeare represented English middle-class life in the country, and he has here done it with a vigorous, healthy pleasure. It is not, however, a poetical play, unless comely English maidenhood, in the person of pretty Anne Page, lend it something of poetry. There is a propriety in the fact that this comedy is written almost wholly in prose. The merry wives are a delightful pair, with "their sly laughing looks, their apple-red cheeks, their brows wherein look more like the work of mirth than of years;" and Slender, most brainless of youths, most incapable of lovers, is dear for sake of the laugh at him which pretty Anne Page must have when alone. Altogether, if we can accept Falstaff's discomfitures, it is a merry play to laugh at if not to love.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF  
FENTON, a gentleman.  
SHALLOW, a country justice.  
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

FORD, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.  
PAGE, }  
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.  
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.  
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH,  
PISTOL,  
NYM,  
ROBIN, page to Falstaff.  
SIMPLE, servant to Slender.  
RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.  
MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, her daughter.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE : Windsor, and the neighborhood.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. Before PAGE's house.*

*Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not ; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it : if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Shen.* In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custolorum.'

*Shen.* Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too ; and a gentleman born, master parson ; who writes himself 'Armingero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armingero.'

*Shal.* Ay, that I do ; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Shen.* All his successors gone before him hath done't ; and all his ancestors that come after him may : they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Evans.* The dozen white louses do become an old coat well ; it agrees well, passant ; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. 21

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish ; the salt fish is an old coat.

*Shen.* I may quarter, coz.

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Evans.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Evans.* Yes, py'r lady ; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures : but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The council shall hear it ; it is a riot.

*Evans.* It is not meet the council hear a riot ; there is no fear of Got in a riot : the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot ; take your vizards in that.

*Shal.* Ha ! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it. 41

*Evans.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my brain, which peradventure prings goot disretions with it : there is Anne Page, which

is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Shen.* Mistress Anne Page ? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Evans.* It is that fery person for all the ordl, as just as you will desire ; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections !—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old : it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

*Shen.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound ? 60

*Evans.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Shen.* I know the young gentlewoman ; she has good gifts.

*Evans.* Seven hundred pounds and possibilites is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there ?

*Evans.* Shall I tell you a lie ? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there ; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.]

What, hoa ! Got pless your house here !

*Page.* [Within] Who's there ?

*Enter PAGE.*

*Evans.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow ; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you : much good do it your good heart ! I wished your venison better ; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page ?—and I thank you always with my heart, la ! with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you ; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. 90

*Shen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir ? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

*Shen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

*Page.* Aeur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair, Is Sir John Falstaff here? 100

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Evans.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wronged me, Master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redress'd; Is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged. 110

*Page.* Here comes Sir John.

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM,* and *PISTOL.*

*Fal.* Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight; I have done all this.

That is now answered.

*Shal.* The council shall know this. 120

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.

*Evans.* Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

*Fal.* Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coay-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

*Bard.* You Bambury cheese! 130

*Shen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

*Fal.* Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is threee umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it and end it between them.

*Evans.* Fery goot: I will make a brief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards wrk upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol!

*Pist.* He hears with ears. 150

*Evans.* The tevil and his fam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeal Miller, by theseglover. 161

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Evans.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Has thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and Master mine,

I combat challenge of this latter bilbo,  
Word of denial in thy habars here!

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

*Sln.* By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nutheok's humor on me; that is the very note of it.

*Sln.* By this hat, then, be in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences. 180

*Evans.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careeres.

*Sln.* Ay, you speake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with draken knaves. 190

*Evans.* So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine;* MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following.

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page]

*Sln.* O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, Mistress Ford!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress, [Kisses her.] 200

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Excut all except Shal., Sln., and Evans.]

*Sln.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

*Enter SIMPLE.* How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

*Sln.* Book of Riddles! why, did you not

*lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?*

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir. 220

*Evans.* Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Evans.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Evans.* Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page. 231

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Evans.* But can you affection the woman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid? [love her? 240]

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you

*Slen.* I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Evans.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 260

*Evans.* It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely'; his meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

*Shal.* Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE.*

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company. 271

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

*Evans.* Od's blessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exit Shallow and Evans*]  
*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

*Slen.* I am nota-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

*Slen.* I faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. 291

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

*Anne.* I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of. 301

*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

*Re-enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

*Page.* By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, sir.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, sir: pray you, keep on. 321

*Slen.* Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[*Exit.*]

**SCENE II. The same**

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Evans.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Cains' house which is the way: and there

dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Sin.* Well, sir.

*Frus.* Nay, it is better yet. Give her this letter ; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page : and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone : I will make an end of my dinner ; there's pippins and cheese to come. [Exit.]

### SCENE III. A room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM,  
PISTOL, and ROBIN.*

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter !

*Host.* What says my bully-rook ? speak scholarly and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules ; cashier : let them wag ; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph ; he shall draw, he shall tap : said I well, bully Hector ?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke ; let him follow. [To Bard.] Let me see thee froth and lime : I am at a word ; follow. [Exit.]

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade : an old cloak makes a new jerkin ; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go ; adieu. [Exit.]

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired : I will thrive.

*Pist.* O base Hungarian wight ! wilt thou the spigot wield ? [Exit Bardolph.]

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink : is not the humor conceited ?

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox : his thefts were too open ; his filching was like an unskillful singer ; he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest. [Exit.]

*Pist.* 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal !' foh ! a fico for the phrase !

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why, then, let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy ; I must comy-catch ; I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town ?

*Pist.* I ken the wight : he is of substance good. [Exit.]

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol ! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about ; but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrif. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife : I spy

entertainment in her : she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar style ; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

*Pist.* He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep : will that humor pass ?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse : he hath a legion of angels. [Exit.]

*Pist.* As many devils entertain ; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

*Nym.* The humor rises ; it is good : humor me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her : and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eillades ; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humor. [Exit.]

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass ! Here's another letter to her : she bears the purse too ; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me ; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page ; and thou this to Mistress Ford : we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel ? then, Lucifer take all !

*Nym.* I will run no base humor : here, take the humor-letter : I will keep the havior of reputation.

*Fal.* [To Robin] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly :

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Eogues, hence, avant ! vanish like hailstones, go ;  
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof ; seek shelter, pack !

Falstaff will learn the humor of the age, French thrift, you rogues ; myself and skirted page. [Exit Falstaff and Robin.]

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts ! for gourd and fullam holds, And high and low beguiles the rich and poor : Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk !

*Nym.* I have operations which be humors of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge ?

*Nym.* By welkin and her star !

*Pist.* With wit or steele ?

*Nym.* With both the humors, I : I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humor shall not cool : I will incense Page to deal with poison, I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous : that is my true humor.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malecontents : I second thee ; troop on. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. A room in DOCTOR CAIUS's house.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

*Quick.* What, John Rugby ! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, I faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch.

*Quick.* Go ; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate : his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer ; he is something peevish that way : but nobody but has his fault ; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is ?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And Master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife ? 21

*Sim.* No, forsooth : he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colored beard.

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not ?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth : but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head ; he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you ? O, I should remember him : does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strint in his gait ? 31

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune ! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master : Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Re-enter RUGBY.

*Rug.* Out, alas ! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man ; go into this closet : he will not stay long. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] What, John Rugby ! John ! what, John, I say ! Go, John, go inquire for my master ; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. 43 [Singing] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vat is you sing ? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boiter vert, a box, a green-a box : do intend vat I speak ? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth ; I'll fetch it you.

[Aside] I am glad he went not in himself : if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. 52

*Caius.* Fe, fe, fe, fe ! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la cour—la grande affaire.

*Quick.* Is it this, sir ?

*Caius.* Qui ; mette le au mon pocket : de-peche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby ?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby ! John !

*Rug.* Here, sir !

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and e-me after my heel to the court. 62

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my troth, I tarry too long. Od's me ! Qu'au'f'oublic ! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad !

*Caius.* O diable, diable ! vat is in my closet ? Villain ! larron ! [Puling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier !

*Quick.* Good master, oe content.

*Caius.* Wherefore shall I be content-a ?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* What shall de honest man do in my closet ? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it : he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh. 81

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth ; to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you. [tale.]

*Caius.* Peice-a your tongue. Speak-a your Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la ! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not. 91

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you ? Rugby, baillie me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.

[Writes.]

*Quick.* [Aside to Simple.] I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can : and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.—

*Sim.* [Aside to Quickly] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* [Aside to Simple] Are you avised o'hat you shall find it a great charge : and to be up early and down late ; but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear ; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in l've with Mistress Anne Page : but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.



"O diable, diable! Par is in my closet? Rugby, my master?"

Monica Weller, 1890 Wisconsin D. 214



*Caius.* You jack' nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh ; by gar, it is a shallege : I will cut his throat in dee park ; and I will teach a scury jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone ; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones ; by gar, he shall not have a stome to throw at his dog.

[Exit Simple.]

*Quick.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a ver dat : do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself ? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest ; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate : what, the good-jer !

*Caius.* Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exit Caius and Rugby.]

*Quick.* You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do ; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* [Within] Who's within there ? ho !

*Quick.* Who's there, I trow ! Come near the house, I pray you. 141

Enter FENTON.

*Fent.* How now, good woman ! how dost thou ?

*Quick.* The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news ? how does pretty Mistress Anne ?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle ; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way ; I praise heaven for it. 151

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou ? shall I not lose my suit ?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye ?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale : good faith, it is such another Nan ; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread : we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company ! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing : but for you—well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : if thou seest her before me, commend me.

*Quick.* Will I ? i' faith, that we will ; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence ; and of other woosers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now.

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship. [Exit Fenton.] Truly, an honest gentleman : but Anne loves him not ; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't ! what have I forgot ? [Exit. 186]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Before PAGE's house.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

*Mrs. Page.* What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ? Let me see.

[Reads.]

'Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though Love use Reason for his physician he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I ; go to then, there's sympathy : you are merry, so am I ; ha, ha ! then there's more sympathy : you love sack, and so do I ; would you desire better sympathy ? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me ; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase : but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might

For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this ! O wicked, wicked world ! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant ! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me ? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company ! What shold I say to him ? I was then frugal of my mirth ; Heaven forgive me ! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him ? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page ! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that ; I have to show to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then ; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel !

*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman ?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor !

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifles, woman ! take the honor. What is it ? dispense with trifles ; what is it ?

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted. 50

*Mrs. Page.* What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hazz; and so thou shouldest not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? 70

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a fine-bated delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter. 100

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman. 110

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with Nym.

*Ford.* Well, I hope it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife!

*Pist.* With liver burning hot. Prevent, or

go thou,

Like Sir Acteon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:

O, odious is the name!

*Ford.* What name, sir?

*Pist.* The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit.

*Ford.* [Aside] I will be patient; I will find out this. 131

*Nym.* [To Page] And this is true; I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife: there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese, and there's the humor of it. Adieu. [Exit. 141]

*Page.* 'The humor of it,' quoth a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it: well.

*Page.* I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. 150

*Ford.* Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

*Page.* How now, Meg!

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford* come forward.]

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George? Hark you,

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crotchetts in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. [Aside to *Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

*Mrs. Ford.* [Aside to *Mrs. Page*] Trust me. I thought on her: she'll fit it.

*Enter Mistress Quickly.*

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exit Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]

*Page.* How now, Master Ford!

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

*Enter Host.*

How now, mine host!

*Host.* How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman, Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

[*Enter Shallow.*]

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page: Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*]

*Host.* What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

*Shal.* [To *Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester, Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

*Ford.* None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to

him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, An-heires?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats. [wag?]

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we

*Page.* Have with you. I would rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exit Host, Shal., and Page.*]

*Ford.* Though Page be a scene fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguised to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, 'lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. A room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which with I sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprises for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a genymin of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took it upon mine honor thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor! Why, then unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you!

*Pist.* I do relent: what would thou more of man?

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn,

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer. What with me? [word or two?]

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master Doctor Cains,—

*Fal.* Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

*Quick.* Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well, Mistress Ford; what of her?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she's a good creature, Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which, she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notily that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill

life with him: he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven. Woman, command me to her; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartsious a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee: setting the attractions of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

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*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! but Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: command me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor, Boy, go along with this woman. [Exit *Mistress Quickly and Robin*.] This news dis-tracts me!

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers: Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fightings: Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[Exit.

*Fal.* Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one Master Brook

below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name ?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha ! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you ? go to ; via !

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir !

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Fal. And you, sir ! Would you speak with me ?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will ? Give us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I'm a gentleman that have spent much ; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours : not to charge you ; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are : the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion ; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me : if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. 181

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook : I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection : but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own ; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir ; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town ; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

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Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her ; followed her with a doting observance ; engrossed opportunities to meet her ; fe'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given ; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me ;

which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none ; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this :

'Love like a shadow dies when substance love pursues ;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose ? 221

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then ?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose : you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir !

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is moneys ; spend it, spend it ; spend more ; spend all I have ; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife : use your art of wooing ; win her to consent to you : if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously. 250

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so seemly on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself : she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves : I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John ?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money ; next, give me your hand, and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir !

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John ; you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir? 280

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not; yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckold's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amainon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my batter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

### SCENE III. A field near Windsor.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY

*Caius.* Jack Rugby

*Rug.* Sir?

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came. 11

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villany, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

*Host.* Bless thee, bully doctor!

*Shal.* Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

*Page.* Now, good master doctor! 26

*Slen.* Give you good morrow, sir,

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Escenapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead? 31

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castalion-King-Urnial, Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Caius.* I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page. 51

*Page.* 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Monsieur Mockwater. 60

*Caius.* Mock-vater! vat is dat?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

*Cains.* By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest ! by gar, me vill ent his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Cains.* Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends. 70

*Cains.* By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Cains.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And, moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. *[Aside to them.]*

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

*Host.* He is there ; see what humor he is in ; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well ?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page, Shal., and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor. *[Exit Page, Shal., and Slen.]*

*Cains.* By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die : sheath thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler : go about the fields with me through Frogmore : I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a furnace-house a-feasting ; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I a'm ? said I well ?

*Cains.* By gar, me dank you for dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well ?

*Cains.* By gar, 'tis good ; vell said. 100

*Host.* Let us wag, then.

*Cains.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

*[Exit.]*

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Cains, that calls himself doctor of physic ?

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way : old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Evans.* I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir. *[Exit. 10]*

*Evans.* 'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trembling of mind ! I shall be glad If he have deceived me. How melancholies I am ! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the work. 'Pless my soul ! *[Sings.]*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sings madrigals ;  
There will we make our beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies. 20  
To shallow—

Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to  
cry. *[Sings.]*

Melodious birds sing madrigals—  
When as I sat in Pahylon—  
And a thousand vagranc posies.  
To shallow &c.

Re-enter SIMPLE.

*Sim.* Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* He's welcome. *[Sings.]* To shallow rivers, to whose falls—  
Heaven prosper the right ! What weapons is he ?

*Sim.* No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Evans.* Pray you, give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

*Shal.* How now, master Parson ! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* *[Aside]* Ah, sweet Anne Page ! 40  
*Page.* 'Save you, good Sir Hugh !

*Evans.* 'Pless you from his merey sake, all of you !

*Shal.* What, the sword and the word ! do you study them both, master parson ?

*Page.* And youthful still ! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day !

*Evans.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you to do a good office, master parson. 50

*Evans.* Very well : what is it ?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years and upward ; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Evans.* What is he ?

*Page.* I think you know him ; Master Doctor Cains, the renowned French physician.

*Evans.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart ! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why ?

*Evans.* He has no more knowledge in Hiberates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides ; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him. 71

*Slen.* *[Aside]* O sweet Anne Page !

*Shal.* It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder : here comes Doctor Caius.

*Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole and bacc our English. 80

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Wherefore vill you not meet-a me ?

*Evans.* [Aside to Caius] Pray you, use your patience : in good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Evans.* [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humors ; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [Aloud] I will knog your urinals about your knave's eogg-comb for missing your meetings and appointments. 92

*Caius.* Diable ! Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him ? have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

*Evans.* As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed : I'll be judge-ment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-eurer and body-eurer ! 100

*Caius.* Ay dat is very good ; excellent.

*Host.* Peace, I say ! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? am I a Machiavel ? Shall I lose my doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh ? no ; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so. Give me thy hand, celestial ; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both ; I have directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace ; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* [Aside] O sweet Anne Page !

[Exit Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.]

*Caius.* Ha, do I perceive dat ? have you make-a de set of us, ha, ha ?

*Evans.* This is well ; he has made ns his vouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends ; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page ; by gar, he deceive me too.

*Evans.* Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow [Exit].

SCENE II. A street.

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gal-

hut ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels ?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O, you are a flattering boy ; now I see you'll be a courtier.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you ? 10

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home ?

*Ford.* Ay ; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah ? 21

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff !

*Mrs. Page.* He, he ; I can never hit on's name. There is such a leaguer between my good man and he ! Is your wife at home indeed ?

*Ford.* Indeed she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir : I am sick till I see her. [Exit Mrs. Page and Robin.]

*Ford.* Has Page any brains ? hath he any eyes ? hath he any thinking ? Sure, they sleep ; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her ! Good plots, they are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actaeon ; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [Clock heard.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search : there I shall find Falstaff : I shall be rather praised for this than mocked ; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there : I will go. 50

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Shal., Page, &c.* Well met, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot : I have good cheer at home ; and I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir : we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match be-

tween Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. 60

*Slender.* I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carryt, he will carryt; 'tis in his buttons; he will carryt. 71

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exit Shal.* and *Slender.*]

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit.*]

*Ford.* [Aside] I think I shall drink in pipe wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentle?

*All.* Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. A room in FORD's house.

*Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! What, Robert!

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly! is the buck-basket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

*Enter Servants with a basket.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datehet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come

when you are called. [*Exit Servants.* 20

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter Robin.*

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-muskete! what news with you?

*Rob.* My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; tor he swears he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor-to-thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, kiss me. [*Exit.* 41

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumition; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet Sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute countier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there is no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time: I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee: and thou deservest it. 81

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you ; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind. 91

*Rob.* [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford ! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me : I will ensconce me behind the arras.

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so : she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff hides himself.]

R-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter ? how now ! 100

*Mrs. Page.* O Mistress Ford, what have you done ? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever !

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good Mistress Page ?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, Mistress Ford ! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion !

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion ?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion ! Out upon you ! how am I mistook in you ! 111

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas, what's the matter ?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence : you are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here ! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it ; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed ; call all your senses to you ; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do ? There is a gentleman my dear friend ; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril : I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame ! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather' : your husband's here at hand ; bethink you of some conveyance : in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me ! Look, here is a basket : if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here ; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking : or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 141

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do ?

*Fal.* [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't ! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What, Sir John Falstaff ! Are these your letters, knight ?

*Fal.* I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never— 150

[Gets into the basket ; they cover him with foul linen.]

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight !

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John ! Robert ! John ! [Exit Robin.]

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff ? look, how you drumble ! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead ; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Pray you, come near : if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me ; then let me be your jest ; I deserve it. How now ! whether bear you this ?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do wither they bear it ? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck ! I would I could wash myself of the buck ! Buck, buck, buck ! Ay, buck ; I warrant you, buck ; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night ; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys : ascend my chambers ; search, seek, find out : I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door.] So, now uncape.

*Page.* Good Master Ford, be contented : you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen : you shall see sport anon : follow me, gentlemen. [Exit. 180]

*Evans.* This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France ; it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen ; see the issue of his search.

[Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.]

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this ?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket !

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing ; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal ! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think my husband bath some

special suspicion of Falstaff's being here ; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that ; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff : his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carriion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water ; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

*Mrs. Page.* We will do it : let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him : may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Heard you that ?

*Mrs. Ford.* You use me well, Master Ford, do you ?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts !

*Ford.* Amen !

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*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay ; I must bear it.

*Evans.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment !

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too : there is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, Master Ford ! are you not ashamed ? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination ? I would not ha' your dis-temper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, Master Page : I suffer for it.

*Evans.* You suffer for a pale conscience : your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park : I pray you, pardon me ; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife ; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me ; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen ; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast : after, we'll a-birding together ; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so ?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Evans.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

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*Caius.* If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turl.

*Ford.* Pray you, go, Master Page.

*Evans.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host

*Caius.* Dat is good , by gar, with all my heart !

*Evans.* A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries !

[Exit. 260]

SCENE IV. A room in PAGE'S house.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

*Fent.* I see I cannot get thy father's love : Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas, how then ?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself He doth object I am too great of birth ; And that, my state being gall'd with my ex-

pense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth : Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies : And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property.

*Anne.* May be he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speeded me in my time to come !

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I wo'd thee, Anne : Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or suns in sealed bags ; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle Master Fenton,

Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir : If opportunity and humblest suit

Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!

[They converse apart.

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, Mistress Quickly : my kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't : 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismayed.

*Shen.* No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

*Quack.* Hark ye ; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him. [Aside] This is my

father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year !

*Quack.* And how does good Master Fenton ? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming : to her, coz. O boy, then hadst a father !

*Shen.* I had a father, Mistress Anne ; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

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*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Shen.* Ay, that I do ; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentle-woman.

*Shen.* Av, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure. 50

*Anne.* Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, Master Slender,—

*Slén.* Now, good Mistress Anne,—

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Shen.* My will? 'Id's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise. 62

*Anne.* I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

*Slén.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes. 70

*Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Page.* Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

*Fent.* Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good Master Fenton. Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master

Fenton. [Exit Page, Shal., and Slén.]

*Quick.* Speak to Mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,

I must advance the colors of my love And not retire; let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth 90

And bowl'd to death with turnips!

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself.

Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves

you,

As and I find her, so am I affected. Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in; Her father will be angry.

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell,

*Nan.* [Exit Mrs. Page and Anne.]

*Quick.* This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton!' this is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

*Quirk.* Now heaven send thee good fortune! [Exit Fenton.] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but specially for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [Exit.]

#### SCENE V. A room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, I say,—

*Bard.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelly and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.*

*Bard.* Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you. 21

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman!

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely. 30

*Bard.* With eggs, sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardolph.] How now!

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford

enough ; I was thrown into the ford ; I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day ! good heart, that was not her fault : she does so take on with her men ; they mistook their erection. 41

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding ; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine : I must carry her word quickly : she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her : tell her so ; and bid her think what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit. 52

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou ?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone : I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of Master Brook : he sent me word to stay within : I like his money well. O, here he comes. 60

Enter FORD.

*Ford.* Bless you, sir !

*Fal.* Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife ?

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you : I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you, sir ?

*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir ? Did she change her determination ? 70

*Fal.* No, master Brook ; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy : and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there ? 80

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page : gives intelligence of Ford's approach ; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket !

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket ! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins : that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there ?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook,

what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane : they took me on their shoulders ; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket : I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it ; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well : on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook : I suffered the pangs of three several deaths : first, an intolerable fright, to be detected, with a jealous, rotten bell-wether ; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head ; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease : think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that, — that am as subject to heat as butter ; a man of continual dissolution and thaw : it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, Master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding : I have received from her another embassy of meeting : 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

*Fal.* Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed : and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook ; Master Brook, you shall emek-old Ford. [Exit.

*Ford.* Hum ! ha ! is this a vision ? is this a dream ? do I sleep ? Master Ford, awake ! awake, Master Ford ! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married ! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets ! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am : I will now take the lecher : he is at my house ; he cannot 'scape me : 'tis impossible he should : he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box : but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame : if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me : I'll be horn-mad.

[Exit.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. A street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY,  
and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkst thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? 10  
Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence. [head; come.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid. 20

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure. 30

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis:' I pray you, remember in your brain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 40

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominative, hic, haec, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hic, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hine.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hing, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. 51

Evans. Leave your prables, 'oman. What is the vocative case, William?

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; vocative is caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural? 60

William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, hofum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum:' fie upon you! 70

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, que, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'ques,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go. [thought he was.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

[Exit Sir Hugh.]

Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt]

## SCENE II. A room in FORD'S house.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth: not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho! 10

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets him

self on the forehead, crying, ‘Peer out, peer out !’ that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but timeness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now : I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him ? 30

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him ; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket ; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion : but I am glad the knight is not here ; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, Mistress Page ?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by ; at street end ; he will be here anon. 41

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone ! The knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why then you are utterly shamed, and he’s but a dead man. What a woman are you !—Away with him, away with him ! better shame than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go ? how should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* No, I’ll come no more i’ the basket. May I not go out ere he come ? 51

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, three of Master Ford’s brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out ; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here ?

*Fal.* What shall I do ? I’ll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it ? 60

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note : there is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I’ll go out then.

*Mrs. Page.* If you go out in your own sem-blance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised— 69

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him ?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day, I know not ! There is no woman’s gown big enough for him ; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something : any extremity rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid’s aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word, it will serve him ; she’s as big as he is : and there’s her thrummed hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir John : Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick ! we’ll come dress you straight : put on the gown the while. 81

*[Exit Falstaff.]*

*Mrs. Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape : he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford ; he swears she’s a witch ; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband’s cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards !

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming ?

*Mrs. Page.* Ah, in good sadness, is he ; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We’ll try that ; for I’ll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he’ll be here presently : let’s go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

*Mrs. Ford.* I’ll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up ; I’ll bring linen for him straight. [Exit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet ! we cannot misuse him enough.

We’ll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too : We do not act that often jest and laugh :

‘Tis old, but true, Still swine eat all the draff. [Exit.

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders : your master is hard at door ; if he bid you set it down, obey him : quickly, dispatch.

*First Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

*Sec. Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

*Fist Serv.* I hope not ; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again ? Set down the basket, villain ! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket ! O you pandery rascals ! there’s a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me : now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say ! Come, come forth ! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching !

*Page.* Why, this passes, Master Ford ; you are not to go loose any longer ; you must be pinioned.

*Evans.* Why, this is lunatics ! this is mad as a mad dog ! 131

*Shal.* Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.*  
Come hither, Mistress Ford : Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous tool to her husband ! I suspect without cause mistress, do I ?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 140

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face ! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah !

[*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

*Page.* This passes !

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed ? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Evans.* 'Tis unreasonable ! Will you take up your wife's clothes ? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say !

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why ? 150

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again ? In my house I am sure he is : my intelligence is true ; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford ; this wrongs you. 161

*Evans.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart : this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help me search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity ; let me forever be your table-sport ; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more ; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What, ho, Mistress Page ! come you and the old woman down ; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman ! what old woman's that ? [Brentford.]

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean ! Have I not torpid her my house ? She comes of errands, does she ? We are simple men ; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element : we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you ; come down, I say !

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband ! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old weman. 190

*Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, Mother Prat ; come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll prat her. [Beating him] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon ! out, out ! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.]

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed ? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you. 200

*Ford.* Hang her, witch !

*Evans.* By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed : I like not when a 'oman has a great peard ; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen ? I beseech you, follow ; see but the issue of my jealousy : if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humor a little further : come, gentlemen. 211

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Cains, and Evans.*

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not ; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar ; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you ? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ? 222

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him : if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him ?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means ; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed : and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it then ; shape it : I would not have things cool.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses : the duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be comes so secretly ? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen : they speak English ?

*Bard.* Ay, sir ; I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses ; but I'll make them pay ; I'll sauce them : they have had my house a week at command ; I have turned away my other guests : they must come off ; I'll sauce them. Come. [Exit.]

### SCENE IV. *A room in FORD's house.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Evans.* 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand.

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: 10 Be not as extreme in submission

As offence.

But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Waere we may take him and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

*Evans.* You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes.

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight, 30 Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle [a chain

And makes milch-kine yield blood and shakes In a most hideous and dreadful manner: You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know.

The superstitious idle-headed eld

Received and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak: But what of this? 41

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter and my little son

And three or four more of their growth we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white, 49

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden, As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once With some diffused song: upon their sight, We two in great amazedness will fly: Then let them all encircle him about And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred paths he dares to tread In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth, 60 Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known, We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must Be practiced well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Evans.* I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards.

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies.

Finely attired in a robe of white,

*Page.* That silk will I go buy. [Aside] And in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:

He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that. Go get us properties

And tricking for our fairies.

*Evans.* Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. 81

[Exit *Page, Ford, and Evans.* *Mrs. Page.* Go, Mistress Ford, Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit *Mrs. Ford.* I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And he my husband best of all affects.

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit. 90]

SCENE V. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

*Host.* What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis

painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say. 11

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Fal.* [Above] How now, mine host! 20

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: fie! privacy? fie!

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, wasn't not the wise woman of Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her? 30

*Sim.* My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him. 42

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them, sir.

*Host.* Conceal them, or thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune. 50

*Sim.* What, sir?

*Fal.* To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, sir; like who more bold.

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.]

*Host.* Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me

off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 71

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Evans.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Evans.* Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and voluting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.]

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is mine host de Jartere?

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit.]

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and Bard.*]

*Fal.* I would all the world mig'nt be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

Now, whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tellst thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your

chamber : you shall hear how things go ; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together ! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

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Fd. Come up into my chamber. [Exit.

SCENE VI. Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me ; my mind is heavy : I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton ; and I will at the least keep your counsel. [you

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page : Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, 10 So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish : I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at : The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested,

Without the show of both ; fat Falstaff Hath a great scene : the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, 19

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here : in which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with Slender and with him at Eton Immediately to marry : she hath consented :

Now, sir, Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed

That he shall likewise shuttle her away, 29 While other sports are tasking of their minds,

And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot

She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests :

Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand and bid her go,

She shall go with him : her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor, For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, 40

They quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed, With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,

The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother ?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :

And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, 50 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ; Besides, I'll make a present recompence,

[Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fd. Prithee, no more Prattling : go. I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away ! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away !

Quick. I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fd. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head, and mince. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook ! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed ?

Fd. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man : but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you : he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman ; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam ; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste ; go along with me : I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me : I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook ! Follow. [Exit.

SCENE II. Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come ; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth ; I have spoke with her and we have a may-word how to know one another : I come to her in white, and cry 'mum ;' she cries 'budget ;' and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too : but what needs either your 'munn' or her 'budget ?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark ; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport ! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away ; follow me. [Exit.]

### SCENE III. A street leading to the Park.

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

*Mrs. Page.* Master doctor, my daughter is in green : when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park : we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do. Adien.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter : but 'tis no matter ; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. 11

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights ; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked ; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked. 21

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such lewdsters and their lechery those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak ! [Exit].

### SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised, with others as Fairies.

*Evans.* Trib, trib, fairies ; come ; and remember your parts : be bold, I pray you ; follow me into the pit ; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you : come, come ; trib, trib [Exit].

### SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

*Enter* FALSTAFF disguised as Herne.

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve ; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me ! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa ; love set on thy horns, & powerful love ! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the

love of Leda. O omnipotent Love ! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose ! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault ! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl ; think on't, Jove ; a foul fault ! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do ? For me, I am here a Windsor stag ; and the fattest, I think, is the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow ? Who comes here ? my doe ?

*Enter* MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John ! art thou there, my deer ? my male deer ?

*Fal.* My doe with the black sent ! Let the sky rain potatoes ; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes ; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch : I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha ? Speak I like Herne the hunter ? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience ; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome ! [Use within.]

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, what noise ?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins !

*Fal.* What should this be ?

*Mrs. Ford.* { Away, away ! [They run off.]

*Mrs. Page.* }

*Fal.* I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire ; he would never else cross me thus. 40

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised as before ;

PISTOL, as Hobgoblin ; MISTRESS QUICKLY, ANNE PAGE, and others, as Fairies, with towers.

*Quick.* Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy eyes.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names ; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap : Where fires thou find'st miraked and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry : Our radiant queen hates sluts and shattery. 50

*Fal.* They are fairies ; he that speaks to them shall die :

I'll wink and conch : no man their works must eye. [Lays down upon his face.]

*Evans.* Where's Bede ? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy :

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy :  
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,  
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders,  
sides and shins.

*Quick.* About, about ;  
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out;  
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred  
room : 61

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,  
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour  
With juice of balm and every precious flower:  
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,  
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring : 70  
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;  
And ' Honi soit qui mal y pense ' write  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and  
white ;

Let sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,  
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending  
knee :

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.  
Away ; disperse : but till 'tis one o'clock,  
Our dance of custom round about the oak  
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. 80

*Evans.* Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in order set ;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,  
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay ; I smell a man of middle-earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welsh  
fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of  
cheese !

*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even  
in thy birth.

*Quick.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end :

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend  
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start, 90  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Evans.* Come, will this wood take fire ?  
[They burn him with their tapers.

*Fal.* Oh, Oh, Oh !

*Quick.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in

desire !

About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme ;  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

### SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy !  
Fie on lust and luxury !  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire, 100  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and  
higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;  
Pinch him for his villainy ;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be  
out.

*During this song they pinch FALSTAFF.* Doctor CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a boy in white; and FENTON comes and steals away Mrs. ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and MISTRESS FORD.

*Page.* Nay, do not fly ; I think we have  
watch'd you now : Will none but Herne the hunter serve your  
turn ?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come, hold up the  
jest no higher. Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor  
wives ? [Yokes

See you these, husband ? do not these fair  
Become the forest better than the town ?

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now ? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knowe ; here are his horns, Master Brook : and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook ; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck ; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again ; but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too : both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies ? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies : and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the folly into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill emplayment !

*Evans.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Evans.* And leave your jealousies too, I

pray you. 140

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this ? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too ? shall I have a coxcomb of frize ? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Evans.* Seese is not good to give putter ; your belly is all putter.

*Fal.* 'Seese' and 'putter' ! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English ? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man? 160

*Page.* Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Evans.* And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and metheglin, and to drinkings and swearings and starlings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Ful.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander; over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* [Aside] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

#### Enter SLENDER.

*Slen.* Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

*Page.* Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

*Slen.* Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 201

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

#### Enter CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened. 220

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you take her in green?

*Caius.* Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit.

*Ford.* This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

#### Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

*Aunc.* Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

*Page.* Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender? 231

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title, 240 Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fd.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy! 250

What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

*Fd.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so. Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[Exeunt]

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1598.)

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## INTRODUCTION.

*Much Ado About Nothing* was entered on the Stationer's register, August 23, 1600, and a well-printed quarto edition appeared in the same year. The play is not mentioned by Meres, who wrote in 1598, and it is probable therefore that it was written at some time in the interval between 1598 and 1600. For the graver portion of the play—the Claudio and Hero story—Shakespeare had an original, perhaps Belleforest's translation in his *Histoires Tragiques* of Bandello's 22nd Novella. The story of Ariodante and Genevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (canto v.) is substantially the same. This episode had been translated twice into English before Harrington's complete translation of the *Orlando Furioso* appeared in 1591; and it had formed the subject of a play acted before the Queen in 1582-83; the story was also told, in a somewhat altered form, by Spenser (*Faerie Queen*, II., 4). No original has been found for the merrier portion of the play, and Benedick and Beatrice were probably creations of Shakespeare. *Much Ado About Nothing* was popular on the stage in Shakespeare's day, and has sustained its reputation. Its variety, ranging from almost burlesque to almost tragedy, and from the euphemistic speech of courtiers to the blundering verbosity of clowns, has contributed to the success of the play. The chief persons, Hero and Claudio, Beatrice and Benedick, are contrasted pairs. Hero's character is kept subdued and quiet in tone, to throw out the force and color of the character of Beatrice; she is gentle, affectionate, tender, and if playful, playful in a gentle way. If our interest in Hero were made very strong, the pain of her unmerited shame and suffering would be too keen. And Claudio is far from being a lover like Romeo; his wooing is done by proxy, and he does not sink under the anguish of Hero's disgrace and supposed death. Don John, the villain of the piece, is a melancholy egoist, who looks sourly on all the world, and has a special grudge against his brother's young favorite Claudio. The chief force of Shakespeare in the play comes out in the characters of Benedick and Beatrice. They have not a touch of misanthropy, nor of sentimentality, but are thoroughly healthy and hearty human creatures; at first a little too much self-pleased, but framed by-and-by to be entirely pleased with one another. The thoughts of each from the first are pre-occupied with the other, but neither will put self-esteem to the hazard of a rebuke of making the first advances in love; it only needs, however, that this danger should be removed for the pair to admit the fact that nature has made them over against one another—as their significant names suggest—for man and wife. Dogberry and Verges, as well as Beatrice and Benedick, are creations of Shakespeare. The blundering watchmen of the time are a source of fun with several Elizabethan playwrights; but Dogberry and Goodman Verges are the princes of blundering and incapable officials. It is a charming incongruity to find, while Leonato rages and Benedick offers his challenge, that the solemn ass Dogberry is the one to unravel the tangled threads of their fate.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.  
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.  
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.  
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.  
LEONATO, governor of Messina.  
ANTONIO, his brother.  
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.  
CONRADE, } followers of Don John.  
BOBACHIO, }  
FRIAR FRANCIS.  
DOGBERY, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough.  
A Sexton.  
A Boy.  
HERO, daughter to Leonato.  
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.  
MARGARET, } gentlewoman attending on  
URSULA, } Hero.  
Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE : *Messina.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO's house.

*Enter* LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this : he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro ; he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion : he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much that joy could not shew itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : there are no faces tener than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping !

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no ?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady : there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned ; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight ; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it : he is a very valiant trencherman ; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady : but what is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honorable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man ; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her ; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas ! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No ; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mess. His is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and BALTHASAR.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houfe in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no ; for when were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady ; for you are like an honorable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she

would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Bat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick : nobody marks you.

*Bne.* What, my dear Lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

*Bat.* Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bne.* Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for, truly, I love none.

*Bat.* A dear happiness to women : they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humor for that : I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

*Bne.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Bat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bne.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Bat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

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*Bne.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, if God's name ; I have done.

*Bat.* You always end with a jade's trick : I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* That is the sum of all, Leonato, Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month ; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To *Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord : being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on ?

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*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together.

[*Exit all except Benedick and Claudio.*

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato ?

*Bne.* I noted her not ; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady ?

*Bne.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment : or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

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*Claud.* No ; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

*Bne.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other

than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport : I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

180  
*Bne.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel ?

*Bne.* Yea, and a ease to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?

190  
*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bne.* I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter : there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you ?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bne.* Is't come to this ? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion ? Shall I never see a bachelor of three score again ? Go to, i' faith ; an thou will needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look : Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter D. PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's ?

*Bne.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bne.* You hear, Count Claudio : I can be secret as a dumbman ; I would have you think so ; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who ? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is ;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bne.* Like the old tale, my lord : 't is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

220  
*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

230  
*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bne.* And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bne.* That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me : I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wost ever an obstinate  
neretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part  
but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank  
her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give  
her most humble thanks : but that I will have  
a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my  
bugle in an invisible baldric, all women shall  
pardon me. Because I will not do them the  
wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the  
right to trust none ; and the fine is, for the  
which I may go the finer, I will live a bache-  
lor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look  
pale with love. 250

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with  
hunger, my lord, not with love : prove that  
ever I lose more blood with love than I will  
get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes  
with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at  
the door of a brothel-house for the sign of  
blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from  
this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argu-  
ment.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a  
cat and shoot at me ; and he that hits me, let  
him be clapped on the shoulder, and called  
Adam. 261

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try :  
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

*Bene.* The savage bull may ; but if ever  
the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the  
bull's horns and set them in my forehead :  
and let me be vilely painted, and in such great  
letters as they write 'Here is good horse to  
hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here  
you may see Benedick the married man.' 270

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou  
wouldst be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all  
his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this  
shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with  
the hours. In the meantime, good Signior  
Benedick, repair to Leonato's : command me  
to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper ;  
for indeed he hath made great prepara-  
tion. 280

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me  
for such an embassage ; and so I commit  
yon—

*Claud.* To the tuition of God : From my  
house, if I had it.—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July : Your loving  
friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body  
of your discourse is sometime guarded with  
fragments, and the guards are but slightly  
basted on neither : ere you flout old ends any  
further, examine your conscience ; and so I  
leave you. [Exit.] 291

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may  
do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach : teach  
it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero ; she's his

only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

*Claud.* O, my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300  
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love :  
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover pres-  
ently

And tire the hearer with a book of words.  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, 310  
And I will break with her and with her father  
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this  
end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

*Claud.* How sweetly you do minister to  
love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion !  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much  
broader than the flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity.  
Look, what will serve is fit : 'tis once, thou  
lovest. 320

And I will fit thee with the remedy.  
I know we shall have revelling to-night :  
I will assume thy part in some disguise  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale ;  
Then alter to her father will I break ;  
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.  
In practice let us put it presently. 330

[Exit.]

## SCENE II. A room in LEONATO'S house.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.*

*Leon.* How now, brother ! Where is my  
cousin, your son ? hath he provided this  
musicus ?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother,  
I can tell you strange news that you yet  
dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good ?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them : but they  
have a good cover ; they show well outward.  
The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a  
thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were  
thus much overheard by a man of mine : the  
prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my  
niece your daughter and meant to acknowl-  
edge it this night in a dance ; and if he found

her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow : I will send for him ; and question him yourself. 20

*Leon.* No, no ; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself : but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [Enter attendants.] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend ; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exit].

### SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* What the good-year, my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds ; therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it ?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance. 10

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humor.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself : it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a lege than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clod ; therefore I have deereed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent ? 40

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only.

Who comes here ?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

What news, Borachio ?

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper : the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness ? 50

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire ! And who, and who ? which way looks he ?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick ! How came you to this ?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference : I whipt me behind the arras ; and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither : this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow : if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me ? 71

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper : their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind ! Shall we go prove what's to be done ?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit]

### ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in LEONATO's house.*

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

*Leon.* Was not Count John here at supper ?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. 11

*Leon.* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face.—

*Beat.* With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a

man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 21

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst : I shall lessen God's sending that way ; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns ;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband ; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face : I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearded, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well, then, go you into hell ?

*Beat.* No, but to the gate ; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids : ' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens ; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* [To *Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. 61

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust ? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl ? No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my brethren ; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you : if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer. 71

*Beat.* The faint will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time : if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, *Hero* : wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical ; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and antiquity ; and then comes

repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by daylight.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother : make good room. [All put on their masks.]

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend ? 90

*Hero.* So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and especially when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company ?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so ?

*Hero.* When I like your favor ; for God defend the lute should be like the case !

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is love. 100

*Hero.* Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[Drawing her aside.]

*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Mary.* So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill-qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one ?

*Mary.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better : the hearers may cry, Amen. 110

*Mary.* God match me with a good dancer !

*Balth.* Amen.

*Mary.* And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done ! Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words : the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough ; you are Signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the wagging of your head. 120

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down : you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so ?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me. 131

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales : '—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh? 140

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy: for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 151

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no snapper that night. [Music.] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

[Dance. Then exit all except DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.

*D. John.* Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

*D. John.* Are not you Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamored on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exit DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

*Claud.* Thus answer I in the name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 180

'Tis certain so: the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things. Save in the office and affiars of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Clard.* Whether?

*Beat.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, country. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Clard.* I wish him joy of her. 200

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Clard.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Clard.* If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[Exit.

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too: for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest

upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her : you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her ; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither : so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes. 270

*Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.*

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me ?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not : I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile ; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. 291

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count ! wherefore are you sad ?

Claud. Not sad, my lord. 300

D. Pedro. How then ? sick ?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well ; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true ; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wood in thy name, and fair Hero is won : I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy !

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you and date upon the exchange. 320

Beat. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither. [heart.]

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry

Beat. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance ! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt : I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband !

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady ?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days : your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your gracie, pardon me : I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried : but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy !

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of ?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [Exit.]

I'. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord : she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then ; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. C. by no means : she mocks all her woanders out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church ? 371

Claud. To-morrow, my lord : time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night ; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing : but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go duly by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labors ; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero ?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 391

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unholiest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him ; he is of a noble strain, of approved valor and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick ; and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer ; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exit.

### SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*D. John.* It is so ; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord ; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how. 11

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ? 20

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that ?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue ? 30

*D. John.* Only to despite them, I will endeavor any thing.

*Bora.* Go, then ; find me a meet hour to

draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone ; tell them that you know that Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honor, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio ; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown. 51

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.

### SCENE III. *LEONATO's orchard.*

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*Bene.* Boy !

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Signior ?

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book : bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that ; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife ; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armor ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier ; and now is he turned orthography : his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well ; another is wise, yet I am well : another virtuous, yet I am well ; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall

be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

[Withdraws.]

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

40

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud.* O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

*Enter BALTHASAR with Music.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a woero doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos, Yet will he swear he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Now, pray thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes; There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchetts that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.

[Air.]

*Bene.* Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

*Balth.* Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore, To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so, but let them go, And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe 70 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe, Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so, Since summer first was leafy

Then sigh not so, &c.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

80

*Bene.* An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.

90

*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell. [Exit Balthasar.] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

101

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

[feit.]

*D. Pedro.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

111

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

[bite.]

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

120

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

130

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him??'

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I

remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence ; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her ; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit ; for I should flout him, if he writ to me ; yea, though I love him, I should.' 151

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ; 'O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !'

*Leon.* She doth indeed ; my daughter says so : and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afraide she will do a desperate outrage to herself : it is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end ? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me : I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you ?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die ; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well : if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it ; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath indeed a good outward happiness. 191

*Claud.* Before God ! and, in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

*Claud.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 200

*Leon.* If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace : if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord : let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible : she may wear her heart out first. 210

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter : let it cool the while. I love Benedick well ; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. 220

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her ; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter : that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

*Bene.* [Coming forward] This can be no trick : the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady : it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me ! why, it must be required. I hear how I am censured : they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry : I must not seem proud : happy are they that hear their detrac-tions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair : 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness ; and virtuous : 'tis so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise, but for loving me ; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage : but doth not the appetite alter ? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor ? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day ! she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks

than you take pains to thank me : if it had been painful, I would not have come. 261

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior : fare you well.

[Exit.]

*Bene.* Ha ! ' Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner ; there's a double meaning in that. ' I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me.' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. LEONATO's garden.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor ;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio : Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse Is all of her : say that thou overheard'st us ; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter, like favorites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10

Against that power that bred it : there will she hide her,

To listen our purpose. This is thy office ; Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.]

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick.

When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit : My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay.

*Enter BEATRICE, behind.*

Now begin ;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait : So angle we to Beatrice ; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[Approaching the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggerds of the rock.

*Urs.* But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

*Hero.* So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ; 40 But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

*Hero.* O god of love ! I know he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man : But Nature never framed a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ; 50 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprizing what they look on, and her wit Valutes itself so highly that to her All matter else seems weak : she cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endeared.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so ; And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, 60 But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,

She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique, Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ; If low, an agate very vilely cut ; If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;

If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No, not to be so odd and from all fashions

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable : But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak, She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly : It were a better death than die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No ; rather I will go to Benedick And counsel him to fight against his passion. And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with : one doth not know How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment—

Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is prized to have—as to refuse 90 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy : Signior Benedick, For shape, for hearing, argument and valor, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you married, madam ? 100

*Hero.* Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in :

I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsele

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* She's limed, I warrant you : we have caught her, madam.

*Hero.* If it proves so, then loving goes by haps :

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

*Beat.* [Coming forward] What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?

Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of such. 110  
And, Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand : If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band ;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

## SCENE II. A room in LEONATO's house.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him ; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is

the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I : methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, traitor ! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money 20

*Bene.* I have the toothache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it !

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What ! sigh for the toothache ?

*Leon.* Where is but a humor or a worm.

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love. 30

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : a' brushes his hat o' mornings ; what should that bode ? 42

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, a' rubs himself with civet : can you smell him out by that ? 51

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face ?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : conclude, conclude he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too : I warrant one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards 71

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me : I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 81

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter? 90

D. John. [To Claudio] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labor ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. Pedro. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough: and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will joyn with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole: for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. 40

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you

meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

*Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dog.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dog.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

*Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us? 71

*Dog.* Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dog.* This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 81

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

*Dog.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own: and good night. Come, neighbor.

*Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dog.* One word more, honest neighbors, I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door: for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*] 101

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE

*Bora.* What Conrade!

*Watch.* [Aside] Peace! stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a seab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [Aside] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats. [be so dear?]

*Con.* Is it possible that any villany should

*Bora.* Thou shouldest rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconſirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* [Aside] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

*Con.* All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night, —I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 161

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.

*First Watch.* We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

*Sec. Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth. 181

*First Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

*Con.* Masters, masters,—

*Sec. Witch.* You'll be made bring Deformed  
forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters,—

*First Witch.* Never speak : we charge you  
let us obey you to go with us.

*Bona.* We are like to prove a goodly com-  
modity, being taken up of these men's bills.

*Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant  
you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV. HERO'S apartment.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Bea-  
trice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [Exit.

*Mary.* Troth, I think your other rabato  
were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear  
this.

*Mary.* By my troth, 's not so good ; and I  
warrant your cousin will say so. 10

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art  
another. I'll wear none but this.

*Mary.* I like the new tire within excellently,  
if the hair were a thought browner ; and your  
gown's a most rare fashion, I' faith. I saw  
the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise  
so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Mary.* By my troth, 's but a night-gown in  
respect of yours : cloth o' gold, and cuts, and  
laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves,  
side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with  
a bluish tinsel : but for a fine, quaint, graceful  
and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it ! for my  
heart is exceeding heavy.

*Mary.* Twill be heavier soon by the weight  
of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

*Mary.* Of what, lady ? of speaking honor-  
ably ? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar?  
Is not your lord honorable without marriage ?  
I think you would have me say, 'saving your  
reverence, a husband : ' and bad thinking do  
not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody : is  
there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'?  
None, I think, and it be the right husband and  
the right wife ; otherwise 'tis light, and not  
heavy : ask my Lady Beatrice else ; here she  
comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero. 40

*Hero.* Why, how now ? do you speak in the  
sick tune ?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Mary.* Clap's into 'Light o' love ; ' that  
goes without a burden : do you sing it, and  
I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Ye light o' love, with your heels ! then,

if your husband have stables enough, you'll  
see he shall lack no barns.

*Mary.* O illegitimate construction ! I scorn  
that with my heels. 51

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ; 'tis  
time you were ready. By my troth, I am ex-  
ceeding ill : heigh-ho !

*Mary.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, II.

*Mary.* Well, and you be not turned Turk,  
there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow ?

*Mary.* Nothing I ; but God send every one  
their heart's desire ! 61

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me ;  
they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin ; I cannot smell.

*Mary.* A maid, and stuffed ! there's goodly  
catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me ! God help me ! how  
long have you professed apprehension ?

*Mary.* Even since you left it. Doth not my  
wit become me rarely ? 76

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should  
wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

*Mary.* Get you some of this distilled Cardu-  
sus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart : it  
is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prickest her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you  
have some moral in this Benedictus.

*Mary.* Moral ! no, by my troth, I have no  
moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You  
may think perchance that I think you are  
in love : may, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to  
think what I list, nor I list not to think what I  
can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think  
my heart out of thinking, that you are in love  
or that you will be in love or that you can be  
in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and  
now is he become a man : he swore he would  
never marry, and yet now, in despite of his  
heart, he eats his meat without grudging : and  
how you may be converted I know not, but  
methinks you look with your eyes as other  
women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue  
keeps ?

*Mary.* Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw : the prince, the  
count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the  
gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to  
church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good  
Meg, good Ursula. [Exit.

SCENE V. Another room in LEONATO'S house.  
Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest  
neighbor ?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, I would have some confi-  
dence with you that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you ; for you see it is a  
busy time with me.

*Dog.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dog.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no ho-  
nester than I.

*Dog.* Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbor Verges.

*Verg.* Neighbors, you are tedious. 20

*Dog.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Verg.* All thy tediousness on me, ah?

*Dog.* Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dog.* A good old man, sir: he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbor Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbor!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

*Dog.* Gifts that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dog.* One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

*Dog.* It shall be suffiganee.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 60

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

*[Exit Leonato and Messenger.]*

*Dog.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dog.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant

you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I. A church.

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and attendants.*

*Leon.* Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

*Cloud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count. 10

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Cloud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Cloud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! 21

*Bene.* How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

*Cloud.* Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Cloud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again. 30

*Cloud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again: Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honor. Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid, 40 By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxuriant bed, Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Cloud.* Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
And made defeat of her virginity,—

*Claud.* I know what you would say: if I have known her,

You will say she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin':

51  
*No, Leonato,*

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak

so wide?

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speal not you?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?

I stand dishonor'd, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True! O God!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here? 70

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?  
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power  
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O, God defend me! how am I beset!  
What kind of entecheising call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

80  
*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name?

With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;  
Hero herself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight  
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour,  
my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden,  
Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honor,  
Myself, my brother and this grieved count 90  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night  
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window  
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,  
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

*D. John.* Fie, fie! they are not to be named,  
my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language  
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. 100

*Claud.* O Hero, what a Hero hast thou been,  
If half thy outward graces had been placed  
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!  
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

Thou pure impurity and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point  
for me? [Hero swoons. 110]

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore  
sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go. These things,  
come thus to light,

Smother her spirits np.

[Exeunt *Don Pedro*, *Don John*, and *Claudio*.  
*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think. Help, uncle! Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signor Benedick!

Friar! [hand.]

*Leon.* O Fate! take not away thy heavy  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero!

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

120  
*Friar.* Yea, wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:  
For, did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?

Did I for that at frugal nature's frame? 130  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,  
Who smirched thine and mired with infamy,

I might have said 'No part of it is mine;  
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'

But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised  
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine, 140  
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen

Einto a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again  
And salt too little which may season give

To her foul-tainted flesh!

*Beat.* Sir, sir, be patient.  
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !  
*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

*Beat.* No, truly not ; although, until last night, 150

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron ! Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie, Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ! let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little ; for I have only been

Silent so long and given way unto  
 This course of fortune....

By noting of the lady I have mark'd 160  
 A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ; And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire, To burn the errors that these princes hold Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ; Trust not my reading nor my observations, Which with experimental seal doth warrant The tenor of my book ; trust not my age, My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170  
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here Under some biting error.

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be. Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left

Is that she will not add to her damnation  
 A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse That which appears in proper nakedness ?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?

*Hero.* They know that do accuse me ; I know none :

If I know more of any man alive 180  
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy ! O my father, Prove you that any man with me conversed At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death !

*Friar.* There is some strange misprision in the princes. [honor :

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of And if their wisdoms be misled in this, The practice of it lives in John the bastard, 190 Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honor,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life left me so much of friends, But they shall find, awaked in such a kind, Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200 Ability in means and choice of friends, To quit me of them throughly.

*Friar.* Pause awhile, And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes lett for dead : Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it that she is dead indeed ; Maintain a mourning ostentation

And on your family's old monument Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites That appertain unto a burial. 210

*Leon.* What shall become of this ? what will this do ?

*Friar.* Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :

But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must so be maintain'd, Upon the instant that she was accused,

Shall be lamented, pitied and excused Of every hearer : for it so falls out 219

That what we have we prize not to the worth While we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value, then we find The virtue that possession would not show us While it was ours. So will it fare with

Claudio :

When he shall hear she died upon his words, The idea of her life shall sweetly creep Into his study of imagination,

And every lovely organ of her life Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,

More moving-delicate and full of life, 230  
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul.

Than when she lived indeed ; then shall he mourn,

If ever had bad interest in his liver,

And wish he had not so accused her.

No, though he thought his accusation true,

Let this be so, and doubt not but success Will fashion the event in better shape Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

But if all aim but this be level'd false, The supposition of the lady's death 240

Will quench the wonder of her infamy :

And if it sort not well, you may conceal her, As best befits her wounded reputation,

In some reclusive and religious life.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :

And though you know my inwardness and Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this As secretly and justly as your soul 250

Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented : presently

away :

**For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.**  
**Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day**  
**Perhaps is but prolong'd : have patience and endure.**

[*Exit all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]  
**Bene.** Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

**Beat.** Yea, and I will weep a while longer.  
**Bue.** I will not desire that.

**Beat.** You have no reason ; I do it freely.

**Bene.** Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

**Beat.** Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her !

**Bene.** Is there any way to show such friendship ?

**Beat.** A very even way, but no such friend.  
**Bene.** May a man do it ?

**Beat.** It is a man's office, but not yours.

**Bene.** I do love nothing in the world so well as you : is not that strange ?

**Beat.** As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

**Bene.** By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

**Beat.** Do not swear, and eat it.

**Bene.** I will swear by it that you love me ; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

**Beat.** Will you not eat your word ?

**Bene.** With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

**Beat.** Why, then, God forgive me !

**Bene.** What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

**Beat.** You have stayed me in a happy hour : I was about to protest I loved you.

**Bene.** And do it with all thy heart.

**Beat.** I love you with so much of my heart that none need to protest.

**Bene.** Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

**Beat.** Kill Claudio.

**Bene.** Ha ! not for the wide world.

**Beat.** You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

**Bene.** Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

**Beat.** I am gone, though I am here : there is no love in you : nay, I pray you, let me go.

**Bene.** Beatrice, —

**Beat.** In faith, I will go.

**Bene.** We'll be friends first.

**Beat.** You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

**Bene.** Is Claudio thine enemy ?

**Beat.** Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman ? O that I were a man ! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands ; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor,—O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

**Bene.** Hear me, Beatrice.

**Beat.** Talk with a man out at a window ! A proper saying !

**Bene.** Nay, but, Beatrice, —

**Beat.** Sweet Hero ! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

**Bene.** Beat—

**Beat.** Princes and counties ! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Confect ; a sweet gallant, surely ! O that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake ! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

**Bene.** Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

**Beat.** Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

**Bene.** Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

**Beat.** Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

**Bene.** Enough, I am engaged ; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say she is dead : and so, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. A prison.

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*

**Dog.** Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

**Verg.** O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

**Sext.** Which be the malefactors ?

**Dog.** Marry, that am I and my partner.

**Verg.** Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

**Sext.** But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

**Dog.** Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend ?

11

**Bora.** Borachio.

**Dog.** Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah ?

**Con.** I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

**Dog.** Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God ?

**Con.** { Yea, sir, we hope.

**Dog.** Write down, that they hope they serve God : and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains ! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

**Con.** Marry, sir, we say we are none.

**Dog.** A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him. Come

you hither, sirrah : a word in your ear : sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you we are none.

*Dog.* Well, stand aside. Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

*Sex.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine : you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dog.* Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. 40

*First Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dog.* Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dog.* Pray thee, fellow, peace : I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sex.* What heard you him say else?

*Sec. Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 51

*Dog.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by mass, that it is.

*Sex.* What else, fellow?

*First Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dog.* O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sex.* What else ?

60

*Watch.* This is all.

*Sex.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away ; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's : I will go before and show him their examination. [Exit.

*Dog.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* †Let them be in the hands— 70

*Con.* Off, coxcomb !

*Dog.* God's my life, where's the sexton ? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet ! [ass.

*Con.* Away ! you are an ass, you are an

*Dog.* Dost thou not suspect my place ? dost thou not suspect my years ? O that he were here to write me down an ass ! But, masters, remember that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass ! [Exeunt. 90]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself :

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

Bring me a father that so loved his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine, And bid him speak of patience ; 10 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine

And let it answer every strain for strain, As thus for thus and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form ; If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, †Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem !' when he should groan,

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. 19 But there is no such man : for, brother, men Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptial medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air and agony with words : No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow, But no man's virtue nor sufficiency

To be so moral when he shall endure 30 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel : My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood :

For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the toothache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself :

Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ; And that shall Claudio know : so shall the prince

And all of them that thus dishonor her.

*Ant.* Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord ! well, fare you well, my lord :

Are you so hasty now ? well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. 50

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarreling,

Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him ?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou :—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ; I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, bestrew my hand, If it should give your age such cause of fear ; In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man ; never sneer and jest at me :

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool, As under privilege of age to brag 60

What I have done being young, or what would do

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head, Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me

That I am forced to lay my reverence by And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days, Do challenge thee to trial of a man. I say thou hast belied mine innocent child ; Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors ; O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70 Save this of hers, framed by thy villany !

*Claud.* My villainy ?

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord, I'll prove it on his body, if he dare, Despite his nice fence and his active practice, His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

*Claud.* Away ! I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my child :

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed : 80

But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ; Win me and wear me ; let him answer me. Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow me :

Sir boy, I'll whi you from your foining fence ; Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,— [my niece ;

*Ant.* Content yourself. God knows I loved And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains, That dare as well answer a man indeed

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue : 90

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops !

*Leon.* Brother Antonio,—

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man ! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys, That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander, Go anticly, show outward hideousness, And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;

And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter : 100

Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this,

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death : But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing

But what was true and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No ? Come, brother ; away ! I will be heard. [for it.

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

*D. Pedro.* See, see ; here comes the man we went to seek. 110

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news ?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior : you are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou ? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I came to seek you both. 121

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit ?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard : shall I draw it ?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw, to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry ? 131

*Claud.* What, courage, man ! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then, give him another staff : this last was broke cross.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more : I think he be angry indeed. 141

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear ?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* [Aside to *Claudio*.] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast, a feast?

*Claud.* I faith, I thank him; he bath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did: but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossipy-like humor: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till then, peace be with him.

[Exit.

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee.

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* Bo, soft you, let me be pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was dead?

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with CONRAD and BORACHIO.*

*Dog.* Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be locked too.

*D. Pedro.* How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report: moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady: mairly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division: and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

*D. Pedro.* Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

*Boru.* Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light: who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record: which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation: and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it. [to this?

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on?

*Boru.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is composed and framed of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villainy.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

*Dog.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signor Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master Signior Leontano, and the Sexton too.

*Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,  
That, when I note another man like him, 270  
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

*Bor.* If you would know your wronger,  
look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd  
Mine innocent child?

*Bor.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:

Here stand a pair of honorable men;  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience;

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not  
But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I:

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;

That were impossible: but, I pray you both,  
Possess the people in Messina here 290  
How innocent she died; and if your love  
Can labor ought in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb  
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:  
To-morrow morning come you to my house,  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us:  
Give her the right you should have given her  
cousin, 300

And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O noble sir.  
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!  
I do embrace your offer; and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man  
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,  
Hired to it by your brother.

*Bor.* No, by my soul, she was not,  
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to  
me, 310

But always hath been just and virtuous  
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dog.* Moreover, sir, which indeed is not

under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dog.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dog.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dog.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbor. [Exit Dogberry and Verges.

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-well. [to-morrow.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

*Leon.* [To the Watch] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [Exit, severally.

## SCENE II. LEONATO'S garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs? 10

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

[Exit Margaret.]

[Sings] The god of love,  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried : I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme ; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme ; for, 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 41

#### Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then !

*Beat.* 'Then' is spoken ; fare you well now : and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came ; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 51

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will d'part unkissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ? 61

*Beat.* For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

*Bene.* Suffer love ! a good epithet ! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think ; alas, poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession : there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you ?

*Bene.* Question ! why, an hour in clamor and a quarter in rheum : therefore is it most

expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy : and now tell me, how doth your cousin ? 91

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you ?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

#### Enter URSSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle, Yonder's old coil at home : it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior ?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes ; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exit.

#### SCENE III. A church.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers.

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato ?

*A Lord.* It is my lord.

*Claud.* [Reading out of a scroll]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies :

Death, in gerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies,

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb. 10

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

#### SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight :

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan :

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily :

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night !

Yearly will I do this rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters : put your torches out : [The day.

The wolves have prey'd : and look, the gens Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey,

Thanks to you all, and leavens : fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters : each his several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ; 30

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue  
speeds  
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.  
[Exit.

SCENE IV. A room in LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?  
*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated :  
But Margaret was in some fault for this,  
Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforced

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,  
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

[Exit Ladies.

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour  
To visit me. You know your office, brother :  
You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio.

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me ; one of them,

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her : 'tis most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof I think you had from me,

From Claudio and the prince : but what's your will ?

*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical : But, for my will, my will is your good will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
In the state of honorable marriage :

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.  
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three others.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,

Claudio : We here attend you. Are you yet determined

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother ; here's the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.  
*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,  
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness ?

*Claud.* I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man ; we'll tip thy horns with gold

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,  
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;  
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Claud.* For this I owe you : here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand : before this holy friar,

I am your husband, if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I lived, I was your other wife :

[Unmasking. 60  
And when you loved, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero !

*Hero.* Nothing certainer : One Hero died defiled, but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify ; When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Meantime let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice ?

*Beat.* [Unmasking] I answer to that name.

What is your will ?

*Bene.* Do not you love me ?

*Beat.* Why, no : no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your uncle and the prince

and Claudio

Have been deceived ; they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me ?

*Bene.* Troth, no ; no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula

[did.  
Are much deceived : for they did swear you

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me. 80

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace! I will stop your mouth.

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? 100

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college or wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains he shall wear nothing handsome

about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped thou wouldest have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance ere we are married; that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterward.

*Bene.* First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers.

*[Dance.* 131  
*[Exeunt.*

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1599.)

## INTRODUCTION.

*As You Like It* was entered on the Stationers' register together with *Henry V.*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, "to be staled," i.e. not printed; the date is August 4, but the year is not mentioned. The previous entry is dated May 27, 1600, and as the other plays were printed in 1600 and 1601, we infer that the August was that of the year 1600. The comedy is not mentioned by Meres. A line, "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" is quoted (Act III., Sc. v., L. 82) from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was published in 1598. We may set down the following year, 1599, as the probable date of the creation of this charming comedy. The story is taken from Thomas Lodge's prose tale, *Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie*, first printed in 1590, and a passage in Lodge's dedication probably suggested to Shakespeare the name of his play. Lodge, who wrote this tale on his voyage to the Canaries, founded it in part on the Cook's Tale of Gameyn, wrongly ascribed to Chaucer, and inserted in some editions as one of the *Canterbury Tales*. In parts of his work the dramatist follows the story-teller closely, but there are some important differences. The heroic names Orlando, Oliver, and Sir Rowland are due to Shakespeare. It was a thought of Shakespeare to make the rightful and usurping dukes, as in *The Tempest*, brothers. In Lodge's novel the girl-friends pass in the forest for lady and page, in Shakespeare for brother and sister. Shakespeare omits the incident of Aliena's rescue from robbers by her future husband; love at first sight was natural in Arden, but a band of robbers would have marred the tranquillity of the scene. To Shakespeare we owe the creation of the characters of Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Written perhaps immediately after *Henry V.*, the play presents a striking contrast with that high-pitched historical drama. It is as if Shakespeare's imagination craved repose and refreshment after the life of courts and camps. We are still on French soil, but instead of the sound of the shock of battle at Agincourt, we hear the waving forest boughs, and the forest streams of Arden, where "they fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden World." There is an open-air feeling about this play, as there is about *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; but in *The Merry Wives* all the surroundings are English and real, here they belong to a land of romance. For the Renaissance, that age of vast energy, national enterprise, religious strife, and court intrigue, pastoral or idyllic poetry possessed a peculiar charm; the quiet and innocence of a poetical Arcadia was a solace to a life of highly-wrought ambition and aspiration. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," moralizes the banished Duke, and external, material adversity has come to him, to Rosalind, and to Orlando; but if fortune is harsh, nature—both external nature and human character—is sound and sweet, and of real suffering there is none in the play. All that is evil remains in the society which the denizens of the forest have left behind; and both seriously, in the characters of the usurping Duke and Oliver, and playfully, through Touchstone's mockery of court follies, a criticism on what is evil and artificial in society is suggested in contrast with the woodland life. Yet Shakespeare never falls into the conventional, pastoral manner. Orlando is an ideal of youthful strength, beauty, and noble innocence of heart; and Rosalind's bright, tender womanhood seems but to grow more exquisitely feminine in the male attire which she has assumed in self-defence. Her feelings are almost as quick and fine as those of Imogen (she has not, like Imogen, known fear and sorrow), and she uses her wit and bright play of intellect as a protection against her own eager and vivid emotions. Possessed of a delighted consciousness of power to confer happiness, she can dally with disguises, and make what is most serious to her at the same time possess the charm of an exquisite frolic. The melancholy Jacques is a sentimentalist and in some degree a superficial cynic, but he is not a bad-hearted egoist, like Don John; he is a perfectly idle seeker for new sensations and an observer of his own feelings; he is weary of all he has found, and especially professes to despise the artificial society, which yet he never really escapes from as the others do. His wisdom is half foolery, as Touchstone's foolery is half wisdom. Touchstone is the daintiest fool of the comedies, and in comparing him with the clowns of *The Comedy of Errors* or *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we perceive how Shakespeare's humor has grown in refinement.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, an usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished  
JAQUES, } duke.

(564)

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.  
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.  
OLIVER,  
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.  
ORLANDO,

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.  
DENNIS, }  
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.  
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.  
CORIN, } shepherds.  
SILVIUS, }  
WILLIAM, a country fellow in love with  
Audrey.  
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.  
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.  
PHEBE, a shepherdess.  
AUDREY a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE : *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court,  
and the Forest of Arden.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER's house.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Ori.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother; and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Ori.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Ori.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Ori.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. 39

*Ori.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where your are, sir?

*Ori.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Ori.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother: and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwix us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Ori.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Ori.* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Ori.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor attorney my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Ori.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*  
*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [Exit Dennis.] Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship. 100

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 111

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mighty grace himself on thee, he

will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonderer.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [Exit Charles.] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about.

[Exit. 180]

## SCENE II. *Lawn before the DUKE's palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldest thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father performe, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?





ROSALIND AND CELIA.

AS YOU LIKE IT, p. 567

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoured.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Enter Touchstone.*

*Cel.* No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father. 61

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 71

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days. 91

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 100

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter Le Beau.*

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport! of what color?

*Le Beau.* What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou losest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* You tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence. 130

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him; so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming : let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on : since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man ? 160

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young ! yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin ! are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you ; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so : I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler ? 179

*Orl.* No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 190

*Ros.* Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well : pray heaven I be deceived in you ! 210

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you !

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

*Orl.* Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 219

*Orl.* An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man !

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.

*Ros.* O excellent young man !

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[Shout. Charles is thrown.

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace : I am not yet well breathed.

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*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles ?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man ?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke F.* Would thou hadst been son to some man else :

The world esteem'd thy father honorable, But I did find him still mine enemy :

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Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house, But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth : I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this ? [Son,

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's His youngest son ; and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind : Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventured.

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*Cel.* Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him and encourage him :

My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well de-

served :

If you do keep your promises in love But justly, as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck.

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz ?

*Cel.* Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts

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**Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up**

**Is but a quatin, a mere lifeless block.**

**Ros.** He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes ;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ? Sir, you have wrested well and overthrown More than your enemies.

**Cel.** Will you go, coz ?

**Ros.** Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exit Rosalind and Celia.*

**Orl.** What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

**O** poor Orlando, thou art overthrown ! 271  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

**Le Beau.** Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved High commendation, true applause and love, Yet such is now the duke's condition That he misconstrues all that you have done. The duke is humorous ; what he is indeed, More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

**Orl.** I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ; 280

Which of the two was daughter of the duke ? That here was at the wrestling ?

**Le Beau.** Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;

But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter : The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company ; whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument 291

But that the people praise her for her virtues And pity her for her good father's sake ; And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well : Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

**Orl.** I rest much bounden to you : fare you well. [*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ; From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother : 300  
But heavenly Rosalind ! [*Exit.*

### SCENE III. A room in the palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

**Cel.** Why, cousin ! why, Rosalind ! Cupid have mercy ! not a word ?

**Ros.** Not one to throw at a dog.

**Cel.** No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons,

**Ros.** Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

**Cel.** But is all this for your father ? 10

**Ros.** No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world !

**Cel.** They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery : if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

**Ros.** I could shake them off my coat : these burs are in my heart.

**Cel.** Hem them away.

**Ros.** I would try, if I could ery 'hem' and have him. 20

**Cel.** Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

**Ros.** O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself !

**Cel.** O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

**Ros.** The duke my father loved his father dearly. 31

**Cel.** Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

**Ros.** No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

**Cel.** Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

**Ros.** Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke. 41

**Cel.** With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

**Duke F.** Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste  
And get you from our court.

**Ros.** Me, uncle ?

**Duke F.** You, cousin : Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

**Ros.** I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :

If with myself I hold intelligence Or have acquaintance with mine own desires, If that I do not dream or be not frantic, — 51 As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn Did I offend your highness.

**Duke F.** Thus do all traitors : If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself : Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

**Ros.** Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

**Duke F.** Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's enough. 60

**Ros.** So was I when your highness took his dukedom ; So was I when your highness banish'd him : Treason is not inherited, my lord ;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor :  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father ranged along. 70

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay ;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse :  
I was too young that time to value her ;  
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,

Her very silence and her patience 80

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name :  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem  
more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me,  
my liege :

I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself :

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor, 90  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?

Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause

*Cel.* Thon hast not, cousin ;  
Prithee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :  
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ? 100

No : let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go and what to bear with us ;

And do not seek to take your change upon  
you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;  
The like do you : so shall we pass along  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man ?  
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand ; and—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there  
will— 121

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other manly cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art  
a man ?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's  
own page ;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd ?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state

No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world  
with me ;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together,  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content  
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.* 140]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court ?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say

'This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in every thing.  
I would not change it.

*Ami.* Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne  
coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool, 40  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift  
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques ?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes,  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;  
'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou makest a testa-  
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much ;' then, being  
there alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends, 50  
'Tis right : quoth he 'thus misery doth part  
The flux of company : 'anon a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him ; 'Ay,' quoth  
Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?'  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we 60  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,  
To fright the animals and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this  
contemplation ?

*Sec. Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and  
commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place :  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.  
[Exit.

## SCENE II. A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man  
saw them ?

It cannot be : some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did  
see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasured of their mis-  
tress.

*Sec. Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at  
whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother ; fetch that  
gallant hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;  
I'll make him find him ; do this suddenly,  
And let not search and inquisition quaff 20  
To bring agen these foolish runaways.

[Exit.

## SCENE III. Before OLIVER'S house.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there ?

*Adam.* What, my young master ? O my  
gentle master !

O my sweet master ! O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you  
here ?

Why are you virtuous ? why do people love  
you ? [iant ?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong and val-  
Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny priser of the humorous duke ?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before  
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies ? 11  
No more do yours : your virtues, gentle mas-  
ter,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it !

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth !

Come not within these doors : within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives :

Your brother—no, no brother ; yet the son—  
Yet not the son. I will not call him son 20

Of him I was about to call his father—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he  
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie  
And you within it : if he fail of that,

He will have other means to ent you off.

Overheard him and his practices.

This is no place : this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou  
have me go ?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come  
not here. 30

*Orl.* What wouldst thou have me go and  
beg my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road ?  
This I must do, or know not what to do :  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred  
crowns.

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40  
When service should in my old limbs he lame  
And unregarded age in corners thrown :  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;  
And all this I give you. Let me be your ser-  
vant :

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unashamed forehead woo 50  
The means of weakness and debility ;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee ap-  
pears

The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for need !  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou primest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry  
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow  
thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70  
From seventeen years till now almost four-  
score

Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week :  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for  
ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs  
were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace  
my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but  
I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet

and hose ought to show itself courageous to  
petticoat : therefore courage, good Aliena !

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go  
no further. 10

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with  
you than bear you : yet I should bear no cross  
if I did bear you, for I think you have no  
money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more  
fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better  
place : but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

Look you, who comes here ; a young man and  
an old in solemn talk. 21

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you  
still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do  
love her !

*Cor.* I partly guess ; for I have loved ere  
now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not  
guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as a true lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :  
But in thy love were ever like to mine—  
As sure I think did never man love so—  
How many actions most ridiculous 30  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thon hast not loved :

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thon hast not loved :

Or if thou hast not broke from company 40  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thon hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [Exit.

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy  
wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I  
was in love I broke my sword upon a stone  
and bid him take that for coming a-nigh to  
Jane Smile ; and I remember the kissing of  
her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty  
chop't hands had milked ; and I remember the  
woeing of a peacock instead of her, from  
whom I took two cods and, giving her them  
again, said with weeping tears ' Wear these for  
my sake.' We that are true lovers run into  
strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature,  
so is all nature in love mortal in folly

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art  
ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine  
own wit till I break my shins against it. 60

*Ros.* Jove, Jove ! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine ; but it grows something

stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man

If he for gold will give us any food :  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown !

*Ros.* Peace, fool : he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls ?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or

gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed :  
Here's a young maid with travel much opp'ress'd

And faints for succor.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;  
But I am shepherd to another man  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze :  
My master is of churlish disposition 80  
And little reck to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.  
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here  
but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing. 90

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like  
this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold :  
Go with me : if you like upon report  
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. 100

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V. *The Forest.*

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

#### SONG.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged : I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza : call you 'em stanzas ?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you ; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company : I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

#### SONG.

Who doth ambition shun 40

[*All together here.*]

And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither  
Here shall he see  
No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it 50

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :—  
If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducedame, ducedame, ducedame :  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that 'ducedame' ? 60

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke : his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*SCENE VI. *The forest.**  
*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further ; O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind maste..

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncooth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[Exit]

### SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast;

For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

*First Lord.* He saves my labor by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this, That your poor friends must woo your company?

What, you look merrily!

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms and yet a motley fool.

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'

And then he drew a dial from his poke, And, looking on it with lack-Instre eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock: Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine, And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

And I did laugh sans intermission An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain, Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed

40

With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms. O that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit; Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have; And they that are most galled with my folly, They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

51

The 'why' is plain as way to parish church: He that a fool doth very wisely hit Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not, The wise man's folly is anatomized Even by the squandering glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

61

*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

good?

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine, As sensual as the brittish sting itself; And all the embossed sores and headed evils, That thou with license of free foot hast caught, Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

70

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, 'Till that the weary very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name, When that I say the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in and say that I mean her, When such a one as she such is her neighbor? Or what is he of basest function

That says his bravery is not of my cost, 80 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free, Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies, Uncalm'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.  
*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.  
*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come  
of ?

90

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by  
thy distress,  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first : the  
thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred  
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say :  
He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with  
reason, I must die.

101

*Duke S.* What would you have ? Your  
gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food ; and let me  
have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome  
to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I  
pray you :

I thought that all things had been savage  
here ;

And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you  
are

That in this desert inaccessible,

110

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where belts have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen  
better days,

120

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to  
church

And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our  
eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red ;

And therefore sit you down in gentleness.

And take upon command what help we have

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little  
while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

130

Liup'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and  
hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye ; and be blest for you

good comfort !

[Exe.]

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone un-  
happy :

This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the in-  
fant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,  
And then the whining school-boy, with his  
satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the  
pard,

150

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the  
justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances :  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too  
wide

160

For his shrunk shank : and his big manly  
voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childhood and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every  
thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your vener-  
able burthen,  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need :  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome ; fall to : I will not  
trouble you

171

As yet, to question you about your fortunes,  
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

#### SONG.

*Adm.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude,  
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green  
holly ;

180

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly :

Then, heigh-ho, the holly !  
This lie is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot :  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, &c. 190  
*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Row-

land's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke  
That loved your father : the residue of your  
fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[Exeunt.

### ACT III.

*SCENE I. A room in the palace.*

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that  
cannot he :

But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or  
living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no  
more

To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call  
thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's  
mouth

Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O that your highness knew my heart  
in this !

I never loved my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push  
him out of doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands :  
Do this expediently and turn him going.

[Exeunt.

*SCENE II. The forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my  
love :

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,  
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere  
above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life doth  
sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books

And in their barks my thoughts I'll charac-  
ter ;

That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

[Exit.

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life,  
Master Touchstone ?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of it-  
self, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is  
a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that  
it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in re-  
spect that it is private, it is a very vile life,  
Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth  
me well ; but in respect it is not in the court,  
it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it  
fits my humor well ; but as there is no more  
plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.  
Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more  
one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that  
he that wants money, means and content is  
without three good friends ; that the property  
of rain is to wet and fire to burn : that good  
pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great  
cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he  
that hath learned no wit by nature nor art  
may complain of good breeding or comes of a  
very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher.  
Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned like an ill-  
roasted egg, all on one side. 39

*Cor.* For not being at court ? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court,  
thou never sawest good manners ; if thou  
never sawest good manners, then thy man-  
ners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin,  
and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous  
state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone : those that  
are good manners at the court are as riden-  
tious in the country as the behavior of the  
country is most mockable at the court. You  
told me you salute not at the court, but you  
kiss your hands : that courtesy would be un-  
easily, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes,  
and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands  
sweat ? and is not the grease of a mutton as  
wholesome as the sweat of a man ? Shallow,  
shallow. A better instance, I say : come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard. 60

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner.  
Shallow again. A more sounder instance,  
come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with  
the surgery of our sheep : and would you

have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 71

*Cov.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cov.* Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 90

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 90

*Cov.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind.

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lined

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no fair be kept in mind

But the fair of Rosalind. 100

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind,

If the cat will after kind,

So be sure will Rosalind. 110

Winter garments must be lined,

So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourlest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find

Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them? 120

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graft it with you, and then I shall

graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge. 130

*Enter CELIA, with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Cel.* [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show;

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age; 140

Some, of violated vows

Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

That one body should be fill'd 150

With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lincretia's modesty,

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised,

Of many faces, eyes and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized,

Heaven would that she these gifts should have, 161

And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people!'

*Cel.* How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. 171

[Exit *Covin* and *Touchstone*.]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them mere feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lame in the verse. 180

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here

what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this ?

*Ros.* Is it a man ?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color ?

*Ros.* I prithee, who :

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it ?

*Cel.* Is it possible ?

*Ros.* Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping !

*Ros.* Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery ; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking : speak, sad brow and true maid.

*Cel.* I faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando ?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou sawest him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ? What makes him here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? and when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first : 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel ? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled ?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover ; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good

observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee ; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden : thou bringest me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft ! comes he not here ?

#### Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

*Ros.* 'Tis he : slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you : let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit : I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior Love. 310

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.

*Ros.* [Aside to Celia] I will speak to him, like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester ?

*Orl.* Very well : what would you ?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day : there's no clock in the forest. 319

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time ? had not that been as proper ?

*Ros.* By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal.

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal ?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury ; these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal ?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves. 351

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place ?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling. 360

*Ros.* I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

370

*Ros.* There were none principal ; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaken : I pray you tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 399

*Orl.* What were his marks ?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not ; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue : then your hose should be ungartered, your boumet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation ; but you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much. 419

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so ?

*Ros.* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing,

as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woe me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will tell me where it is. 450

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exit]

### SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind.

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* [Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 11

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do fein.

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearst to me thou art honest; now, if thou were a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 31

*Jaq.* [Aside] A material fool!

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty

upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 39

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

### Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Ol.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Ol.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 71

*Jaq.* [Advancing] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir; nay, pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley? 79

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp. 90

*Touch.* [Aside] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me wel;



TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

AS YOU LIKE IT. D. 580



and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey : We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver : not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee :

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter : ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.* 109]

#### SCENE IV. *The forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me ; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep ?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling color.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's : marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

*Cel.* An excellent color : your chestnut was ever the only color.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

[21]

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so ?

*Cel.* Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love ?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

[30]

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* 'Was' is not 'is' : besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a taster ; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him : he asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover : as a puny tiltier, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose ; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here ?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired

[50]

After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him ?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove : The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

[60]

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me : do not, Phoebe ; Say that you love me not, but say not so In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck But first begs pardon : will you sterner be ? Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner : I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye : 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the frailst and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers ! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ; And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee !

Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ; Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers ! Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :

[20]

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impression Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of  
fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time  
Come not thou near me : and when that time  
comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you ? Who might  
be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched ? What though you have  
no beauty,—  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ? 40  
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on  
me ?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too !  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow  
her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain ?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman : 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favor'd chil-  
dren :

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her,  
But, mistress, know yourself : down on your  
knees, [love :]

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can : you are not for all markets :  
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd : fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year  
together :

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness  
and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be  
so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning  
looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why  
look you so upon me ? 70

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine :  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my  
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.  
Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard.  
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud : though all the world could  
see,

None could be so abused in sight as he. 80

Come, to our flock,

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of  
might,

'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ?'

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sil-  
vius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love : is not that neigh-  
borly ? 90

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness,  
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too :  
But do not look for further recompence,  
Than thine own gladness that thou art em-  
ploy'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and  
then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st now the youth that spoke to  
me erewhile ?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him  
oft ;

And he hath bought the cottage and the  
bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask  
for him ;

'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ; 110  
But what care I for words ? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that  
hear.

It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride be-  
comes him :

He'll make a proper man : the best thing in  
him

Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's  
tall :

His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the  
difference

Between the constant red and mingled  
damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they  
mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love  
him :

For what had he to do to chide at me ?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair  
black : 130

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :  
I marvel why I answer'd not again :  
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight ;  
The matter's in my head and in my heart :  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post. 9

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry's contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 20

*Ros.* A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's ; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

Enter ORLANDO.

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind !

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 41

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight : I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail ?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman : besides he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that ?

*Ros.* Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind ? 71

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers lacking—God warn us !—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied ?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. 81

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress ?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit ?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind ?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 91

*Ros.* Well in her person I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in

all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will. I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou? 120

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

*Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 131

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when? [us.]

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry.

*Ros.* Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise. 160

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed. 171

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 181

*Ros.* Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one east away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 190

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 200

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [Exit Orlando.]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind ras-

early boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I can't be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II. *The forest.*

*Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer ?  
*A Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror ; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose ?

*For.* Yes, sir,

*Jaq.* Sing it : 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

### SONG.

*For* What shall he have that kill'd the deer ?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home :

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*  
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born :

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it :

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *The forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ? and here much Orlando !

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth ; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this : I know not the contents ; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10 It bears an angry tenor : pardon me : I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter

And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all : She says I am not fair, that I lack manners ; She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will ! Her love is not the hate that I do hunt : Why writes she so to me ? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of you own device. 20

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents : Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool

And turn'd into the extremity of love. I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand, A freestone-color'd hand ; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :

She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter :

I say she never did invent this letter ; This is a man's invention and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers. 30

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers ; why, she defies me, Like Turk to Christian : women's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet ; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant writes. [Reads.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?

Can a woman rail thus ?

*Sil.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* [Reads]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?

Did you ever hear such railing ?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me,

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 50  
Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect !

Whiles you chid me, I did love ;  
How then might your prayers move !

He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me :

And by him seal up thy mind ;  
Whether that thy youth and kind

Will the faithful offer take 60  
Of me and all that I can make ;

Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

*Sil.* Call you this chiding ?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd !

*Ros.* Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured ! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her : that if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :  
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream  
Left on your right hand brings you to the place. 81

But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;  
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description ;  
Such garments and such years : 'The boy is fair,

Of female favor, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister : the woman low  
And browner than her brother.' Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for ? 90

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind.  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame : if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

Oli. I pray you, tell it.  
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you

He left a promise to return again 100  
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,  
And mark what object did present itself :  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed it self,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd 110

The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush ; under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir : for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man 120  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother :

And he did render him the most unnatural  
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness, 131  
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by. When from the first to last betwixt us two 140  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,

As how I came into that desert place :—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love ;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[Rosalind swoons.]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Ganymede !

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth : you a man ! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited ! I

pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho !

Oli. This was not counterfeit : there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.





*Ros.* So I do : but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler : pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us,

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back. 180

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something : but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go ? [Exit].

— — — — —

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest*

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world ; here comes the man you mean. 10

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold. 19

*Enter William.*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend ? 20

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William ?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here ?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* 'Thank God,' a good answer. Art rich ?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good ; and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ? 31

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying. 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid ? 40

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned ?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me : to have, is to have ; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other ; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he : now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir ? 50

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,— which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou peristeth : or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will overrun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir. [Exit].

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away !

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey ! I attend, I attend. [Exit].

SCENE II. *The forest.*

*Enter Orlando and Oliver.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? but that seeing you should love her ? and loving woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

*Ob.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her that she loves me ; consent with both that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good : for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wed-ding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena ; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Ros.* God save you, brother. 20

*Ob.* And you, fair sister. [Exit].

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher ? 30

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are : nay, 'tis true : there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cesar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame : ' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very wrath of love and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By somuch the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are ; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than in thy in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her : I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, out you in your best array : bid your friends : for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

81

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have : it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you : You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ; And so am I for Phebe.

94

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service, And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance ; And so am I for Phebe.

106

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

110

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you ?'

[hear.

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To Sil.] I will help you, if I can : [To Phe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To Phe.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [To Orl.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow : [To Sil.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orl.] As you love Rosalind, meet : [To Sil.] as you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well : I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE III. The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come sit, and a song.

9

Sec. Page. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

*See, Page.* Ifaith, Ifaith ; and both in a  
tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

## SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding : 21  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though  
there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the  
note was very tuneful.

*First Page.* You are deceived, sir : we kept  
time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes ; I count it but  
time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be  
wi' you ; and God mend your voices ! Come,  
Audrey. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

*Enter* DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, OR-  
LANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that  
the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes  
do not :  
As those that fear they hope, and know they  
fear.

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whilst our com-  
pact is urged :  
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to  
give with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when  
I bring her ?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms  
king. 40

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be will-  
ing ?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour  
after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful  
shepherd ?

*The.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if  
she will ?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were  
both one thing,

*Ros.* I have promised to make all this  
matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your  
daughter ; 19

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :  
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd :  
Keep your word, Silvins, that you'll marry  
her,

If she refuse me : and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

[*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd  
boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw  
him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter :  
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward,  
and these couples are coming to the ark. Here  
comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in  
all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all !

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome : this  
is the motley-minded gentleman that I have  
so often met in the forest : he hath been a  
courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put  
me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ;  
I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic  
with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I  
have undone three tailors ; I have had four  
quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that taken up ? 50

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the  
quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause ? Good my lord,  
like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God ill you, sir ; I desire you of  
the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest  
of the country copulatives, to swear and to  
forswear : according as marriage binds and  
blood breaks : a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored  
thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor humor of  
mine, sir, to take that that no man else will :  
rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor  
house ; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and  
sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and  
such direct diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause ; how did  
you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ? 70

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed :-

bear your body more seeming, Audrey :—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard : he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment : this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well ent,' he would answer, I spake not true : this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied : this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome, and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct ; and so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous ; the second, the Quip Modest ; the third, the Reply Churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so ;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in If.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool. 110

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

*Still Music.*

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaver,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.  
Good duke, receive thy daughter :  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her bither,  
That thou mightst join her hand with  
his

Whose heart within his bosom is. 121

*Ros.* [To duke] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Orl.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phc.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why then, my love adieu !

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he :  
I'll have no husband, if you be not he :  
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 130

*Hym.* Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents,

You and you no cross shall part :

You and you are heart in heart :

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord : 140

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whilst a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

#### SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed !

'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;

High wedlock then be honored : 150

Honor, high honor and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town !

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

*Phc.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two :

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the sword :  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
His crown bequeath'ning to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again 170  
That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man :  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :  
To one his lands withheld, and to the other  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot :  
And after, every of this happy number  
That have endured shrewd days and nights  
with us  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states. 181  
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity  
 And fall into our rustic revelry.  
 Play, music! And you, brides and bride-  
 grooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures  
 fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you  
 rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these conver-  
 tites 190

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.  
 [To *Duke*] You to your former honor I be-  
 queath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves  
 it;

[To *Ord.*] You to a love that your true faith  
 doth merit:

[To *Oli.*] You to your land and love and  
 great allies:

[To *Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved  
 bed:

[To *Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy  
 loving voyage  
 Is but for two months virtuall'd. So, to your  
 pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I: what you would  
 have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave, [*Exit.*  
*Duke S.*] Proceed, proceed: we will begin  
 these rites,  
 As we do trust they'll end, in true delights,  
 [*A dance.*]

#### EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady  
 the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome  
 than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true  
 that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a  
 good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine  
 they do use good bushes, and good plays prove  
 the better by the help of good epilogues. What  
 a case am I in then, that am neither a good  
 epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the  
 behalf of a good play! I am not furnished  
 like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become  
 me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin  
 with the women. I charge you, O women, for  
 the love you bear to men, to like as much of  
 this play as please you: and I charge you, O  
 men, for the love you bear to women—as I  
 perceive by your simpering, none of you hates  
 them—that between you and the women the  
 play may please. If I were a woman I would  
 kiss as many of you as had beards that  
 pleased me, complexions that liked me and  
 breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as  
 many as have good beards or good faces or  
 sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I  
 make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

# T W E L F T H   N I G H T.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1600-1601.)

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## I N T R O D U C T I O N.

We learn from Manningham's *Diary* that *Twelfth Night* was acted at the Middle Temple, February 2, 1601-1602. Its date is probably 1600-1601. Manningham writes of the play: "Much like *The Comedy of Errors* or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and nearer to that in Italian called *Inganni*." There are two Italian plays of an earlier date than *Twelfth Night*, entitled *Gli Inganni* (*The Cheats*), containing incidents in some degree resembling those of Shakespeare's comedy, and in that by Gonzaga, the sister who assumes male attire, producing thereby confusion of identity with her brother, is named Cesare (Shakespeare's Cesario). But a third Italian play, *Gli Inganni*, presents a still closer resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, and in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio*, occurs the name Malevolti (Malvolio). The story is told in Bandello's novel (ii. 36), and was translated by Belleforest into French, in *Histoires Tragiques*. Whether Shakespeare consulted any Italian source or not, he had doubtless before him the version of the story (from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*) by Barnabe Rich—the *Historie of Apolonius and Silla in Riche His Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581)—and this, in the main, he followed. The characters of Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, the clown Feste, and Maria, with the part they play in the comedy, are creations of Shakespeare. No comedy of Shakespeare unites such abounding mirth and fine satire, with the charm of a poetical romance. It is the summing up of the several admirable qualities which appear in the joyous comedies, of which it forms the last. An edge is put on the roystering humor of Sir Toby by the sharp waiting-mail wit of Maria, which saves it from becoming an aimless rollicking. Sir Andrew is a Slender grown adult in brainlessness, and who has forgotten that he is not as richly endowed by nature as by fortune. Feste, the clown, is less quaint than Touchstone, but more versatile, less a contemplative fool, and more actively a lover of jest and wagery. Among this abandoned crew of topers and drolls stalks the solemn "yellow-legged stork" Malvolio. His sense of self-importance has diffused itself over all the details of his life, so that the whole of human existence, as he would have it, must become as pompous and as exemplary as the manners of my lady's steward. The cruelty of his deception and disillusion is in proportion to the greatness of his distempered self-esteem. The Duke Orsino is infected with the lover's melancholy, which is fantastical and nice. He nurses his love and dallies with it, and tries to yield up all his consciousness to it, as to a delicious sensation, and therefore his love is not quite earnest or deep. Olivia has not the love-languor of the Duke, but her resolved sorrow for her lost brother, so soon forgotten in a stronger feeling, shows a little of the same unreality of self-conscious emotion which we perceive in the Duke's love; she is of a nature harmonious and refined, but is too much a child of wealth and ease to win away our chief interest from the heroine of the play. Viola is like a heightened portrait of the Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, enriched with lovely color and placed among more poetical surroundings. She has not the pretty sauciness of Rosalind in her disguise, but owns a heart as tender sweet-natured, and sound-natured as even Rosalind's.

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## D R A M A T I S   P E R S O N Æ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.	FABIAN,	} servants to Olivia.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.	FESTE, a Clown,	
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.	OLIVIA.	
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.	VIOLA.	
VALENTINE, } gentleman attending on the	MARIA, Olivia's woman.	
CURIOS,	Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and	
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.	other Attendants.	
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK		
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.	SCENE : <i>A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.</i>	

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall :  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor! Enough; no more :  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10  
Receivest as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I  
have :

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purged the air of pestilence !  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ; 21  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be ad-  
mitted ;

But from her handmaid do return this an-  
swer :

The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;  
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine ; all this to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep  
fresh 31

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine  
frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her ; when liver, brain and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and  
fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king!  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers : 40  
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with  
bowers. [Exit]

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailor.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium,  
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were  
saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance  
may he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you  
with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you and those poor number saved with  
you 10

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-  
tice,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea ;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and  
born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is the name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name

him : He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late ;  
For but a month ago I went from hence, 31  
And then twas fresh in murmur,—as, you  
know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of,—  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a  
count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leav-  
ing her

In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died : for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjured the company 40  
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,

No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, cap-  
tain ;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe that hast a mind that suits 50  
With this thy fair and outward character,  
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid

For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke :

They shall present me as an eunuch to him : It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing And speak to him in many sorts of music That will allow me very worth his service. What else may hap to time I will commit ; 60 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cup.* Be you his eunuch, and your mite I'll be : When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee : lead me on. [Exit.

### SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus ? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights : your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except, before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9

*Sir To.* Confine ! I'll confine myself no finer than I am : these clothes are good enough to drink in ; and so be these boots too : an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday : and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her woorer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 20

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose ?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats : he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so ! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and bath all the good gifts of nature. 29

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural : for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller : and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they ?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company. 39

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece : I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria : he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench ! Castiliano vulgo ! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch ! how now, Sir Toby Belch !

*Sir Tu.* Sweet sir Andrew !

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew. 50

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir Tu.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that ?

*Sir Tu.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost, —.

*Sir Tu.* You mistake, knight ; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her. 60

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost' ?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir Tu.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand ?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand. 70

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have ; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, 'thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet-heart ? what's your metaphor ?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so : I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest ? 80

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them ?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.

*Sir To.* O knight thou lackest a cup of canary : when did I see thee so put down ?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think ; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit. 91

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* Pourquoi, my dear knight ?

*Sir And.* What is 'pourquoi' ? do or not do ? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting : O, had I but followed the arts !

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. 101

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair ?

*Sir To.* Past question ; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, doesn't it not ?

*Sir T.* Excellent : it hangs like flax on a

distaff ; and I hope to see a housewife take  
thee between her legs and spin it off. 110

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir  
Toby : your niece will not be seen ; or if she  
be, it's four to one she'll none of me : the  
count himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count : she'll not  
match above her degree, neither in estate,  
years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear't.  
But, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a  
fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I de-  
light in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 121

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawses,  
knight ?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatso-  
ever he be, under the degree of my betters ;  
and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard,  
knight ?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't. 130

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick  
simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid ?  
wherefore have these gifts a curtain before  
'em ? are they like to take dust, like Mistress  
Mall's picture ? why dost thou not go to  
church in a galliard and come home in a cor-  
anto ? My very walk should be a jig : I  
would not so much as make water but in a  
sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean ? Is it a  
world to hide virtues in ? I did think, by the  
excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed  
under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indif-  
ferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we  
set about some revels ?

*Sir Te.* What shall we do else ? were we  
not born under Taurus ?

*Sir And.* Taurus ! That's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir ; it is legs and thighs. Let  
me see the caper ; ha ! higher : ha, ha ! ex-  
cellent ! [Exit]. 151

#### SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favors to-  
wards you, Cesario, you are like to be much  
advanced : he hath known you but three days,  
and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humor or my negli-  
gence, that you call in question the continu-  
ance of his love : is he inconstant, sir, in his  
favors ?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho ? 10

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord ; here.

*Duke.* Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have un-  
clas'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul :

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto  
her ;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

*Duke.* Be clamorous and leap all civil  
bounds

Rather than make improfited return

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord,  
what then ?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my  
love,

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith :  
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;  
She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it ;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30

That say thou art a man : Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small  
pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. Some four or five attend him ;  
All, if you will ; for I myself am best.

When least in company. Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best. 40  
To woo your lady : [Aside] yet, a bartul  
strife :

Whoe'er I wee, myself would be his wife.  
[Exit].

#### SCENE V. *OLIVIA'S house.*

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mor.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast  
been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a  
bristle may enter in way of thy excuse : my  
lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me : he that is well  
hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

*Mor.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mor.* A good lenten answer : I can tell  
thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no  
colors.'

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary ?

*Mor.* In the wars ; and that may you be  
bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that  
have it ; and those that are fools, let them use  
their talents.

*Mor.* Yet you will be hanged for being so  
long absent ; or, to be turned away, is not that  
as good as a hanging to you ? 49

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad  
marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer  
bear it out.

*Mor.* You are resolute, then ?

*Olo.* Not so, neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mur.* That if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

*Olo.* Apt, in good faith ; very apt. Well, go thy way ; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou werst as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 31

*Mur.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.]

*Olo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : for what says Quinapalus ? ' Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.' 40

*Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.*

God bless thee, lady !

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Olo.* Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

*Olo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched : virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin ; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you. 60

*Olo.* Misprision in the highest degree ! Lady, eucullus non facit monachum ; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it ?

*Olo.* Dexterously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Olo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna : good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll hide your proof. 71

*Olo.* Good madonna, why mournest thou ?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Olo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Olo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ? 80

*Mol.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him : infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Olo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby

will be sworn that I am no fox ; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio ?

*Mol.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal : I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

*Oli.* Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets : there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Olo.* Now Mercuray endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools !

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mur.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it ?

*Mur.* I know not, madam : 'tis a fair young man, and well attended. 111

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay ?

*Mur.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you : he speaks nothing but madman : fie on him ! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Olo.* Thon hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool ; whose skull Jove cram with brains ! for,—here he comes, —one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

*Enter SIR TOBY.*

*Oli.* By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin ?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman ! what gentleman ?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague on these pickle-herring ! How now, sot !

*Oli.* Good Sir Toby ! 130

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

*Sir To.* Lechery ! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he ?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool ?

*Olo.* Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner, and let

him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned : go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit.



*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* Has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o' man is he ?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind.

160

*Oli.* What manner of man ?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he ?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before tis a peacock, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 171

*Oli.* Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA, and Attendants.*

*Vio.* The honorable lady of the house, which is she ?

*Oli.* Speak to me ; I shall answer for her. Your will ? 180

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comitable, even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir ? 189

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian ?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart ; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not the fool I play. Are you the lady of the house ?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned : I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir ? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber ; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind : I am a messenger. 220

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overtire of war, no taxation of homage : I hold the olive in my hand ; my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ? 229

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appeared in me I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead ; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone : we will hear this divinity. [Exit *Maria* and Attendants.] Now, sir, what is your text ?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady.—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ? 240

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom ! In what chapter of his bosom ?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it : it is heresy. Have you no more to say ?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face ? You are now out of your text : but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present : is't not well done ?

[Unveiling.]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grim, sir ; 'twill endure wind and weather. [white

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on Lady, you are the emell'dst she alive, If you will lead these graves to the grave 260 And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty : it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will : as, item, two lips, indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them ; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud :

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 270  
My lord and master loves you : O, such love  
Could be but recompensed, though you were  
crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty !

*Oli.* How does he love me ?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of  
fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind ; I can-  
not love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;  
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and  
valiant :

And in dimension and the shape of nature 280  
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense ;  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you ?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house ;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night :  
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills 291  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out 'Olivia !' O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me !

*Oli.* You might do much.  
What is your parentage ?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is  
well :

I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord ;  
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again, 300  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :  
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no fe'd post, lady ; keep your  
purse :

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall  
love ;

And let your fervor, like my master's, be  
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[Exit.]

*Oli.* 'What is your parentage ?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :  
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art ; 310  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and  
spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast :  
soft, soft

Unless the master were the man. How now ?  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What ho, Malvolio !

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,

The county's man : he left this ring behind  
him,

Would I or not : tell him I'll none of it. 321  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for  
him :

If that the youth will come this way to-mor-  
row,

I'll give him reasons for't : hie thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [Exit.]

*Oli.* I do I know not what, and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not  
owe :

What is decreed must be, and be this so. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer ? nor will you  
not that I go with you ?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine  
darkly over me : the malignancy of my fate  
might perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I  
shall crave of you your leave that I may bear  
my evils alone : it were a bad recompence for  
your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you  
are bound. 10

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir : my determinate voyage  
is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you  
so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will  
not extort from me what I am willing to keep  
in ; therefore it charges me in manners the  
rather to express myself. You must know of  
me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian,  
which I called Roderigo. My father was that  
Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you  
have heard of. He left behind him myself and  
a sister, both born in an hour : if the heavens  
had been pleased, would we had so ended !  
but you, sir, altered that ; for some hour before  
you took me from the breach of the sea  
was my sister drowned.

*Ant.* Alas the day !

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she  
much resembled me, was yet of many account  
beautiful : but, though I could not with  
such estimable wonder overfar believe that,  
yet thus far I will boldly publish her ; she bo-

a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court : farewell. [Exit.

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

#### SCENE II. A street.

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia ?

*Vi.* Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir : you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vi.* She took the ring of me ; I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so returned : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

*Vi.* I left no ring with her : what means this lady ?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her !

She made good view of me ; indeed, so much, That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.

I am the man : if it were so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !

For such as we are made of, such we be

How will this fadge ? my master loves her dearly ;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this ? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love ; As I am woman,—now alas the day !— What thrifless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe O time ! thou must untangle this, not I ; It is too hard a knot for me to untie ! [Exit.

#### SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes ; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.—

*Sir And.* Nay, my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early : so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say ! a stoup of wine !

#### Enter CLOWN.

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts ! did you never see the picture of 'we three' ?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast i' very gracious fooling last night, when thou spakest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quæbus : 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lemma : hadst it ?

*Clo.* I did impetuos thy gratillity ; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock : my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent ! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on ; there is sixpence for you let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a—

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay : I care not for good life.

*Clo.* [Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?  
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming

That can sing both high and low :

Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* [Sings]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure: 50  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

*Clo.* 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained int' to call thee knave, knight. 70

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mari.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 79

*Sir To.* My lady's a Catajum, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyally. [Sings]

'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!  
Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December;—' 91

*Mari.* For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coxcomb's catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up! 101

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone. 110

*Mari.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* His eyes do show his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* 'But I will never die.'

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to yo'z.

*Sir To.* 'Shall I bid him go?'

*Clo.* 'What an if you do?'

*Sir To.* 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

*Clo.* 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.' 121

*Sir To.* Out o' time, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

*Mari.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 141

*Mal.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess us, possess us; tell us some thing of him. 150

*Mari.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

*Sir To.* What for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mal.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that



*"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,  
There shall be no more cakes and ale?"*

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all that look on him love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do ?

*Mari.* I will drop in ins way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece : on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent ! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him. 180

*Mari.* My purpose is indeed, a horse of that color.]

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mari.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, twill be admirable !

*Mari.* Sport royal, I warrant you : I know my physic will work wth him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter : observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me : what o' that ?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 201

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight : if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack ; 'tis too late to go to bed now : come, knight ; come, knight. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV. *The DUKE's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night : Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollect'd terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times : Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it ? 10

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio. Music plays. Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it remember me ; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? 20

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly : My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves :

Hath it not, boy ?

*Vio.* A little, by your favor.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't ?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What

years, i' faith ?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven : let still the woman take 30

An elder than herself : so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart : For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are,

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ; For women are as roses, whose fair flower Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. 40

*Vio.* And so they are : alas, that they are so ; To die, even when they to perfection grow !

*Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.*

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ; The spinsters and the knitters in the sun And the free maids that weave their thread with bones

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir ?

*Duke.* Ay ; prithee, sing. [Music.

#### SONG.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death, And in sad cypress let me be laid Fly away, fly away, breath ; I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it !

My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60  
On my black coffin let there be strown ;

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall  
be thrown :  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there !

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir : I take pleasure in singing, sir. 70

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opt. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where ; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit. 81]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Curso and Attendants retire.

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Fio. But if she cannot love you, sir ? 90

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Fio. Sooth, but you must.  
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;  
You tell her so ; must she not then be answ'rd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart ; no woman's  
heart

So big, to hold so much : they lack retention  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, 100  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt ;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much : make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

Fio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Fio. Too well what love women to men  
may owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man, 110  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Fio. A blank, my lord. She never told her  
love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in  
thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?  
We men may say more, swear more : but indeed

Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove 120  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Fio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too : and yet I know not. Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme. To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say, My love can give no place, bide no delay.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come : if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here. 10

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue : shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India !

Mur. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk : he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! Lie thou there [throws down a letter], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Exit.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he jets under his advanced plumes !

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue !

Sir To. Peace, I say

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio

19

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue !

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace !

*Mal.* There is example for't ; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel !

*Fab.* O, peace ! now he's deeply in : look how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

50

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone !

*Fab.* O, peace, peace !

*Mal.* And then to have the humor of state ; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

61

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles !

*Fab.* O peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; courtesies there to me.—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live ?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace.

71

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.—

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

*Mal.* Saying, ‘Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech’—

*Sir To.* What, what ?

80

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.’

*Sir To.* Out, scab !

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* ‘Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight.’—

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

89

*Mal.* ‘One Sir Andrew.’—

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

90

*Mal.* What employment have we here ?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gun.

*Sir To.* O, peace ! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him !

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand ; these be her very C's, her U's and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's and her T's : why that ?

100

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] ‘To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes ;’—her very phrases !

By your leave wax. Soft ! and the impresa

sure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal—tis my lady. To whom should this be ?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads.*]

Jove knows I love :

But who ?

Lips, do not move ;

No man must know.

110

‘No man must know.’ What follows ? the numbers altered ! ‘No man must know :’ if this should be thee, Malvolio !

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock !

*Mal.* [*Reads.*]

I may command where I adore :

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

*Fab.* A fustian riddle !

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

120

*Mal.* ‘M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.’ Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

*Fab.* What dish o' poison has she dressed him in !

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel checks at it !

*Mal.* ‘I may command where I adore.’ Why, she may command me : I serve her ;

she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity ; there is no obstruction in this : and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend ? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly ! M, O, A, I,—

*Sir To.* O, ay, make up that : he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will ery upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* M,—Malvolio ; M,—why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

140

*Mal.* M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should follow, but O does.

*Fab.* And O shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O !

*Mal.* And then I comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

150

*Mal.* M, O, A, I ; this simulation is not as the former ; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose.

[*Reads.*] ‘If this fall into thy hand, revolve, in my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them ; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue tang arguments of state : put thyself into the trick of singularity : she thus

advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered : I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more : this is open, I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did command my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her likin'. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised ! Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well ; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee : I will smile ; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.' [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. [Device.]

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this

Sir And. So could I too. 200

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?  
Sir And. Or o' mine either ?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either ? 209

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mor. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him ?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

Mor. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music : dost thou live by thy tabor ?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman ?

Clo. No such matter, sir : I do live by the church ; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 11

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age ! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit : how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

Vio. Nay, that's certain, they that daily nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir. 20

Vio. Why, man ?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man ?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing. 31

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something ; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you : if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool ?

Clo. No, indeed, sir ; the Lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings ; the husband's the bigger : I am indeed not her fool, but her corupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard ! 51

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one ; [Aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ? [use.]

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir ; 'tis well begged.  
*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar : Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir, I will construe to them whence you come ; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool :

And to do that well craves a kind of wit : He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time. 70  
 And, like the haggard, cheek at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labor as a wise man's art : For folly that he wisely shows is fit : But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours. 81

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir ; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. 91

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you !

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier : 'Rain odors ;' well.

*Vio.* My master hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* 'Odors,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed.' I'll get 'em all three all ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.] Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name ?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess. [World

*Oli.* My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment : You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours :

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts, On his behalf.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you, I bade you never speak again of him : But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres. 120

*Vio.* Dear lady.—

*Oli.* Give me leave, beseech you, I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you : so did I abuse Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you : Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours : what might you think ?

Have you not set mine honor at the stake And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving

Enough is shown : a cypress, not a bosom, Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a grize ; for 'tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud ! If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion than the wolf !

[Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you ; And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is alike to reap a proper man : There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho ! Grace and good disposition.

Attend your ladyship ! You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

*Oli.* Stay : I prhee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are,

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right : I am not what I am. [Be !

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am ? I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon Than love that would seem hid : love's night

is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honor, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth, 179  
And that no woman has ; nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam : never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again ; for thou perhaps  
mayst move  
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me ; I saw 't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me that. 10

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me ?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her ; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dullness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked : the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion ; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy. 31

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with valor ; for policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him ; hurt him in eleven places : my niece shall take note of it ; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor. 41

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand : be curt and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention : taunt him with the license of ink : if thou thou'st

him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down : go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you ?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the cubiebo : go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him : but you'll not deliver't ?

*Sir To.* Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wanropes cannot halfe them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will egle the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anat, my.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

### Enter MARIA

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

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*Mor.* If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered ?

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*Mor.* Most villainously : like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him : he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favor.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.* 90]

### SCENE III. A street.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you : But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you : my desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ; And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10 Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,





The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks ; and ever . . . oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :  
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do?  
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir : best first go see your  
lodging. 20

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night :  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me ;  
I do not without danger walk these streets :  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gal-  
leys

I did some service ; of such note indeed,  
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be  
answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his  
people.

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody  
nature : 30

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them ; which, for traffic's  
sake,

Most of our city did : only myself stood out ;  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's  
my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet, 40  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your  
knowledge  
With viewing of the town : there shall you  
have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse ? [toy

*Ant.* Happly your eye shall light upon some  
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you  
For an hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

*Oli.* I have sent after him : he says he'll  
come ;  
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or  
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio ? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes :  
Where is Malvolio ?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam ; but in very  
strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?  
*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but  
smile : your ladyship were best to have some  
guard about you, if he come ; for, sure, the  
man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.] I  
am as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio !

*Mar.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.

*Oli.* Smildest thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

*Mal.* Sad, lady ! I could be sad : this does  
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-  
gartering ; but what of that ? if it please the  
eye of one, it is with me as the very true son-  
net is, 'Please one, and please all.'

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man ? what is  
the matter with thee ?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow  
in my legs. It did come to his hands, and com-  
mands shall be executed : I think we do know  
the sweet Roman hand. 31

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio ?

*Mal.* To bed ! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll  
come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee ! Why dost thou  
smile so and kiss thy hand so oft ?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio ?

*Mal.* At your request ! yes ; nightingales  
answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous  
boldness before my lady ? 41

*Mal.* 'Be not afraid of greatness ;' 'twas  
well writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio ?

*Mal.* 'Some are born great,'—

*Oli.* Ha !

*Mal.* 'Some achieve greatness,'—

*Oli.* What sayest thou ?

*Mal.* 'And some have greatness thrust upon  
them.' 50

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee !

*Mal.* 'Remember who commended thy yellow  
stockings,'—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings !

*Mal.* 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

*Oli.* Cross-gartered !

*Mal.* 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest  
to be so ;'—

*Oli.* Am I made ?

*Mal.* 'If not, let me see thee a servant  
still.' 66

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the  
Count Orsino's is returned : I could hardly  
entreat him back : he attends your ladyship's  
pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.]  
Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to  
Where's my cousin Toby ? Let some of my

people have a special care of him : I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Enter Olivia and Maria.]

*Mal.* O, ho ! do you come near me now ? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me ! This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him : for she incites me to that in the letter. ‘ Cast thy humble slough,’ says she ; ‘ be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity ;’ and consequently sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ; but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And when she went away now, ‘ Let this fellow be looked to ;’ fellow ! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said ? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I’ll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is. How is’t with you, sir ? how is’t with you, man ?

*Mal.* Go off ; I discard you : let me enjoy my private : go off. 100

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! did not I tell you ? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha ! does she so ?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to ; peace, peace ; we must deal gently with him : let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? how is’t with you ? What, man ! defy the devil : consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say ? 110

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart ! Pray God, he be not bewitched !

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I’ll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress !

*Mar.* O Lord !

*Sir To.* Prithee, hold thy peace ; this is not the way : do you not see you move him ? let me alone with him. 122

*Fab.* No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock ! how dost thou, chuck ?

*Mal.* Sir !

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man ! ‘tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : hang him, foul collier ! 130

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx !

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element : you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Is’t possible ?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the inflection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we’ll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he’s mad : we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a binder of madmen. But see, but see.

*Enter SIR ANDREW.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

*Sir And.* Here’s the challenge, read it, I warrant there’s vinegar and pepper in’t.

*Fab.* Is’t so saucy ?

*Sir And.* Ay, is’t. I warrant him : do but read. 161

*Sir To.* Give me. [Reads] ‘ Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.’

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* [Reads] ‘ Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for’t.’

*Fab.* A good note ; that keeps you from the blow of the law. 169

*Sir To.* [Reads] ‘ Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly . but thou liest in thy throat ; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.’

*Fab.* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-less.

*Sir To.* [Reads] ‘ I will waylay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* [Reads] ‘ Thou killst me like a rogue and a villain.’ 180

*Fab.* Still you keep o’ the windy side of the law : good.

*Sir To.* [Reads] ‘ Fare thee well ; and God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I’ll give’t him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for’t . he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew ; scout me for him

at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailey; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away !

*Sir Aud.* Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less : therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth ; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor ; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece : give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone.

And laid mine honor too uncharily out : There's something in me that reproves my fault ;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

*Vi.* With the same 'havior that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;

Refuse it not : it hath no tongue to vex you ; And I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honor saved may upon asking give ?

*Vi.* Nothing but this ; your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honor may I give him that

Which I have given to you ?

*Vi.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow ; fare thee well :

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vi.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy intercessor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends

thee at the orchard-end : dismount thy tuck be bare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

*Uo.* You mistake, sir ; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me : my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

*Uo.* I pray you, sir, what is he ?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unlatched rapier and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulture. Ilob, nob, is his word ; give't or take't.

*Uo.* I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor : be like this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury : therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Uo.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

*Vi.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Uo.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him ? I will make your peace with him if I can.

*Uo.* I shall be much bound to you for't : I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight : I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a tirago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it

is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified : Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion : stand here, make a good show on't : this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

[To Fab.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel : I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* [To Vio.] There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow ; he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [Aside] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furions.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath !

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[They draw.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir To.* You, sir ! why, what are you ?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[They draw. 350]

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold ! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir ; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word : he will bear you easily and reins well.

*First Off.* This is the man ; do thy office.

*Sec. Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. 361

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away : he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. [To Vio.] This comes with seeking you :

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it. What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you 370 Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ; But be of comfort.

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, [trouble,

And, part, being prompted by your present Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;

I'll make division of my present with you : Hold, there's half my coffer.

381 Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none ; Nor know I you by voice or any feature :

I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

O heavens themselves !

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, Relieved him with such sanctity of love, And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*First Off.* What's that to us ? The time goes by : away !

*Ant.* But O how vile an idol proves this god

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind ; None can be call'd deform'd but the mankind : Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*First Off.* The man grows mad : away with him ! Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself : so do not I.  
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, 409  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight ; come hither,  
Fabian : we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of  
most sage saws.

*Vio.* He named Sebastian : I my brother  
know

Yet living in my glass ; even such and so  
In favor was my brother, and he went  
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,  
For him I imitate : O, if it prove,  
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and  
more a coward than a hare : his dishonesty  
appears in leaving his friend here in necessity  
and denying him ; and for his cowardship, ask  
Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, re-  
ligious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat  
him.

*Sir To.* Do ; enuff him soundly, but never  
draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not. — [Exit. 430]

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be noth-  
ing yet. [Exit.]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am  
not sent for you ?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow :  
Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith ! No, I do not  
know you ; nor I am not sent to you by my  
lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor  
your name is not Master Cesario ; nor this is  
not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere  
else : 11

Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly ! he has heard that  
word of some great man and now applies it to  
a fool. Vent my folly ! I am afraid this great  
lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I  
prithee now, ungrid thy strangeness and tell  
me what I shall vent to my lady : shall I vent  
to her that thou art coming ?

*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from  
me :

There's money for thee : if you tarry longer,  
I shall give worse payment. 21

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand.  
These wise men that give fools money get  
themselves a good report—after fourteen years'  
purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again ?  
there's for you.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and  
there.

Are all the people mad ?

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger  
o'er the house. 31

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight : I  
would not be in some of your coats for two  
pence. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Come on, sir : hold.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone : I'll go another  
way to work with him : I'll have an action  
of battery against him, if there be any law in  
Illyria : though I struck him first, yet it's  
no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand. 40

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go.  
Come, my young soldier, put up your iron :  
you are well fleshed : come on.

*Clo.* I will be free from thee. What wouldest  
thou now ? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy  
sword.

*Sir To.* What, what ? Nay, then I must  
have an ounce or two of this malapert blood  
from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

*Oli.* Hold, Toby ; on thy life I charge thee,  
hold !

*Sir To.* Madam ! 50

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious  
wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of  
my sight !

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesthy, be gone !

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]  
I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,  
And hear thou there how many fruitless  
pranks

This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby  
Mays't smile at this : thou shalt not choose but  
go : 61

Do not deny. Besmew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this ? how runs the  
stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :  
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe sleep ;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

*Oli.* Nay, come, I prithee ; would thou 'ldst  
be ruled by me !

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be ! [Exit.]

SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

*Mor.* Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and  
this beard : make him believe thou art Sir  
Topas the curate ; do it quickly ; I'll call Sir  
Toby the whilst. [Exit.]

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will disseminate myself in't ; and I would I were the first that ever disseminated in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

*Enter Sir Toby and Maria.*

*Sir To.* Joye blessthee, master Parson.

*Clo.* Bonos dies, Sir Toby : for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen or ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is ;' so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson ; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is' ?

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas. 20

*Clo.* What ho, I say ! peace in this prison !

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

*Mal.* [Within] Who calls there ?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man ! talkest thou nothing but of ladies ? 30

*Sir To.* Well said, Master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged : good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad : they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan ! I call thee by the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy : sayest thou that that house is dark ?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas. 39

*Clo.* Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as Instrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas : I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are : make the trial of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl ?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 60

*Clo.* Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas !

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas !

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mur.* Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown : he sees thee not. 70

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him : I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exit Sir Toby and Maria.]

*Clo.* [Singing] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, Tell me how thy lady does.' 80

*Mal.* Fool !

*Clo.* 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

*Mal.* Fool !

*Clo.* 'Alas, why is she so ?'

*Mal.* Fool, I say !

*Clo.* 'She loves another' —Who calls, ha ?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper : as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio ? 90

*Mal.* good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits ?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well ? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say ; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas !

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say ! 110

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light and some paper : I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day that you were, sir !

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light ; and convey what I will set down to my lady : it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 120

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed ? or do you but counterfeit ?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree : I prithee, be gone.

*Clo.* [Singing] I am gone, sir,

And anon, str,

130

I'll be with you again,  
 In a trice,  
 Like to the old Vice,  
 Your need to sustain ;  
 Who, with dagger of lath,  
 In his rage and his wrath,  
 Cries, ah, ha ! to the devil :  
 Like a mad lad,  
 Pare thy nails, dad ;      140  
 ¶ Adieu, good man devil. [Exit.

## SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;  
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't ;  
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then ?  
 I could not find him at the Elephant :  
 Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,  
 That he did range the town to seek me out.  
 His counsel now might do me golden service ;  
 For though my soul disputes well with my  
 sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,  
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes  
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades  
 me.

To any other trust but that I am mad  
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,  
 She could not sway her house, command her  
 followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
 With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing.      19

As I perceive she does : there's something in't  
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes

*Enter OLIVIA and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you  
 mean well,

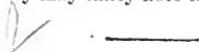
Now go with me and with this holy man  
 Into the chantry by : there, before him,  
 And underneath that consecrated roof,  
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith :  
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it  
 Whilst you are willing it shall come to note.  
 What time we will our celebration keep      30  
 According to my birth. What do you say ?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with  
 you ;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father ; and  
 heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine !

*[Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. Before OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see  
 this letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another  
 request.

*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompense  
 desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CERIO, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends ?

*Clo.* Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well : how dost thou, my good fellow ?      11

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.
*Duke.* How can that be ?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass : so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused : so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me : there's gold.      31

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer : there's another.

*Clo.* Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all ; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of Saint Benet, sir, may put you in mind ; one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.      [Exit.

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well ; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeare'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war : A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ; With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet,      66

That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honor on him. What's the  
matter?

*First Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from  
Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and  
state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir, drew on my  
side ;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me :  
I know not what 'twas but distraction. 71

*Duke.* Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their  
mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies ?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleased that I shake off these names you  
give me :

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate.  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,  
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem : wreck past hope he was :  
His life I gave him and did thereto add  
My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication ; for his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town ;  
Drew to defend him when he was beset :  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 90  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty years removed thing  
While one would wink ; denied me mine own  
purse,

Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be ?

*Duke.* When came he to this town ?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord ; and for three  
months before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess : now  
heaven walks on earth. 100

But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are  
madness :

Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;  
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may  
not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam !

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—      *Lord,—*

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario ? Good my

*Vio.* My lord would speak ; my duty hushes  
me. 110

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel ?

*Oh.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness ? you uncivil  
lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauispuicous altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed  
out

That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

*Oh.* Even what it please my lord, that  
shall become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart  
to do it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love ?—a savage jealousy  
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me  
this :

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your  
favor,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still ;  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender  
dearly,

How will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in  
mischief :

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

*Oh.* Where goes Cesario ?

*Vio.* After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my  
life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnessess above 140

Punish my life for tainting of my love !

*Oh.* Ay me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

*Vio.* Who does beguile you ? who does do  
you wrong ?

*Oh.* Hast thou forgot thyself ? is it so long ?  
Call forth the holy father.

*Duke.* Come, away !

*Oli.* Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband,  
stay,

*Duke.* Husband !

*Oli.* Ay, husband : can he that deny ?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah !

*Oli.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety : 150  
Fear not, Cesario ; take thy fortunes up ;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou  
art

As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

*O.*, welcome, father !  
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold, though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now

**Reveals** before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and  
me.

*Pries'* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,      161  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your  
rings.

And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward  
my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling ebb ! what wilt  
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, 169  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?  
Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest—

*Ob.*      O, do not swear,  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much  
fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon !  
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Ob.* What's the matter ?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across and  
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too ;  
for the love of God, your help ! I had rather  
than forty pound I were at home.      181

*Ob.* who it is done this, Sir Andrew ?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario ; we took him for a coward, but he's the  
very devil incarnate.

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario ?

*Sir And.* O, tis lifelings, here he is ! You  
brose my head for nothing ; and that that I  
did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* why do you speak to me ? I never  
hurt you :      190

You drew your sword upon me without cause ;  
But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,  
you have hurt me : I think you set nothing  
by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.*

Here comes Sir Toby halting ; you shall hear  
more ; but if he had not been in drink, he  
would have tickled you othergates than he did.

*Duke.* How now, gentleman ! how is't with  
you ?      200

*Sir To.* That's all one : has hurt me, and  
there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick sur-  
geon, sot ?

*Clo.* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour  
agone ; his eyes were set at eight i' the morn-  
ing.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, fand a passy  
measures panyn : I hate a drunken rogue.

*Ob.* Away with him ! Who hath made this  
havoc with them ?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because  
we'll be dressed together.      211

*Sir To.* Will you help ? an ass-head and a  
coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave,  
a gull !

*Ob.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be  
look'd to. [Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby,  
and Sir Andrew.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your  
kinsman ; But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by  
that

I do perceive it hath offended you :      220  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and  
two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not !

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio !

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,  
Since I have lost thee !

*Ant.* Sebastian are you ?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

*Ant.* How have you made division of your-  
self ?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin      230  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

*Ob.* Most wonderful !

*Seb.* Do I stand there ? I never had a bro-  
ther ;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-  
vour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me ?  
What countryman ? what name ? what parent-  
age ?

*Vio.* Of Messaline : Sebastian was my  
father ;

Snech a Sebastian was my brother too,      240  
So went he suet'd to his watery tomb :  
If spirits can assume both form and suit  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed ;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola !'

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow      250  
*Seb.* And s' had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from  
her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul !  
He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohore and jump  
That I am Viola : which to confirm,      260  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help

I was preserved to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [To *Olivia*.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid : Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, 269 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To *Viola*.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vi.* And all those sayings will I overswear ;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand ; And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vi.* The captain that did bring me first on shore

Hath my maid's garments . be upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him . fetch Malvolio hither :

And yet, alas, now I remember me, They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

How does he, sirrah ? 290

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end as well as a man in his case may do : has here writ a letter to you ; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

*Oli.* Open 't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam,' — 300

*Oli.* How now ! art thou mad ?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

*Oli.* Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madonna , but to read his right wits is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. [To *Fabian*.]

*Fab.* [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your owt letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with

the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

320

*Oli.* Did he write this ?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savors not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither. [Exit *Fabian*.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

[To *Viola*.] Your master quits you ; and for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex, 330  
So fair beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand : you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister ! you are she,

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman ?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio !

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio ? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand : 339  
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase ;  
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :  
You can say none of this : well, grant it then  
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people ;  
And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 350  
And made the most notorious geek and gull That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character :  
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad ; then camest in smiling.

And in such forms which here were presupposed  
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content :  
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ; 360

But when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceiv'd against him : Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance ; 371  
In recompense whereof he hath married her  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled  
thee !

*Clo.* Why, 'some are born great, some  
achieve greatness, and some have greatness  
thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this  
interlude; one Sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one.  
'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do  
you remember ? 'Madam, why laugh you at  
such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's  
gagged ;' and thus the whifflig of time brings  
in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of  
you. *Exit.*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abused.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a  
peace :

He hath not told us of the captain yet : 390  
When that is known and golden time convents,  
A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come,  
For so you shall be, while you are a man ;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

*[Exeunt all, except Clown.]*

*Clo.* [Sings]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy, 409  
For the rain it raineth every day,

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, &c.  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their  
gate,  
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,  
With hey, ho, &c.  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds, 410  
With hey, ho, &c.  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world began,  
With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done,  
*Exit.*  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1601.)

## INTRODUCTION.

This tragedy was produced as early as 1601; so we infer from a passage in Weaver's *Mirror of Martyrs* (1601) in which reference is made to the speeches of Brutus and Antony. The style of the versification, the diction, the characterization, all bear out the opinion that 1600 or 1601 is the date of *Julius Cæsar*. The historical materials of the play were found by the dramatist in the lives of Cæsar, of Brutus, and of Antony, as given in North's translation of Plutarch. Hints for the speeches of Brutus and Antony seem to have been obtained from Appian's *Civil Wars* (B. II., ch. 137-147) translated into English in 1558. Every thing is wrought out in the play with great care and completeness; it is well planned and well proportioned; there is no tempestuousness of passion, and no artful mystery. The style is full, but not overburdened with thought or imagery; this is one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's plays; greater tragedies are less perfect, perhaps for the very reason that they try to grasp greater, more terrible, or more piteous themes. In *King Henry V.* Shakespeare had represented a great and heroic man of action. In the serious plays, which come next in chronological order, *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*, the poet represents two men who were forced to act—to act in public affairs, and affairs of life and death—yet who were singularly disqualified for playing the part of men of action. Hamlet cannot act because his moral energy is sapped by a kind of skepticism and sterile despair about life, because his own ideas are more to him than deeds, because his will is diseased. Brutus does act, but he acts as an idealist and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideas rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of practical mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. In his wife—Cato's daughter, Portia—Brutus has found one who is equal to and worthy of himself. Shakespeare has shown her as perfectly a woman—sensitive, finely-tempered, tender—yet a woman who by her devotion to moral ideas might stand beside such a father and such a husband. And Brutus, with all his Stoicism, is gentle and tender: he can strike down Cæsar if Cæsar be a tyrant, but he cannot roughly rouse a sleeping boy (Act IV., Sc. iii., L. 270). Antony is a man of genius, with many splendid and some generous qualities, but self-indulgent, pleasure-loving, and a daring adventurer rather than a great leader of the State. The character of Cæsar is conceived in a curious and almost irritating manner. Shakespeare (as passages in other plays show) was certainly not ignorant of the greatness of one of the world's greatest men. But here it is his weaknesses that are insisted on. He is failing in body and mind, influenced by superstition, yields to flattery, thinks of himself as almost superhuman, has lost some of his insight into character, and his sureness and swiftness of action. Yet the play is rightly named *Julius Cæsar*. His bodily presence is weak, but his spirit rules throughout the play, and rises after his death in all its might, towering over the little band of conspirators, who at length fall before the spirit of Cæsar as it ranges for revenge.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR,		CINNA, a poet.	Another Poet.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		LUCILIUS,	
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		TITINIUS,	
M. ÈMILIIUS LEPIDUS,	triumvirs after death of Julius Cæsar.	MESSALA,	friends to Brutus and Cassius.
CICERO,		Young CATO,	
PUBLIUS,	senators	VOLUMNIUS,	
POPILIUS LENA,		VARRO,	
MARCUS BRUTUS,		CLITUS,	
CASSIUS,		CLAUDIUS,	
CASCA,		STRATO,	servants to Brutus.
TREBONIUS,	conspirators against Julius Cæsar.	LUCIUS,	
LIGARIUS,		DARDANIUS,	
DECIUS BRUTUS,		PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.	
METELLIUS CIMBER,			CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.
CINNA,			PORTIA, wife to Brutus.
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.			Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetorice.			SCENE : Rome : the neighborhood of Sardis : the neighborhood of Philippi.
A Soothsayer.			

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.**Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.*

*Flor.* Hence ! home, you idle creatures get you home : Is this a holiday ? what ! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a laboring day without the sign Of your profession ? Speak, what trade art thou ?

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron and thy rule ?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on ? You, sir, what trade are you ?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.*Mar.* But what trade art thou ? answer me directly.*Sec. Com.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.*Mar.* What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave, what trade ?*Sec. Com.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me : yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.*Mar.* What meanest thou by that ? mend me, thou saucy fellow !*Sec. Com.* Why, sir, cobble you.*Flor.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather Pave gone upon my handiwork.*Flor.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome : And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, 50 To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores ? And do you now put on your best attire ? And do you now pull out a holiday ? And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ? Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude. 60

*Flor.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort : Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.* See whether their basest metal be not moved ; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol ; This way will I : disrobe the images,

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flor.* It is no matter : let no images Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about, And drive away the vulgar from the streets : So do you too, where you perceive them thick, These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*SCENE II. *A public place.*

*Flourish.* *Enter CESAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA : a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

*Ces.* Calpurnia !*Cas.* Peace, ho ! Caesar speaks. Calpurnia !*Cas.* Here, my lord.*Cas.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way, When he doth run his course. Antonius !*Ant.* Caesar, my lord ?*Cas.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia ; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.*Ant.* I shall remember : When Caesar says 'do this,' it is perform'd. 10*Cas.* Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.[*Flourish.**Sooth.* Caesar !*Cas.* Ha ! who calls ?*Cas.* Bid every noise be still : peace yet again !*Ces.* Who is it in the press that calls on me ? I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Caesar !' Speak ; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that ?  
*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides  
 of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me ; let me see his  
 face. 20

*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng ; look  
 upon Caesar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now ? speak  
 once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :  
 pass. [Senet. Exeunt all except

*Brutus* and *Cassius*.

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course ?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cæs.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some  
 part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires : 30  
 I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
 And show of love as I was wont to have :  
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
 Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
 Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look  
 To turn the trouble of my countenance  
 Merely upon myself. vexed I am  
 Of late with passions of some difference, 40  
 Conceptions only proper to myself,  
 Which give some soil perhaps to my beha-  
 viors ; [grieved—

But let not therefore my good friends be  
 Among which number, Cassius, be you one—  
 Nor construe any further my neglect,  
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cæs.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook  
 your passion ;  
 By means whereof this breast of mine hath  
 buried 49

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not it-  
 self,

But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cæs.* 'Tis just :  
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow. I have  
 heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
 Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus 60  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me,  
 Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself  
 For that which is not in me ?

*Cæs.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared  
 to hear :

And since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of,  
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus : 71  
 Were I a common laugher, or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protester ; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard  
 And after scandal them, or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout

*Bru.* What means this shouting ? I do fear,  
 the people

Choose Caesar for their king.

*Cæs.* Ay, do you fear it ? 80  
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him  
 well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
 What is it that you would impart to me ?  
 If it be aught toward the general good,  
 Set honor in one eye and death i' the other  
 And I will look on both indifferently,  
 For let the gods so speed me as I love  
 The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Cæs.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brun-  
 tus, 90

As well as I do know your outward favor.  
 Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
 I cannot tell what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Caesar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well, and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he :  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Caesar said to me ' Darest thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ? ' Upon the word,  
 Accoultred as I was, I plunged in  
 And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.  
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy :  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110  
 Caesar cried ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink !'  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of  
 Tiber

Did I the tired Caesar. And this man  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,  
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120  
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did  
 shake :  
 His coward lips did from their color fly,  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the  
 world

Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the  
 Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world.      130  
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are  
For somenew honors that are heap'd on Cesar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the nar-  
row world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates;  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,      140  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cesar: what should be in that  
'Cesar'?

Why should that name be sounded more than  
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cesar.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cesar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
shamed!      150

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great  
flood,

But it was famed with more than with one  
man?

When could they say till now, that talk'd of  
Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have  
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.      161

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing  
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim:  
How I have thought of this and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further moved. What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say

I will with patience hear, and find a time      169  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from

Brutus. [turning.]

*Bru.* The games are done and Cesar is re-  
*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the  
sleeve:

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter Cesar and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cesar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a children train:  
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferre and such fiery eyes  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.      190

*Ces.* Antonius?

*Ant.* Cesar?

*Ces.* Let me have men about me that are  
fat;

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cesar; he's not danger-  
ous;

He is a noble Roman and well given.

*Cas.* Would he were fatter! But I fear  
him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid      200  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,  
He is a great observer and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no  
plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.  
And therefore are they very dangerous.      210

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear; for always I am Cesar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Scen. Exeunt Cesar and all his  
Train, but Casca.*

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would  
you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced  
to-day.

That Caesar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were  
you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had  
chanced.      219

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered  
him; and being offered him, he put it by with  
the back of his hand, thus; and then the  
people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Tus.* They shouted thrice: what was the  
last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, wasn't; and he put it by  
thrice, every time gentler than other, and at  
every putting-by mine honest neighbors  
shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown ?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown :—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar : for he swounded and fell down at it : and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you : what, did Caesar swound ?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like : he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Caesar hath it not ; but you and I And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that : but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself ?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul !' and forgave him with all their hearts : but there's no heed to be taken of them ; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

*Casca.* Ay.

280

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing ?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect ?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again : but those that understand him smiled at one another and shook their heads : but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too :

Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good : I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now in execution 301

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you :

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you ; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so : till then, think of the world [Exit Brutus. 311

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see, Thy honorable metal may be wrought From that it is disposed : therefore it is meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes ; For who so firm that cannot be seduced ? Caesar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius, He should not humor me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, 321 Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name ; wherein ob-

scurely Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at : And after this let Caesar seat him sure : For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

*Thunder and lightning.* Enter from opposite sides, *CASCA*, with his sword drawn, and *CICERO*.

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : brought you Caesar home ?

Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rivet'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds : But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 16

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besi's—*I ha' not* since put up my sword—  
Against the Capitol I met a lion. 20  
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me : and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear ; who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These are their reasons ; they are natural ;'  
For, I believe, they are portentous things 31  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
But men may construe things after their fashion, 35  
[selves.

Clean from the purpose of the things them-selves.  
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-mor-  
row.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca : this dis-  
turbed sky

Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero. 40

Enter CASSIUS.

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens men-  
ace so ?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And, thus embrac'd, Casca, as you see,  
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone :  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca, and those spar-  
of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze  
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,  
Why old men fool and children calculate,  
Why all these things change from their ordi-  
nance

Their natures and preformed faculties  
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infused them with these  
spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warn-  
ing 70

Unto some monstrous state.  
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and  
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Caesar that you mean ; is it not.

*Cassius?*

*Cas.* Let it be who it is : for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;  
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spir-  
its ;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say the senators to-  
morrow

Mean to establish Caesar as a king :  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then :

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius : 90  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

*Casca.* So can I : 100  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Caesar be a tyrant then ?

Poor man ! I know he would not be a woful,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds,  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate 110  
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak  
this

Before a willing bondman ; then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca, and to such a  
man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :  
Be factions for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made. 120  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable-dangerous consequence ;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful  
night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets ;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favor's like the work we have in hand,  
Mo't bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes  
one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his  
gait ;  
He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that ? Metel-  
lus Cimber ?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* I am glad on 't. What a fearful night  
is this ! [sighs.]

There's two or three of us have seen strange  
*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.  
O Cassius, if you could 140  
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

*Cas.* Be you content : good Cinna, take  
this paper,  
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw  
this

In at his window ; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall  
find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's  
gone 149  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will lie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.  
[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's  
hearts :

And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160  
*Cas.* Him and his worth and our great need  
of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight ; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him.  
[Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho !  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ! what,  
Lucius ?

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord ?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [Exit.]

*Bru.* It must be by his death : and for my  
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him, 11  
But for the general. He would be crown'd :  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?  
— that :—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of  
Cæsar, 19

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common  
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the  
quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities : 31  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-  
chievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.  
[Gives him the letter.]

*Bru.* Get you to bed again ; it is not day,  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ? 40

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me  
word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. [Exit.

*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air  
Give so much light that I may read by them,

[Opens the letter and reads.

'Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thy-  
self.'

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !  
Brutus, thou sleep'st : aw'ke !'

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up. 50

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out :  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ?

What, Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

'Speak, strike, redress !' Am I entreated  
To speak and strike ? O Rome, I make thee

promise :

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.  
[Knocking without.

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody  
knocks. [Exit LUCIUS. 60

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cesar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the intermix is

Like a phantasmas, or a hideous dream :

The Genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council ; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the  
door.

Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone ? 71

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them ?

*Luc.* No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about

their ears.

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favor.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter. [Exit LUCIUS.  
They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by  
night,

When evils are most free ? O, then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough so

To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none,  
conspiracy :

Hide it in smiles and affability :

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,  
Net Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA,  
DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and  
TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your  
rest :

Good morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you ?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all

night. Know I these men that come along with you ?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them, and no man  
here 90

But honors you ; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome either.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this,

Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word ? 100

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the east : doth not the day  
break here ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray

lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both  
deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,  
Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher toward the

north

He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here. 111

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by  
one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath : if not the face of  
men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120

To kindle cowards and to steel with valor  
The melting spirits of women, then, country-

men,

What need we any spur but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress ? what other bond  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the  
word,

And will not palter ? and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engaged,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
Swear priests and cowards and men cantelous,

Old feeble carions and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not  
stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think that or our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero ? shall we sound  
him ?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.*

No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him, for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not : let us not break  
with him ;

For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only  
Cæsar ?

*Cas.* Decius, well urged : I think it is not  
meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his  
means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
Asto annoy us all : which to prevent,

Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,

170 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary and not envious :  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.

180 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him ;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of  
him :

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar :  
And that were much he should ; for he is given

To sports, to wildness and much company.  
*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not  
die ;

190 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

*Bru.* Peace ! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;

For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,

200 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that : if he be so resolved,  
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils and men with flatterers ;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work ;

For I can give his humor the true bent,

210 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch  
him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour : is that the utter-  
most ?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not  
then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him :  
He loves me well, and I have given him rea-  
sons ;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon 's : we'll  
leave you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all re-  
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true  
Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and mer-  
Let not our looks put on our purposes,  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untired spirits and formal constancy :

And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.  
Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
230 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

*Por.* Brutus, my lord !

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you ? wherefore  
rise you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've un-  
gently, Brutus,



BRUTUS AND PORTIA



**Stole from my bed:** and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, 239  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks ;  
I urged you further ; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot ;  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But, with an angry wraught of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 250  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. 260

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and stuck up the humors  
Of the dark morning ? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of : and, upon my knees, 270  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you : for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.  
*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets 281  
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in  
the suburbs

Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honorable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart. 290

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know  
this secret.

I grant I am a woman ; but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :  
I grant I am a woman ; but withal  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded ?  
Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose 'em ;  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300  
Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets ?

*Bru.* O ye gods, Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[Knocking within.

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile ;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the character of my sad brows :  
Leave me with haste. [Exit *Portia.*] Lucius,  
who's that knocks ?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

*Luc.* He is a sick man that would speak with you. 310

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. Boy, stand aside. Cains Ligarius ! how ?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Cains,  
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320  
I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !  
Brave son, derived from honorable loins !  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible :

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?  
*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick ?  
*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Cains,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me, then. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night :

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's with-  
in?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Ces.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Caesar? think you  
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Ces.* Caesar shall forth: the things that  
threaten'd me

10

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall  
see,

The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

*Cd.* Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and  
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yelded up their  
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

21

The noise of battle hurr'd in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the  
streets.

O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Ces.* What can be avoided

Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?  
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

*Cd.* When beggars die, there are no comets  
seen;

30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death  
of princes.

*Ces.* Cowards die many times before their  
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should  
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth  
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Ces.* The gods do this in shame of coward-  
ice:

41

Caesar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well  
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;

And Caesar shall go forth.

*Cd.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear

50

That keeps you in the house, and not your  
own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Ces.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well;  
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIUS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy  
Caesar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Ces.* And you are come in very happy  
time,

60

To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

*Cd.* Say he is sick.

*Ces.* Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Caesar, let me know some  
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

70

*Ces.* The cause is in my will: I will not  
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings, and

80

portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

90

*Ces.* And this way have you well ex-  
pounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I  
can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a  
mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say  
'Break up the senate till another time,  
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better  
dreams.'

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper  
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'? 101  
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.

Ces. How foolish do your fears seem now,  
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar

Ces. Welcome, Publius.  
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?  
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius, 111  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that sameague which hath made you lean.  
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Ces. I thank you for your pains and  
courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Ces. Bid them prepare within;  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.  
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!  
I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: [Aside] and so near  
will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been  
further.

Ces. Good friends, go in, and taste some  
wine with me; [gather.

And we, like friends, will straightway go to  
Bru. [Aside] That every like is not the  
same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!  
[Exit.

### SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed  
of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye  
to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well  
Metellus' Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee  
not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There  
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent  
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal,  
look about you: security gives way to con-  
spiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy  
lover,

'ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 11  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Another part of the same street,  
before the house of Brutus.

*Enter* PORCIUS and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here  
again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldest do  
there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'twixt my heart and  
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord  
look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well; I  
hear a bustling rumor, like a tray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

*Enter* the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast  
thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my  
stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou  
not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please  
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's in-  
tended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that  
I fear may chance. [Row:

Good morrow to you. Here the street is nar-  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.  
Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a  
thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!  
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.  
Run, Lucius, and command me to my lord;

Say I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.  
[Exeunt severally.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

*A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit

That touches Caesar nearer : read it, great Caesar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Caesar ; read it instantly,

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well. [Advances to Cæsar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wish'd to day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar ; mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known, Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, 21  
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus.

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is address'd : press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæs. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss

That Caesar and his senate must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be th'wd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning

Tay brother by decree is banished :

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way,

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother ? 51

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,

Cæsar :

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar ; Caesar, pardon : As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you : If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :

But I am constant as the northern star, 60  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place :

So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;

Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he, 70  
Let me a little show it, even in this ; That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me !

[Casca first, then the other Conspirators, and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies.

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.  
*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry  
out 80

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement?'  
*Bru.* People and senators, be not affrighted:  
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.  
*Cas.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dre.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this  
mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend  
of Caesar's

Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good  
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person, 90  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius, lest that the  
people, [chief,

Rushing on us, should do you age some mis-

*Bru.* Do so; and let no man abide this  
deed.

But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Tre.* Fleed to his house amazed: Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures: That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life 101

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, And, waxing our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

*Cas.* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence 111

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dre.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away: Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of

Rome. 121

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving: Say I love Brutus, and I honor him; Say I fear'd Caesar, honor'd him and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130 May safely come to him, and be resolved How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Through the hazards of this untried state With all true faith. So says my master Anthony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:

I never thought him worse. Tell him, so please him come unto this place, He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor, 141 Depart untouched.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well, I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, 151 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: If I myself, there is no hour so fit As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160 No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Caesar, and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony, beg not your death of us, Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act, You see we do, yet see you but our hands And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170 As fire drives out fire, so pity pities— Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeased  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause. 181  
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours : now yours, Me-

tellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say ? 190  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit  
me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.  
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true :  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy curse ?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood.

It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd,  
Brave hart ;  
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie ! 210

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius :  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this ;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Caesar so ;  
But what compact mean you to have with us ?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

*Int.* Therefore I took your hands, but was,  
indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on  
Caesar. 219

Friends am I with you all and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle :  
Our reasons are so full of good regard

That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek :  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place ;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.  
*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.  
[Aside to Bru.] You know not what you do :  
do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
Know you how much the people may be moved

By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* By your pardon ;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death :  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Caesar shall 240  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,  
And say you do't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.  
[Exeunt all but Antony.

*Int.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips, 260

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—  
A curse shall light upon the flimbs of men ;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use  
And dreadful objects so familiar  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270  
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war ;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Aut. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Caesar!— [Seeing the body. 281]

Aut. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes, Seeing those heads of sorrow stand in thine, Begun to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Aut. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 289 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile; Thou shalt not back till I have borne this curse into the market-place: there shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruel issue of these bloody men; According to the which, thou shalt discourse To young Octavius of the state of things. Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with Caesar's body.

## SCENE II. The Forum.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brut. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers. Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him: And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10 [Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brut. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar

were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house With shouts and clamors.

Brut. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Brut. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: 61 Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Anthony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Anthony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Aut. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [Goes into the pulpit. 70

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain :  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Sec. Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ; 80

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honorable man ;

So are they all, all honorable men—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me : 90

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Caesar seem ambitions ?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 100

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse; was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause :

What cause withdraws you then, to mourn for him ?

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ; 110

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters ? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 120

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Caesar Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honorable men : I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honorable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar ; I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament— Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will ! we will hear Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ; And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad : 149 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ; For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will : we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it : I fear I wrong the honorable men Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar ; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors : honorable men !

*All.* The will ! the testament ! *Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers : the will ! read the will. 160

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar, And let me show you him that made the will. Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*Several Cit.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend.

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*

*Fourth Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony. 170

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Several Cit.* Stand back ; room ; bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

"Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii :  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 181  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved  
him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty  
heart ; 190  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar  
fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here, 200  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle !  
*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

*Third Cit.* O woful day !

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains !

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Sec. Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn !  
Fire ! Kill ! Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen, 210  
*First Cit.* Peace there ! hear the noble Anthony.

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honorable :  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it : they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ; 221  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus, 230  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* Well mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what ? 240

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?  
Alas, you know not : I must tell you, then :  
You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Hero is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas,  
*Sec. Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

*Ant.* Hear me with patience. 250  
*All.* Peace, ho ! [walks,

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his His private arbors and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away !  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses,  
Take up the body. 261

*Sec. Cit.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows,  
any thing. [Exit *Citizens with the body.*

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot.

Take thou what course thou wilt !

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him ;  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 271  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome. [people.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exit.

*Scene III. A street.*  
*Enter CINNA the poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar.

And things unlucky charge my fantasy :  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* What is your name ?

*Sec. Cit.* Whither are you going ?

*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

*Sec. Cit.* Answer every man directly. 10

*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name ? Whither am I going ? Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man or a bachelor ? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly : wisely I say, I am bachelor.

*Sec. Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry : you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed ; directly. 21

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy ?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*Sec. Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling.—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces ; he's a conspirator. 31

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Fourth Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna ; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him ! Come, brands, ho ! fire-brands : to Brutus', to Cassius' ; burn all : some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's ; some to Ligarius' : away, go !

[*Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die : their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?

*Lep.* I do consent.—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house ; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here ? 16  
*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Leptanus.*

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands : is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it ?

*Oct.* So you thought him ; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die, In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you :

And though we lay these honors on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way ; And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius ; and for that I do appoint him store of provender : 30 It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ; He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth :

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds On abjects,orts and imitations, Which, out of use and staled by other men, Begin his fashion : do not talk of him, But as a property. And now, Octavins, 40 Listen great things :—Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers : we must straight make head :

Therefore let our alliance be combined, Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ; And let us presently go sit in council, How covert matters may be best disclosed, And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake, And bay'd about with many enemies ; And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50 Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*

##### SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers ; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho !

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho ! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

*Lucil.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master,

Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Bru.* I do not doubt 10  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius ;  
How he received you, let me be resolved.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect  
enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast described  
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be  
quarter'd :

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

*Bru.* Hark ! he is arrived. 30  
[Low march within.

March gently on to meet him.

*Enter Cassius and his powers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*First Sol.* Stand !

*Sec. Sol.* Stand !

*Third Sol.* Stand !

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done  
me wrong. [enemies ?

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! wrong I none  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides  
wrongs : 40

And when you do them —

*Bru.* Cassius, be content :  
Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well,  
Before the eyes of both our armies here, [us,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from  
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no  
man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our confer-  
ence.

**Let** Læucus and Titinius guard our door.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE III.** *Brutus's tent.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth ap-  
pear in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wronged yourself to write in  
such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his com-  
ment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold 11  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I am itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this  
corruption.

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head,

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March  
remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I, 30  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget my-  
self ;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no  
further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash  
choler ?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ? 40

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure  
all this ?

*Bru.* All this ! ay, more : fret till your  
proud heart break ;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I  
budge ?

Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you ; for, from this day  
forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ? 50  
*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so : make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : for mine own  
part.

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong  
me. Brutus :

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say 'better' ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Caesar lived, he durst not thus  
have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ! you durst not so have  
tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not !

60

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him !

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my  
love :

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be  
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied  
me :

70

For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to  
wring [trash]  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile  
By any indirection : I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me : was that done like  
Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Cains Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 79  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not : he was but a fool that  
brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived my  
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on  
me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such  
faults.

90

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they  
do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius,  
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is awarey of the world ;

Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults ob-

served,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by  
rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my  
dagger,

100

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar ; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst

him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger :  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

110

That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth  
him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd  
too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me  
your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brntus !

120

*Bru.* What's the matter ?  
*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear  
with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave  
me

Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you  
so.

*Poet.* [Within] Let me go in to see the  
generals ;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not  
meet

They be alone.

*Lucil.* [Within] You shall not come to  
them.

*Poet.* [Within] Nothing but death shall  
stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,  
and LUCIUS.*

*Cas.* How now ! what's the matter ?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals ! what do  
you mean ?

130

Love, and be friends, as two such men should  
be ;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic  
rhyme !

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow,  
hence !

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his  
fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humor, when he knows  
his time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling  
fools?

Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-  
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night 140

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring  
Messala with you

Immediately to us.

[*Exit Lucilius and Titinius.*

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been

so angry

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs,

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use;

If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia

is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia!

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd  
you so? 150

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark

Antony

Have made themselves so strong :—for with  
her death

That tidings came :—with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a  
bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble  
pledge. 160

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

Welcome, good Messala,  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.  
Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame  
tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of out-  
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription. 180

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of  
her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of  
her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me  
true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I  
tell: [Enter] 190

For certain she is dead, and by strange man-

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,

Messala: [Exit] 190

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should

endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do

you think?

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his sol-

diers, 200  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give  
place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forced affection:

For they have grudged us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encour-

aged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there, 211

These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note  
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life. 200

Is bound in shallows and in miseries,  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at  
Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity ;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good night :  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. [230]

*Bru.* Lucius ! [Enter *Lucius*.] My gown.

[Exit *Lucius*.] Farewell, good Messala :  
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !  
This was an ill beginning of the night :  
Never come such division 'twen our souls !  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mess.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Re-enter *LUCIUS*, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ? [240]  
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men :  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius !

Enter *VARRO* and *CLAUDIUS*.

*Var.* Calls my lord ?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep ;

It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Var. and Clau. lie down.]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Stand thou hold np thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy : I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir. [260]

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [Music, and a song.]  
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;  
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why comest thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[Exit Ghost.]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest :  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
Boy, Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !

Claudius !

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake !

*Luc.* My lord ?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lueius, that thou so criedst out ?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst : didst thou see any thing ?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius !

[300]

[To Var.] Fellow thou, awake !

*Var.* My lord ?

*Clau.* My lord ?

*Bru.* Why did you so ery out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Var.* Clau. Did we, my lord ?

*Bru.* Ay : saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var.* Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [305]

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered

You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
To visit other places ; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-  
age ;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals :  
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;  
Their bloody sign o' battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Up on the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the  
left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[March.]

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their  
Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and  
others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.  
*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and  
talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of  
battle ?

*Ant.* No, Caesar, we will answer on their  
charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some  
words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.  
*Bru.* Words before blows : is it so, country-  
men ?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you  
do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad  
strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give  
good words : 30

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying 'Long live ! hail, Caesar !'

*Cos.* Antony, the posture of your blows are yet unknown ;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And eave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your  
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar : 40

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd  
like hounds.

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet ;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers !

*Cas.* Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank your-

self.

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have ruled.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause : if arguing  
make us sweat.

The proof of it will turn to redder drops. 50

Look ; I draw a sword against conspirators ;

When think you that the sword goes up again ?

Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged ; or till another Caesar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors,

*Bru.* Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors'

hands, Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope.

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy

strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honor-

able. 60

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such

honor, Join'd with a masker and a reveller !

*Oct.* Old Cassius still !

*Cos.* Come, Antony, away !

D-fiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth : If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antonia, and their army.*

*Cas.* Why, now, blow wind, swell billow

and swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.* [Standing forth] My lord ?

*Cos.* Messala !

*Mess.* [Standing forth] What says my gen-  
eral ?

*Cos.* Messala, This is my birth-day ; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Mes-  
sala :

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epierus strong

And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;

Who to Philippi here consort'd us :

This morning are they fled away and gone :

And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cos.* I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit and resolved

To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together :  
What are you then determined to do ? 100

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself, I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life : arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome ? 110

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble  
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ; 121  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on. O, that a man  
might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come !  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums.* Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :  
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too  
early ;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further  
off ;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord : 10  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look,  
Titinius ;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in  
him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again ; that I may rest assured  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a  
thought. [Exit. 19]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what  
news ?

*Pin. [Above]* O my lord !

*Cas.* What news ?

*Pin. [Above]* Titinius is enclosed round  
about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on  
him. 30

Now, Titinius ! Now some light. O, he lights  
too. [for joy.]

He's ta'en. [Shout.] And, hark ! they shout

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

*PINDARUS descends.*

Come hither, sirrah :

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep  
thine oath ; 40

Now be a freeman : and with this good sword,  
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this  
bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the  
hilts ;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]

Cæsar, thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

*Pin.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have  
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. 50

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octa-  
vius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort  
Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill,

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart !

*Mes.* Is not that he ?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ; The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ; Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child, Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men [ceived,

The things that are not ? O error, soon comest Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee !

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ! where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it ; For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit *Messala*.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ? Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing ! But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. By your leave, gods :—this is a Roman's part : Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Kills himself. 90

*Alarum.* Re-enter *MESSALA*, with *BRUTUS*, young *CATO*, *STRATO*, *VOLUMNIUS*, and *LUCILIUS*.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it *Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain *Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !

They spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

*Cato.* Brave Titinius ! Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these ?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well ! It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body : His funerals shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfond us. Lucilius, come ; And come, young Cato, let us to the field. Labeo and Flavins, set our battles on : 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

*Alarum.* Enter fighting, Soldiers of both arms ; then *BRUTUS*, young *CATO*, *LUCILIUS*, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field : I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ; I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ; Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus ! [Exit.

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ; And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son. 11

*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.* Only I yield to die : There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ; [Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

*First Sold.* We must not. A noble prisoner !

*Sec. Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en. [the general.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony : Brutus is safe enough : I dare assure thee that no enemy

21

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus : The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe ; Give him all kindness : I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see whether Brutus be alive or dead ; 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How every thing is chanced. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter *BRUTUS*, *DARDANIUS*, *CLITUS*, *STRATO*, and *VOLUMNIUS*.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but,  
my lord,  
He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sui thee down, Clitus : slaying is the  
word :

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[Whispers.]

*Cli.* What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the  
world.

*Bru.* Peace then ! no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispers.]

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed ?

*Cli.* O Dardanius !

*Dar.* O Clitus ! 10

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to  
thee ?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he  
meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius ; list  
a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord ?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius :  
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,  
And, this last night, 'here in Philippi fields :  
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord. 20

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

[Low alarums.]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volum-  
nians,

Thou know'st that we two went to school to-  
gether :

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my  
lord. [Alarum still.]

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying  
here. 30

*Bru.* Farewell to you ; and you ; and you,  
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto,  
So fare you well at once : for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history : 40  
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones  
would rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.  
[Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly !']

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence ! I will follow  
[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first. Fare you  
well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his  
sword.] Cæsar, now be still : 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[Dies.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,  
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

*Oet.* What man is that ?

*Mes.* My master's man. Strato, where is  
thy master ?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in,  
Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honor by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. I thank  
thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

*Oet.* All that served Brutus, I will entertain  
them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oet.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master Strato ?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on  
it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow  
thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them  
all :

All the conspirators save only he  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ; 70  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world 'This was a man !'

*Oet.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.  
So call the field to rest ; and let's away, 80  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt.]

# HAMLET.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1602.)

## INTRODUCTION.

*Hamlet* represents the mid period of the growth of Shakespeare's genius, when comedy and history ceased to be adequate for the expression of his deeper thoughts and sadder feelings about life, and when he was just entering upon his great series of tragic writings. In July, 1602, the printer Roberts entered in the Stationers' register, "The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, as ye latele was acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants," and in the next year the play was printed. The true relation of this first quarto of *Hamlet* to the second quarto, published in 1604—"newly imprinted, and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was"—is a matter in dispute. It is believed by some critics that the quarto of 1603 is merely an imperfect report of the play as we find it in the edition of the year after; but there are some material differences which cannot thus be explained. In the earlier quarto, instead of Polonius and Reynaldo, we find the names Corambis and Montano; the order of certain scenes varies from that of the later quarto; "the madness of Hamlet is much more pronounced, and the Queen's innocence of her husband's murder much more explicitly stated." We are forced to believe either that the earlier quarto contains portions of an old play by some other writer than Shakespeare—an opinion adopted on apparently insufficient grounds by some recent editor—or that it represents imperfectly Shakespeare's first draught of the play, and that the difference between it and the second quarto is due to Shakespeare's revision of his own work. This last opinion seems to be the true one, but the value of any comparison between the two quartos, with a view to understand Shakespeare's manner of re-handling his work, is greatly diminished by the fact that numerous gaps of the imperfect report given in the earlier quarto seem to have been filled in by a stupid stage hand. That an old play on the subject of Hamlet existed there can be no doubt; it is referred to in 1589 (perhaps in 1587) by Nash, in his *Epistle* prefixed to Greene's *Mephistophilis*, and again in 1596 by Lodge (*Wit's Miserie and the World's Madness*), where he alludes to "the vizard of the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theater, like an oyster wife, 'Hamlet, revenge!'" A German play on the subject of Hamlet exists which is supposed to have been acted by English players in Germany in 1603; the name Corambis appears in it; and it is possible that portions of the old pre-Shakespearean drama are contained in the German *Hamlet*. The old play may have been one of the bloody tragedies of revenge among which we find *Titus Andronicus* and *The Spanish Tragedy*, and it would be characteristic of Shakespeare that he should refine the motives and spirit of the drama, so as to make the duty of vengeance laid upon Hamlet a painful burden which he is hardly able to support. Besides the old play of Hamlet, Shakespeare had probably before him the prose *Hystoric of Hamlet* (though no edition exists earlier than 1648), translated from Belleforest's *Histoire Tragique*. The story had been told some hundreds of years previously in the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (about 1180-1208). The Hamlet of the *Hystoric*, after a fierce revenge, becomes King of Denmark, marries two wives, and finally dies in battle.

No play of Shakespeare's has had a higher power of interesting spectators and readers, and none has given rise to a greater variety of conflicting interpretations. It has been rightly named a tragedy of thought, and in this respect, as well as others, takes its place beside *Julius Caesar*. Neither Brutus nor Hamlet is the victim of an overmastering passion as are the chief persons of the later tragedies—e.g. Othello, Macbeth, Coriolanus. The burden of a terrible duty is laid upon each of them, and neither is fitted for bearing such a burden. Brutus is disqualified for action by his moral idealism, his student-like habits, his capacity for dealing with abstractions rather than with men and things. Hamlet is disqualified for action by his excess of the reflective tendency, and by his unstable will, which alternates between complete inactivity and fits of excited energy. Naturally sensitive, he receives a painful shock from the hasty second marriage of his mother; already the springs of faith and joy in his nature are embittered; then follows the terrible discovery of his father's murder, with the injunction laid upon him to revenge the crime; upon this again follow the repulses which he receives from Ophelia. A deep melancholy lays hold of his spirit, and all of life grows dark and sad to his vision. Although hating his father's murderer, he has little heart to push on his revenge. He is aware that he is suspected and surrounded by spies. Partly to baffle them, partly to create a veil behind which to seclude his true self, partly because his whole moral nature is indeed deeply disordered, he assumes the part of one whose wits have gone astray. Except for one loyal friend, he is alone among enemies or supposed traitors. Ophelia he regards as no more loyal or honest to him than his mother had been to her dead husband. The ascertainment of Claudius's guilt by means of the play still leaves him incapable of the last decisive act of vengeance. Not so, however, with the king, who now recognizing his foe in Hamlet, does not delay to despatch him to a bloody death in England. But there is in Hamlet a terrible power of sudden and desperate action. From the melancholy which broods over him after the burial of Ophelia he rouses himself to the play of swords with Laertes, and at the last, with strength which leaps up before its final extinction, he accomplishes the punishment of the malefactor. Horatio, with his fortitude, his self-possession, his strong equanimity is a contrast to the Prince. And Laertes, who takes violent measures at the shortest notice to revenge his father's murder, is in another way a contrast; but Laertes is the young gallant of the period, and his capacity for action arises in part from the absence of those moral checks of which Hamlet is sensible. Polonius is owner of the shallow wisdom of this world, and exhibits this grotesquely while now on the brink of dotage; he sees, but cannot see through Hamlet's ironical mockery of him. Ophelia is tender, sensitive, affectionate, but the reverse of heroic; she fails Hamlet in his need, and then in her turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under the pressure of her afflictions. *We do not honor, we only commiserate her.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.	REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.	Players.
POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.	Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.	FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
LAERTES, son to Polonius.	A Captain.
VOLTIMAND,	English Ambassadors.
CORNELIUS,	
ROSENCRANTZ,	
GILDENSTERN,	
OSRIC,	
A Gentleman,	GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
A Priest.	OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.
MARCELLUS,	Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.
BERNARDO,	
FRANCISCO, a soldier.	
	GHOST of Hamlet's Father.
	SCENE : Denmark.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me : stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks : 'tis bitter cold.

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. (Not a mouse stirring.) 10

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make baste,

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho ! Who's there ?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLO.

Ber. Friends to this ground.

Mur. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mur. O, farewell, honest soldier : Who hath relieved you ?

Fran. Bernardo has my place. Give you good night. [Exit.]

Mur. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say,

What is Horatio there ?

Ber. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio : welcome, good Marcellus.

Mur. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ? 20

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us : Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night ; That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile ; 30 And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes again ! 40

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar ; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like : it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form In which the majesty of buried Denmark Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee, speak !

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away ! 50

Hor. Stay ! speak, speak ! I charge thee, speak !

[Exit Ghost.]

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Bor.* How now, Horatio ! you tremble and look pale :

Is not this something more than fantasy ?

What think you on't ?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king ?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself :

Such was the very armor he had on 60  
When he the ambitious Norway combated ;  
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work I know not ;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows, 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land,  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war ;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week ;  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day :

Who is't that can inform me ?

*Hor.* That can I ;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us, 81  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Therto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dared to the combat ; in which our valiant

Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—

Did slay this Fortinbras ; who by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands  
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror :  
Against the which, a moiety competent 90  
Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same covenant,

And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't ; which is no other—  
As it doth well appear unto our state— 101

But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost : and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our woe ; and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

*Bor.* I think it be no other but e'en so :  
Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king 110

That was and is the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets :  
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands  
Wassieck almost to doomsday with eclipse : 120  
And even the like precurse of fierce events,  
As harbinger preceding still the fates  
And prologue to the omen coming on,  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—  
But soft, behold ! lo, where it comes again !

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion !  
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me :  
If there be any good thing to be done, 130  
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,  
Speak to me : [Cock crows.  
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak !

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,  
Speak of it : stay, and speak ! Stop it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan ?  
*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand. 141

*Bor.* 'Tis here ! [Exit Ghost.

*Hor.* 'Tis here !

*Mar.* 'Tis gone ! [Exit Ghost.  
We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence ;  
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Bor.* It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit lies  
To his confine : and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, 159  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets  
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard and do in part believe it.

(But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,) Walks o'er the dew of you high eastward hill;) Break we our watch up ; and by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life, 170 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. A room of state in the castle.

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress to this warlike state Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,— 10 With an auspicious and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,— Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along. For all, our thanks. Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother's death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20 Cleav'd with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, To our most valiant brother. So much for him. Now for ourself and for this time of meeting : Thus much the business is : we have here writ To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras.— Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30 His further guilt herein ; in that the levies, The lists and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject : and we here dispatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, For bearers of this greeting to old Norway Giving to you no further personal power To business with the king, more than the scope Of these delated articles allow.

Farewell, and let your haste command your duty.

*Cop.* In that and all things will we show Vol. our duty. 40

*King.* We doubt it nothing : heartily fare-well.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit ; what is't, Laertes ? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And loose your voice : what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

*Luer.* My dread lord, 50

Your leave and favor to return to France : From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation, Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave ? What says Polonius ?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laborsoine petition, and at last Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent : 60 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will ! But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord ; I am too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids 70 Seek for thy noble father in the dust :

Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

*Ham.* Seems, madam ! nay it is ; I know not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80

Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly : these indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play :  
But I have that within which passeth show ;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your  
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :  
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;  
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor  
bound

90

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere  
In obstinate condolment is a course  
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief ;  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,  
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
An understanding simple and unschoold' :  
For what we know must be and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100  
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd : whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to  
earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us  
As of a father : for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne ;  
And with no less nobility of love 110  
Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenburg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire :  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers,  
Hamlet :

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.  
*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you,  
madam

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply :  
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;  
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit  
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.  
[*Exit all but Hamlet.*

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh would  
melt.

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew ! 130  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,  
Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
Fie on ! ah fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in  
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !  
But two months dead : nay, not so much, not  
two :

So excellent a king ; that was, to this, 139

Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !  
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on  
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on : and yet, within a month—  
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is  
woman !—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's  
body,

Like Niobe, all tears :—why she, even she—  
O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of rea-  
son,

Would have mourn'd longer—married with my  
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules : within a month :  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !  
It is not nor it cannot come to good :  
But break, my heart ; for I must hold my  
tongue.

*Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO,*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship !

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well : 160  
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor  
servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that  
name with you : [to ?  
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio—  
Marcellus ?

*Hor.* My good lord—  
*Ham.* I am very glad to see you. Good  
even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so,  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, 171  
To make it truster of your own report.

Against yourself : I know you are no truant  
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's  
funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-  
student ;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral  
baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !

My father !—methinks I see my father.

*Hor.* Where, my lord ?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once ; he was a goodly

king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesterday.  
*Ham.* Saw ? who ? 190  
*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.  
*Ham.* The king my father !  
*Hor.* Season your admiration for awhile  
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.  
*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.  
*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead vast and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 200  
Appears before them, and with solemn march  
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they,  
distilled  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear.  
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did :  
And I with them the third night kept the  
watch ;  
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and  
good, 210  
The apparition comes : I knew your father ;  
These hands are not more like.  
*Ham.* But where was this ?  
*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we  
watch'd.  
*Ham.* Did you not speak to it ?  
*Hor.* My lord, I did :  
But answer made it none : yet once methought  
It lifted up its head and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;  
But even then the morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight. 220  
*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.  
*Hor.* As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis  
true ;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it.  
*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles  
me.  
Hold you the watch to-night ?  
*Mar.* We do, my lord.  
*Ber.* We do, my lord.  
*Ham.* Arm'd, say you ?  
*Mar.* Arm'd, my lord.  
*Ham.* From top to toe ?  
*Mar.* My lord, from head to foot.  
*Ber.* Then saw you not his face ?  
*Ham.* O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver  
up. 230  
*Ham.* What look'd he frowningly ?  
*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than  
in anger.

*Ham.* Pale or red ?  
*Hor.* Nay, very pale.  
*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you ?  
*Hor.* Most constantly.  
*Ham.* I would I had been there.  
*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.  
*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long ?  
*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might  
tell a hundred.  
*Mar.* Longer, longer.  
*Ber.* Not when I saw it. 240  
*Ham.* His beard was grizzled,—no ?  
*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.  
*Ham.* I will watch to-night ;  
Perchance 'twill walk again.  
*Hor.* I warrant it will.  
*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue : 250  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well :  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.  
*All.* Our duty to your honor.  
*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you : fare-well. [Exit all but Hamlet.  
My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;  
I doubt some foul play : would the night  
were come !  
Till then sit still, my soul : foul deeds will  
rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to  
men's eyes. X [Exit.]

SCENE III. A room in Polonius' house.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

*Laer.* My necessaries are embark'd : fare-well :  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that ?  
*Laer.* For Hamlet and the trifling of his favor,  
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so ?  
*Laer.* Think it no more : 10  
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,  
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will : but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth :  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of this whole state ; 21  
And therefore must his choice be circum-  
scribed

Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he  
loves you,  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed ; which is no fur-  
ther

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then weigh what loss your honor may sus-  
tain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs. 30  
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure  
open

To his unmast'rd importunity.  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :  
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :  
The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed, 40  
And in the moru and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastings are most imminent.  
Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear :  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson  
keep,  
As watchman to my heart. But, good my  
brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heav-  
en :

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And reeks not his own rede. 51

Laer. O, fear me not.  
I stay too long : but here my father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

A double blessing is a double grace ;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard,  
for shame !

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing  
with thee !

And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no  
tongue,

Nor any unproportioned thought his act. 60  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tryed,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Be-  
ware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voiee ;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70  
But not express'd in fancy : rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and sta-  
tion

†Are of a most select and generous chief in  
that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all : to thine ownself be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day, 80  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell : my blessing season this in thee !  
*Luer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my  
lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go ; your serv-  
ants tend.

*Luer.* Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember  
well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd, 45  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Luer.* Farewell. [Exit.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to  
you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching  
the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought : 50

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you ; and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and  
bounteous :

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly  
As it behoves my daughter and your honor.  
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many  
tenders

Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection ! pooh ! you speak like a  
green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.  
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should  
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself  
a baby ;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true  
pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself  
more dearly ;

Or—not to erack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me  
with love 110

In honorable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go  
to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his  
speech, my lord,  
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,  
You must not take for fire. From this time  
Be somewhat scanner of your maiden presence ;      121  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,  
Believe so much in him, that he is young  
And with a larger tether may he walk  
Than may be given you : in few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,  
Not of that dye which their investments show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all :      131  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so slander any moment leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
Look to't, I charge you : come your ways.  
*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord.      [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The platform.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*  
*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.  
*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.  
*Ham.* What hour now ?  
*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.  
*Ham.* No, it is struck.  
*Hor.* Indeed ? I heard it not : then it draws near the season  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.  
[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord ?  
*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,  
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;  
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,      10  
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom ?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't :  
But to my mind, though I am native here  
And to the manner born, it is a custom  
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west  
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations :  
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
Soil our addition ; and indeed it takes      20  
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
As, in their birth—wherein they are not  
guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin—  
By the o'er-growth of some complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,  
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausible manners, that these men.      30  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—  
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo—  
Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault : the dram of Jeale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal.

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes !

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us !  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts  
from hell,      41  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !  
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,      50  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature  
So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?

Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?      [Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action      60  
It waves you to a more removed ground :  
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear ?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself ?  
It waves me forth again : I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood,  
my lord,  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff      70  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of  
reason

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still.

Go on; I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands. 80

*Hor.* Be ruled; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.  
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.  
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets  
me!

I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey  
him.

*Hor.* Have after. To what issue will this  
come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of  
Denmark. 90

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE V. Another part of the platform.*

*Enter GHOST and HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? speak;  
I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious  
hearing.

To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou  
shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit,  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires, 11  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am  
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young  
blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine: 20  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

*Ham.* O God!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural  
murder.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it  
is;

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know't, that I, with  
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt:

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,  
hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul! 40  
My uncle!

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate  
beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous  
gifts,—

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:  
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage, and to decline 50  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will set itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon, 60  
Upon my securé hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of my ears did pour  
The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about, 71  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhouse'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:

O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible ! 80  
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;  
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
 Against thy mother aught : leave her to heaven  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
 And gins to pale his ueffectual fire : 90  
 Adieu, adieu ! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! what else ?

And shall I couple hell ? O, fie ! Hold, hold, my heart ;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee ! Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee ! Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All sows of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there ; 101  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven ! O most perpicuous woman !

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain ! My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark : [Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ; It is 'Adieu, adieu ! remember me.' 111  
 I have sworn 't.

*Mar.* { [Within] My lord, my lord,—

*Hor.* { [Within] Lord Hamlet,—

*Mar.* { [Within] Heaven secure him !

*Ham.* So be it !

*Hor.* [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord !

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord ?

*Hor.* What news, my lord ?

*Ham.* O, wonderful !

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No ; you'll reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord. 120  
*Ham.* How say you, then ; would heart of man once think it ?

But you'll be secret ?

*Hor.* { Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Mar.* { There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
 To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right ; you are i' the right ; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part : You, as your business and desire shall point you ; For every man has business and desire, 130 Such as it is ; and for mine own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you, heartily ; Yes, 'faith heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you : For your desire to know what is between us, O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends, 140

As you are friends, scholars and soldiers, Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord ? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to-night.

*Hor.* { My lord, we will not.

*Mar.* { Nay, but swear 't.

*Hor.* In faith, My lord, not I.

*Hor.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Ah, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou there, truepenny ? 150

Come on—yon hear this fellow in the cellarage—

Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Ille et ubique ? then we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword : Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword. 160

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole ! canst work i' the earth so fast ?

A worthy pioner ! Once more remove, good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange !

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy, How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, 170

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,  
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-  
shake,  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an  
if we would,'  
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if  
they might,'  
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
That you know aught of me: this not to do,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help  
you,

180

Swear.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [They  
swear.] So, gentlemen,  
With all my love I do command me to you :  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do, to express his love and friending to  
you,  
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-  
gether ;  
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
The time is out of joint : O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right !  
Nay, come, let's go together. [Exit. 190]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. A room in Polonius' house.

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

*Pol.* Give him this money and these notes,  
Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good  
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire  
Of his behavior.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said ; very well said.

Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris :  
And how, and who, what means, and where  
they keep,  
What company, at what expense ; and finding  
By this encompassment and drift of question  
That they do know my son, come you more  
nearer

11

Than your particular demands will touch it :  
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge  
of him ;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,  
And in part him ;' do you mark this, Rey-  
naldo ?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol.* 'And in part him ;' but you may say  
'not well.'

But, isn't he I mean, he's very wild ;  
Addicted so and so : and there put on him  
What forgeries you please ; marry, none so  
rank

20

As may dishonor him ; take heed of that ;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.  
*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
quarrelling,

Draffing : you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.

*Pol.* Faith, no ; as you may season it in  
the charge

You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency ;  
That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults  
so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—

*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this ?

*Rey.* Ay, my lord,  
I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, sir, here's my drift ;  
And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit :

You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
As 'twere a thing a little soill'd i' the working,  
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,  
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes  
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured  
He closes with you in this consequence ;  
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'  
According to the phrase or the addition  
Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this—he does—  
what was I about to say ? By the mass, I was  
about to say something : where did I leave ?

*Rey.* At 'closes in the consequence,' at  
'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

*Pol.* At 'closes in the consequence,' ay,  
marry ;

He closes thus : 'I know the gentleman ;  
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,  
Or then, or then ; with such, or such ; and, as  
you say,

There was a' gaming ; there o'ertook in's  
rouse ;  
There falling out at tennis : or perchance,  
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'

60 Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now ;  
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlasses and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out :

So by my former lecture and advice,  
Shal you my son. You have me, have you  
not ?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.  
*Pol.* God be wi' you ; fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord !

*Pol.* Observe his inclination in yourself.

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his music.

*Rey.* Well, my lord.

*Pol.* Farewell. [Exit Reynaldo.]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

How now, Ophelia ! what's the matter ?  
*Oph.* O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

*Pol.* With what, i' the name of God ?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraised ; No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd, Ungerter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle ; 80 Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;

And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love ?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know ; But truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he ?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist and held me hard ;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm ; And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face 90 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ; At last, a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down, He raised a sigh so piteous and profound As it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being : that done, he lets me go : And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ; For out o' doors he went without their helps, And, to the last, bended their light on me. 100

*Pol.* Come, go with me : I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love, Whose violent property fordoes itself And leads the will to desperate undertakings As oft as any passion under heaven That does afflict our natures. I am sorry, What, have you given him any hard words of late ? [command,

*Oph.* No, my good lord, but, as you did I did repel his letters and denied His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad. 110 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment [fie, I had not quoted him : I fear'd he did but tri- And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !

By heaven, it is as proper to our age To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions As it is common for the younger sort To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king : This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [Exeunt.

*SCENE II. A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you, The need we have to use you did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation ; so call it, Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

So much from the understanding of himself, 10 I cannot dream of : I entreat you both, That, being of so young days brought up with him,

And sith so neighbor'd to his youth and behavior,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time : so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ; And sure I am two men there are not living To whom he more adheres. If it will please you 21

To show us so much gentry and good will As to expend your time with us awhile, For the supply and profit of our hope, Your visitation shall receive such thanks As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have of us, Put your dread pleasures more into command Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey, And here give up ourselves, in the full bent To lay our service freely at your feet, 31 To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit My too much changed son. Go, some of you, And bid these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*GUIL.* Heavens make our presence and our practices

Pleasant and helpful to him !

*Queen.* Ay, amen ! [Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, 46 Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord ? I assure my good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul, Both to my God and to my gracious king : And I do think, or else this brain of mine Hunts not the trail of policy so sure As it hath used to do, *that I have found*

The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that ; that do I long to hear. 50

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the ambassadors ;

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [Exit Polonius.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found The head and source of all your son's dis-temper.

*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main ; His father's death, and our o'erhasty mar-riage.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends ! Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor-way ?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings and desires. 60

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack ; But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your highness : whereat grieved, That so his sickness, age and impotence Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief, obeys ; Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine Makes vow before his uncle never more 70 To give the assay of arms against your majesty. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee, And his commission to employ those soldiers, So levied as before, against the Polack : With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Giving a paper.

That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for this enterprise, On such regards of safety and allowance As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well ; 80 And at our more consider'd time we'll read, Answer, and think upon this business. Meantime we thank you for your well-took labor :

Go to your rest : at night we'll feast together : Most welcome home !

[Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

*Pol.* This business is well ended. My liege, and madam, to expostulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time, Were nothing but to waste night, day and time. Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, 90 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief : your noble son is mad : Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness, What is't but to be nothing else but mad ? But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true 'tis pity ; And pity 'tis 'tis true : a foolish figure ; But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then : and now remains That we find out the cause of this effect, 100 Or rather say, the cause of this defect, For this effect defective comes by cause : Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.

I have a daughter—have while she is mine— Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise,

[Reads.

'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.'— 110

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; 'beautified' is a vile phrase : but you shall hear. Thus :

[Reads.

'In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.'

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her ?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful. 120

'Doubt thou the stars are fire :

Doubt that the sun doth move ;

Doubt truth to be a liar ;

But never doubt I love.' 129

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art to reckon my groans : but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu,

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,

And more above, hath his solicitings, As they fell out by time, by means and place, All given to mine ear.'

*King.* But how hath she received his love ?

*Pol.* What do you think of me ?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honorable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you think, 131

When I had seen this hot love on the wing— As I perceived it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me—what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb, Or look'd upon this love with idle sight :

What might you think ? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak : 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star : 141 This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens, Which done, she took the omits of my advice ; And he, repulsed—a short tale to make—

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast, Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension, Into the madness wherein now he raves, 150

And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this ?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—  
That I have positively said 'Tis so,'  
When it proved otherwise ?

*King.* Not that I know.  
*Pol.* [Pointing to his head and shoulder]

Take this from this, if this be otherwise :  
If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further ?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks four  
hours together 160  
Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter  
to him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;  
Mark the encounter : if he love her not  
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor  
wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you, both away :  
I'll board him presently.

[Exit King, Queen, and Attendants.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

O, give me leave: 170  
How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord ?

*Ham.* Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a  
man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord !

*Ham.* Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world  
goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thou-  
sand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord. 180

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a  
dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have  
you a daughter ?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun : conception  
is a blessing : but not as your daughter  
may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

*Pol.* [Aside] How say you by that ? Still  
harping on my daughter : yet he knew me  
not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger : he  
is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth  
I suffered much extremity for love ; very near  
this. I'll speak to him again. What do you  
read, my lord ?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord ?

*Ham.* Between who ?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my  
lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir : for the satirical rogue  
says here that old men have grey beards, that  
their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging  
thick amber and plum-tree gum and that they

have a plentiful lack of wit, together with  
most weak hams : all which, sir, though I  
most powerfully and potently believe, yet I  
hold it not honesty to have it thus set down,  
for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like  
a crab you could go backward.

*Pol.* [Aside] Though this be madness, yet  
there is method in 't. Will you walk out of  
the air, my lord ?

*Ham.* Into my grave. 210

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air. [Aside]  
How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a  
happiness that often madness hits on, which  
reason and sanity could not so prosperously be  
delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly  
contrive the means of meeting between him  
and my daughter.—My honorable lord, I will  
most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any  
thing that I will more willingly part withal :  
except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

*Pol.* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet ;  
there he is.

*Ros.* [To Polonius] God save you, sir !

[Exit Polonius.

*Guil.* My honored lord !

*Ros.* My most dear lord !

*Ham.* My excellent good friends ! How dost  
thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good  
lads, how do ye both ? 230

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not over-happy ;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe ?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in  
the middle of her favors ?

*Guil.* Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune ? O,  
most true ; she is a strumpet. What's the news ?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's  
grown honest. 241

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near : but your  
news is not true. Let me question more in  
particular : what have you, my good friends,  
deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends  
you to prison hither ?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord !

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one. 250

*Ham.* A goodly one ; in which there are  
many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark  
being one o' the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then, 'tis none to you ; for  
there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking  
makes it so : to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why then, your ambition makes it one ;  
'tis too narrow for your mind. 259

*Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell  
and count myself a king of infinite space,  
were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Gud.* Which dreams indeed are ambition,  
for the very substance of the ambitious is  
merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy  
and light a quality that it is but a shadow's  
shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our  
monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars'  
shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my  
fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros.* { We'll wait upon you.  
*Gud.* }

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you  
with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to  
you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully  
attended. But, in the beaten way of friend-  
ship, what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occa-  
sion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in  
thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear  
friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.  
Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclin-  
ing? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal  
justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Gud.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, any thing, but to the purpose.  
You were sent for; and there is a kind of con-  
fession in your looks which your modesties  
have not craft enough to color: I know the  
good king and queen have sent for you. 291

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let  
me conjure you, by the rights of our fellow-  
ship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the  
obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by  
what more dear a better proposer could charge  
you withal, be even and direct with me,  
whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* [Aside to *Gud.*] What say you? 300

*Ham.* [Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of  
you.—If you love me, hold not off.

*Gud.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anti-  
cipation prevent your discovery, and your  
secrecy to the king and queen mount no feather  
I have of late—but wherefore I know not—  
lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exer-  
cises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my  
disposition that this goodly frame, the earth,  
seems to me a sterile promontory, this most  
excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave  
o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof  
fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no  
other thing to me than a foul and pestilent  
congregation of vapors. What a piece of  
work is a man! how noble in reason! how  
infinite in faculty! in form and moving how  
express and admirable! in action how like an  
angel! in apprehension how like a god! the  
beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!  
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of  
dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman  
neither, though by your smiling you seem to  
say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in  
my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I  
said 'man delights not me'?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not  
in man, what lenient entertainment the players  
shall receive from you: we coted them on the  
way, and hither are they coming, to offer you  
service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be wel-  
come; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the  
adventurous knight shall use his foil and  
target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the  
humorous man shall end his part in peace; the  
clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are  
tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her  
mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.  
What players are they? 340

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take de-  
light in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their  
residence, both in reputation and profit, was  
better both ways.

*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the  
means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation  
they did when I was in the city? are they so  
followed? 350

*Ros.* No, indeed, are they not.

*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the  
wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of chil-  
dren, little eyases, that cry out on the top of  
question, and are most tyrannically clapped  
for't: these are now the fashion, and so fer-  
ratte the common stages—so they call them—that  
many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-  
quills and dare scarce come thither. 360

*Ham.* What are they children? who main-  
tains 'em? how are they educated? Will they  
pursue the quality no longer than they can  
sing? will they not say afterwards, if they  
should grow themselves to common players—  
as it is most like, if their means are no better  
—their writers do them wrong, to make them  
exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros.* 'Faith, there has been much to do on  
both sides: and the nation holds it no sin to  
tarre them to controversy: there was, for a  
while, no money bid for argument, unless the  
poet and the player went to cuffs in the ques-  
tion.

*Ham.* Is 't possible?

*Gud.* O, there has been much throwing  
about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules  
and his load too. 379

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for mine uncle  
is king of Denmark, and those that would  
make mows at him while my father lived, give  
twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece  
for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is some-  
thing in this more than natural, if philosophy  
could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within.]

*Gnid.* There are the players.

*Hon.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then : the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony : let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome : but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

*Gnid.* In what, my dear lord ?

*Hon.* I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen !

*Hon.* Hark you, Guildenstern ; and you too : at each ear a hearer : that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* Happily he's the second time come to them ; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Hon.* I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players ; mark it. You say right, sir : o'Munday morning ; 'twas so indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Hon.* My lord, I have news to tell you, When Roscius was an actor in Rome.—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Hon.* Buzz, buzz !

*Pol.* Upon mine honor,—

*Hon.* Then came each actor on his ass.—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Hon.* O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou !

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord ?

*Hon.* Why,

‘One fair daughter and no more,

The which he loved passing well.’

*Pol.* [Aside] Still on my daughter.

*Hon.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah ?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Hon.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord ?

*Hon.* Why,

‘As by lot, God wot,’

and then, you know,

‘It came to pass, as most like it was,—  
the first row of the pious chanson will show  
you more ; for look, where my abridgement  
comes.

*Enter four or five Players.*

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend ! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last : comest thou to

beard me in Denmark ? What, my young lady and mistress ! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falcons, fly at any thing we see : we'll have a speech straight : come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

*First Play.* What speech, my lord ?

*Hon.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare to the general : but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation ; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved : 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter : if it live in your memory, begin at this line : let me see, let me see—

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‘The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,’—

it is not so :—it begins with Pyrrhus :—

‘The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot Now is he total gules ; horribly trick'd With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,

That lend a tyrannous and damned light To their lord's murder : roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks.’

So, proceed you.

*Pol.* Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

*First Play.*

‘Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command : unequal match'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage strikes wide ;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

The unnerved father falls. Then senseless him,  
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo ! his  
sword,

Which was declining on the milky head 500  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to  
stick :

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,  
And like a neutal to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.  
But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless and the orb be-  
low

As hush as death, amon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the regiou, so, after Pyrrhus'  
pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armor forged for proof eterne  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding  
sword

Now falls on Priam.  
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you  
gods,

In general synod, take away her power ;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her  
wheel,

And bowl the round nave down the hill of  
heaven.

As low as to the fiends !'

Pol. This is too long. 520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your  
beard. Prithee, say on : he's for a jig or a  
tale of bawdry, or he sleeps : say on : come to  
Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O. who had seen the  
mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen ?'

Pol. That's good ; 'mobled queen' is good.  
First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down,  
threatening the flames

With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,  
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up :  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom  
steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have  
pronounced :

But if the gods themselves did see her then  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious  
sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's  
limbs,

The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
Unless things mortal move them not at all,  
Would have made milch the burning eyes of  
heaven,

540 And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his  
color and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no  
more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out  
the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the  
players well bestowed ? Do you hear, let them  
be well used ; for they are the abstract and

brief chronicles of the time : after your death  
you were better have a bad epitaph than their  
ill report while you live.

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Pol. My lord, I will use them according to  
their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better :  
use every man after his desert, and who  
should 'scape whipping ? Use them after your  
own honor and dignity : the less they deserve,  
the more merit is in your bounty. Take them  
in.

Pol. Come, sirs. 559

Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a  
play to-morrow. [Exit Polonius with all  
the Players but the First.] Post thou hear  
me, old friend ; can you play the Murder of  
Gonzago ?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You  
could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen  
or sixteen lines, which I would set down and  
insert in't, could you not ?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord ; and  
look you mock him not. [Exit First Player.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night : you are  
welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord !

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye : [Exeunt  
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] Now I am  
alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !  
Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit  
That from her working all his visage wann'd,  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, 581  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !  
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her ? What would  
he do,

Had he the motive and the eue for passion  
That I have ? He would drown the stage with  
tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free, 590  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?  
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?  
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i'  
the throat.

600  
As deep as to the lungs ? who does me this ?  
Hæ !

'Swounds, I should take it : for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter, or ere this  
I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal : bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless  
villain!

O, vengeance ! 610

Why, what an ass am I ! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with  
words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,

A scullion !

Fie upon't ! fol ! About, my brain ! I have  
heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently 620  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will  
speak

With most miraculons organ. I'll have these  
players

Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks ;  
I'll tent him to the quick ; if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil : and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape : yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds  
More latitive than this : the play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,  
ROSENCRANTZ, and GULDENSTERN.*

*King.* And can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

*Ros.* He does confess he feels himself distract'd ;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession

Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well ? 10  
*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you assay him  
To any pastime ?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players [him] ;  
We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it : they are about the court,  
And, as I think, they have already order 20  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true :  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart ; and it doth much content me  
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Gildenstern.*]

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too ;  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30  
Affront Ophelia :  
Her father and myself, lawful espials,  
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge,  
And gather by him, as he is behaved,  
If 't be the affliction of his love or no  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you.  
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness : so shall I hope your 40  
virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] Read on this book ;  
That show of such an exercise may color  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this, —  
'Tis too much proved — that with devotion's visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* [*Aside.*] O, 'tis too true !  
How smart a lash that speech doth give my 50  
conscience !

The harlot's cheek, beautified with plastering art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
Than is my deed to my most painted word :  
O heavy burthen !

*Pol.* I hear him coming ; let's withdraw,  
my lord. [*Exeunt King and Polonius*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be : that is the question :  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;  
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end 61  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks



O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;  
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger : which for to prevent,  
I have in quick determination  
Thus set it down : he shall with speed to Eng-  
land.

For the demand of our neglected tribute :  
Haply the seas and countries different  
With variable objects shall expel      180  
This something-settled matter in his heart.  
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus  
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well : but yet do I believe  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia !

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said ;  
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please :  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play      189  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
To show his grief : let her be bound with him ;  
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find him not,  
To England send him, or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.*      It shall be so :  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.      [Exit.

## SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter HAMLET and Players.

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

*First Play.* I warrant your honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, bat let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot bat make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and

heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journey, men had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*First Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.      41

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them ; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.      [Exit Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord ! will the king hear this piece of work ?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste. [Exit Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them ?

*Ros.*      { We will, my lord.  
*Guil.*      { We will, my lord.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

*Ham.* What ho ! Horatio !

Enter HORATIO

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation coped withal.      60

*Hor.* O, my dear lord, —

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter ;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the  
poor be flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou  
hear ?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
And could of men distinguish, her election      69  
Hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ti'en with equal thanks : and blest are  
those

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-  
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that  
man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—  
There is a play to-night before the king ;      80  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
Which I have told thee of my father's death :  
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe mine uncle : if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note ;  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,      90  
And after we will both our judgments join  
In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord :  
If he be steal'd, or that the whilst this play is playing,  
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play ; I must  
be idle :

Get you a place.

*Danish march.* A flourish. Enter KING,  
QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,  
GUILDENSTERN, and others.

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet ?  
*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith ; of the chameleon's  
dish : I eat the air, promise-crammed : you  
cannot feed capons so.      100

*King.* I have nothing with this answer,  
Hamlet : these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. [To Polonius]  
My lord, you played once i' the university,  
you say ?

*Pol.* That did I, my lord ; and was ac-  
counted a good actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact ?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Caesar : I was killed  
i' the Capitol ; Brutus killed me.      110

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so  
capital a calf there. Be the players ready ?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your  
patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit  
by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more  
attractive.

*Pol.* [To the King] O, ho ! do you mark  
that ?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?  
[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.]

*Oph.* No, my lord.      120

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap ?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant country mat-  
ters ?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between  
maids' legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord ?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I ?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.      130

*Ham.* O God, your only jig-maker. What

should a man do but be merry ? for, look you,

how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father

died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long ? Nay then, let the devil

wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O

heavens ! die two months ago, and not forgot-  
ten yet ? Then there's hope a great man's

memory may outlive his life half a year : but,  
by'r lady, he must build churches, then ; or  
else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the  
hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, tor, O,  
the hobby-horse is forgot.'

*Hautboys play.* The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly ; the  
Queen embracing him, and he her. She  
kneels, and makes show of protestation unto  
him. He takes her up, and declines his head  
upon her neck : laying him down upon a bank  
of flowers : she, setting him asleep, leaves  
him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his  
crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the  
King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns ;  
finds the King dead, and makes passionate  
action. The Poisoner, with some two or three  
Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament  
with her. The dead body is carried away.  
The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts :  
she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in  
the end accepts his love. [Exit.

*Oph.* What means this, my lord ?

*Ham.* Marry, this is mlicing mallecho ; it  
means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argu-  
ment of the play.      150

Enter Prologue.

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow : the  
players cannot keep counsel : they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant ?

*Ham.* Ay, or any show that you'll show  
him : be not you ashamed to show, he'll not  
shame to tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught : I'll  
mark the play.

*Pro.* For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,      160  
We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a  
ring ?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phebus'  
cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen  
About the world have times twelve thirties  
been,

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our  
hands

Unite communally in most sacred bands.      170

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the  
sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done !  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer and from your former  
state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :  
For women's fear and love holds quantity ;  
In neither aught, or in extremity

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;

And as my love is sized, my fear is so : 180  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too :

My operant powers their functions leave to do :

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honor'd, beloved ; and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest ! Such love must needs be treason in my breast :

In second husband let me be accurst ! 189 None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love : A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak ;

But what we do determine oft we break. Purpose is but the slave to memory,

Of violent birth, but poor validity ; Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ; 200

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be. Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt : What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy :

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament :

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident. This world is not for ayre, nor 'tis not strange That even our loves should with our fortunes change :

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favorite flies ;

The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend : For who not needs shall never lack a friend,

And who in want a hollow friend doth try, Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begin, 220 Our wills and fates do so contrary run

That our devices still are overthrown : Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of

our own :

So think thou wilt no second husband wed ; But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !

Sport and repose lock from me day and night !

To desperation turn my trust and hope !

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230

Meet what I would have well and it destroy ! Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now !

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile ;

My spirits grow dull, and faint I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ; And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ? 239

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no offence in 't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Troperically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna : Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : you shall see anon ; 'tis a knavish piece of work : but what o' that ? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not : let the galled jade wince, our withers are unruined.

#### Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorins, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come : 'the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing ; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property, 270 On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian : you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire !

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light : away ! 280

All. Lights, lights, lights !

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungall'd play :

For some must watch, while some  
must sleep :

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—  
if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—  
with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes,  
get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,  
This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here  
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's  
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive ?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning ? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha ! Come, some music ! come,  
the recorders !

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.  
Come, some music !

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word  
with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,— 310

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous dis-  
tempered.

Ham. With drink, sir ?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choleric.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more  
richer to signify this to his doctor ; for, for  
me to put him to his purgation would perhaps  
plunge him into far more choleric. 319

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse  
into some frame and start not so wildly from  
my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir : pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great  
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is  
not of the right breed. If it shall please you  
to make me a wholesome answer, I will do  
your mother's commandment : if not, your  
pardon and my return shall be the end of my  
business. 330

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my  
wit's diseased : but, sir, such answer as I can  
make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you

say, my mother : therefore no more, but to  
the matter : my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says ; your behavior  
hath struck her into amazement and admiration. 339

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish  
a mother ! But is there no sequel at the  
heels of this mother's admiration ? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her  
closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times  
our mother. Have you any further trade with  
us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and  
stealers. 349

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of  
distemper ? you do, surely, bar the door upon  
your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to  
your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the  
voice of the king himself for your succession  
in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, but sir, 'While the grass grows,'—  
the proverb is something musty. 359

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders ! let me see one. To withdraw  
with you :—why do you go about to recover  
the wind of me, as if you would drive  
me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold,  
my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will  
you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you. 370

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these  
ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it  
breath with your mouth, and it will discourse  
most eloquent music. Look you, these are the  
stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any  
utterance of harmony : I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy  
a thing you make of me ! You would play  
upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ;  
you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ;  
you would sound me from my lowest note to  
the top of my compass : and there is much  
music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet  
cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you  
think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ?  
Call me what instrument you will, though  
you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon  
me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with  
you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's al-  
most in shape of a camel ?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale. 399

*Ham.* Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so.

*Ham.* By and by is easily said. [Exit Polonius.] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*  
'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn and hell itself  
breathes out]

Contagion to this world : now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft ! now to my mother. 410

O heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites ;  
How in my words soever she be shent,  
To give them seals never, my soul, consent !

[*Exit.*

### SCENE III. A room in the castle.

*Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you ;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,  
And he to England shall along with you :  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow  
Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide :  
Most holy and religious fear it is  
To keep those many bodies safe  
That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and armor of the mind,  
To keep itself from noyance ; but much more  
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser

things  
Are mortised and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls. 20

Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy  
voyage :

For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros.* }  
*Guil.* }

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him home :  
And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear  
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;  
It bath the primal eldest curse upon't,  
A brother's murderer. Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will : 39  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy

But to confront the visage of offence ?  
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 49  
Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn ? 'Forgive me my foul

murder' ?  
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder.  
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence ?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above ; 60  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature ; and we ourselves com-pell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?

Try what repentance can : what can it not ?  
Yet what can it when one can not repent ?  
O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !  
O fiend soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! Make assay !

Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings  
of steel, 70  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !

All may be well.

[*Retires and kneels.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is

praying ;

And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;  
And so am I revenged. That would be  
scann'd :  
A villain kills my father ; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.  
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread ; 80  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as  
May ;  
And how his audit stands who knows save  
heaven ?  
But in our circumstance and course of  
thought,  
'Tis heavy with him : and am I then revenged,  
To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?  
No !  
Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid  
hent :  
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,  
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed ; 90  
At gaming, swearing, or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't ;  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at  
heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and  
black  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit.  
King. [Rising] My words fly up, my  
thoughts remain below :  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.  
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Queen's closet.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay  
home to him :  
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to  
bear with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood  
between  
Much heat and him. I'll scoune me even here.  
Pray you, be round with him.  
Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother !  
Queen. I'll warrant you,  
Fear me not : withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter ?  
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much  
offended.  
Ham. Mother, you have my father much  
offended.  
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an  
idle tongue.  
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked  
tongue.  
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet !  
Ham. What's the matter now ?  
Queen. Have you forgot me ?  
Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's  
wife ;  
And—would it were not so !—you are my  
mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you  
that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you  
shall not budge ;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the innmost part of you. 20  
Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not  
murder me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [Behind] What, ho ! help, help, help !  
Ham. [Drawing] How now ! a rat ? Dead,  
for a ducat, dead !

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [Behind] O, I am slain !

[*Falls and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :  
Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is  
this !

Ham. A bloody deed ! almost as bad, good  
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. 30  
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*  
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, fare-  
well !

I took thee for thy better : take thy fortune ;  
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.  
Leave wringing of your hands : peace ! sit

you down,  
And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damned custom have not brass'd it so  
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest  
wag thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act 40  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,  
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love  
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-

vows  
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul, and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words : heaven's face doth

glow :  
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50  
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the  
index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on  
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;  
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;

A station like the herald Mercury  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man :  
This was your husband. Look you now, what  
follows :

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you  
eyes ?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you  
eyes ?

You cannot call it love ; for at your age  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment : and what  
judgment

Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure,  
you have,

Else could you not have motion ; but sure,  
that sense

Is apoplex'd ; for madness would not err,  
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
But it reserved some quantity of choice,  
To serve in such a difference. What devil  
was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-  
blind ?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so move.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious  
hell.

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame  
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn  
And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more :  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;  
And there I see such black and grained spots  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an unseamed bed,  
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making  
love

Over the nasty sty,—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more ;

These words, like daggers, enter in mine  
ears ;

No more, sweet Hamlet !

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain ;  
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord ; a vice of kings ;  
A curseur of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket !

No more !

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches,—

*Enter Ghost.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards ! What would your  
gracious figure ?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad !

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to  
chide,  
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread com-  
mand ?

O, say !

*Ghost.* Do not forget : this visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits :  
O, step between her and her fighting soul :  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :

Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady ?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy  
And with the incorporeal air do hold dis-  
course ?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrescences,

Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you

look ?

*Ham.* On him, on him ! Look you, how  
pale he glares !

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to  
stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon

me ;

Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects : then what I have to do

Will want true color ; tears perchance for

blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this ?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there ?

*Queen.* Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear ?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there ! look, how it  
steals away !

My father, in his habit as he lived !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the

portal !

[Exit Ghost.]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your  
brain :

This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep

time,

And makes as healthful music : it is not mad-  
ness

That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word ; which mad-  
ness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of

grace,

Lay not that flattering inunction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness

speak :

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,

Infests unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;

Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;

— .

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my  
virtue ;

For in the fatness of these pursy times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.  
*Queen.* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart  
in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions' fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good  
night : 170

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius.]  
I do repent : but heaven hath pleased it so,  
To punish me with this and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.  
I must be cruel, only to be kind :  
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.  
One word more, good lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do ? 180  
*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid  
you do :

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed ;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his  
moue :

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damm'd  
fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him  
know :

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a padlock, from a bat, a gib, 190  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do  
so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
Unbeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assured, if words be made  
of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England ; you know that ?

*Queen.* Alack, 200  
I had forgot : 'tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* There's letters seal'd : and my two  
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,

They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my  
way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work ;  
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar ; and 't shall go hard  
But I will delive one yard below their mimes,  
And blow them at 'the moon : O, 'tis most  
sweet.

When in one line two crafts directly meet, 210  
This man shall set me packing :  
I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.  
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally ; Hamlet dragging  
in Polonius.]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and  
GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* There's matter in these sighs, these  
profound heaves :  
You must translate : 'tis fit we understand  
them.

Where is your son ?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little  
while.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]  
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Ham-  
let?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when  
both contend  
Which is the mightier : in his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat !'  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills 11  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed !  
It had been so with us, had we been there :  
His liberty is full of threats to all ;  
To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of  
haunt,

This mad young man : but so much was our  
love,

We would not understand what was most fit ;  
But, like the owner of a foul disease, 21  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath  
kill'd :

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O Gertrude, come away !  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence : and this vile  
deed



For that which thou hast done,—must send  
thee hence  
With fiery quickness : therefore prepare thyself ;  
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
The associates tend, and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England !

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them. But come ; for England ! Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother ; father and mother is man and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for England !

[*Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed abroad ; Delay it not ; I'll have him hence to-night : Away ! for every thing is seal'd and done That else leans on the affair : pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.* And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us—that thou mayst not coldly set Our sovereign process ; which imports at full, By letters concurring to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ; For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me : till I know 'tis done, Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exit.* 70]

#### SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers, marching.*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras Craves the conveyance of a promised march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. If that his majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye ; And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly on.

[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these ?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir

*Ham.* How purposed, sir, I pray you ?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who commands them, sir ?

*Cap.* The nephews to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier ?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ; Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole 21 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, it is already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw : This is the impostume of much wealth and peace, That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* Wil't please you go, my lord ? 30

*Ham.* I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.* How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man, If his chief good and market of his time Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more. Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and god-like reason To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40 Of thinking too precisely on the event, A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do.' Sith I have cause and will and strength and means

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me : Witness this army of such mass and charge Led by a delicate and tender prince, Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50 Exposing what is mortal and unsure To all that fortune, death and danger dare, Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great Is not to stir without great argument, But greatly to find quarrel in a straw When honor's at the stake. How stand I then, That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, Excitements of my reason and my blood, And let all sleep ? while to my shame, I see The imminent death of twenty thousand men, That, for a fantasy and trick of fame, 61 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause, Which is not tomb enough and continent To hide the stain ? O, from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE V. Elsinore. A room in the castle.

*Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Gent.* She is importunate, indeed distract :  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.* What would she have ?  
*Gent.* She speaks much of her father ; says  
she hears,

There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and  
beats her heart ;  
Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in  
doubt,  
That carry but half sense : her speech is noth-  
ing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,  
And botch the words up fit to their own  
thoughts ;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures  
yield them,  
Indeed would make one think there might be  
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken with ;  
for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

*Queen.* Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.  
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

And I a maid at your window, 50  
To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber-door ;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

*King.* Pretty Ophelia !

*Oph.* Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make  
an end on't :

[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame !

Young men will do't, if they come to't ;  
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

*King.* How long hath she been thus ?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must be-  
patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think  
they should lay him i' the cold ground. My  
brother shall know of it : and so I thank you  
for your good counsel. Come, my coach !  
Good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies ;  
good night, good night. [Exit.

*King.* Follow her close ; give her good  
watch,

I pray you. [Exit Horatio.  
O, this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs

All from her father's death. O Gertrude,  
Gertrude,

[Spirits,  
When sorrows come, they come not single  
But in battalions.] First, her father slain :  
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent

author

80  
Of his own just remove : the people muddied,  
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and  
whispers,

For good Polonius' death ; and we have done  
but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him : poor Ophelia.  
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,  
Without the which we are pictures, or mere

beasts :

Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France ;  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

90  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering-piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.

*Queen.* Alack, what noise is this ?  
*King.* Where are my Switzers ? Let them

guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter ?

*Gent.* Save yourself, my lord :  
The ocean, overpeering of his list.

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

100  
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him  
lord ;

[Sings] White his shroud as the mountain  
snow, —

Enter KING.

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Oph.* [Sings] Larded with sweet flowers ;  
Which bewept to the grave did go

With true-love showers.

*King.* How do you, pretty lady ?

40  
*Oph.* Well, God 'ild you ! They say the owl  
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what  
we are, but know not what we may be. God  
be at your table !

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray you, let's have no words of this ;  
but when they ask you what it means, say you  
this :

[Sings.] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,

And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry 'Choose we : Laertes shall be king:'  
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the  
clouds :

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !'  
*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail  
they cry !

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs ! 110  
*King.* The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

*Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king ? Sirs, stand you  
all without.

*Danes.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes.* We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

*Laer.* I thank you : keep the door. O thou  
vile king,

Give me my father !

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm pro-  
claims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched  
brow

Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the eause, Laertes, 120  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?

Let him go, Gertrude : do not fear our person :  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go,  
Gertrude.

Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father ?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead ? I'll not be jug-  
ged with : 130

To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest  
devil !

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit !  
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes ; only I'll be revenged  
Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you ?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world :  
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,  
If you desire to know the certainty 140  
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your  
revenge,  
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend  
and foe,  
Winner and loser ?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then ?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope  
my arms ;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak  
Like a good child and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensible in grief for it, 150  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce  
As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [Within] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now ! what noise is that ?

*Re-enter OPHELIA.*

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears seven times  
salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by  
weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !  
O heavens ! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as moral as an old man's life ? 160  
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* [Sings]  
They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny ;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear :—

Fare you well, my dove !

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-  
suade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Oph.* [Sings] You must sing a-down a-down.  
An you call him a-down-a, 171  
O, how the wheel becomes it ! It is the false  
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remem-  
brance ; pray, love, remember : and there is  
panies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness, thoughts  
and remembrance fitted. 179

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and colum-  
bines : there's rue for you ; and here's some  
for me : we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays :  
O, you must wear your rue with a difference.  
There's a daisy : I would give you some violets,  
but they withered all when my father died :  
they say he made a good end.—

*[Sings]* For bonny sweet Robin is all my  
joy. [itself,

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell  
She turns to favor and to prettiness.

*Oph.* [Sings] And will he not come again ?

And will he not come again ?  
No, no, he is dead :

Go to thy death-bed :  
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll :

He is gone, he is gone :

And we cast away moan :  
God ha' mercy on his soul !

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God  
be wi' ye. [Exit. 200]

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.

[*Exit.*]

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and If by direct or by collateral hand They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction; but if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us, And we shall jointly labor with your soul 211 To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral— No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,

That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great axe fall. I pray you, go with me.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE VI. Another room in the castle.

*Enter Horatio and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they that would speak with me?

*Serv.* Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*] I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

*First Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee too.

*First Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

11

*Hor.* [Raps] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

30

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE VII. Another room in the castle.

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath thy noble father slain Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appears: but tell me

Why you proceeded not against these feats, So criminal and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons, Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself— My virtue or my plague, be it either which—

Sle'st so conjunctive to my life and soul, That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him; Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, Too slightly timber'd for so lond a wind, Would have reverted to my bow again, And not where I had aim'd them.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost; A sister driven into desperate terms, Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections; but my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull That we can let our beard be shook with danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself: And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news?

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:

They were given me by Claudio; he received them

40

Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

[Reads] 'High and mighty, You shall know  
I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow  
shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when  
I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, re-  
count the occasion of my sudden and more  
strange return.' 'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest  
come back? 50

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked?'  
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him  
come;

It warms th' sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
'Thus didst thou.'

*King.* If it be so, Laertes—  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be ruled by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord; 60  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now

return'd,  
As checking at his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it, I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under he which he shall not choose but fall :  
And for his death no wind of blame shall  
breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the prac-  
tice

And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be ruled;  
The rather, if you could devise it so 70  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel  
much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein they say, you shine: your sum of  
parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him  
As did that one, and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears 80  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness. Two months  
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—  
I've seen myself, and served against, the  
French,

And they can well on horseback: but this gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
As he had been incorpored and demi-natured  
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my

thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman was't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamond.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the brooch  
indeed

And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you,  
And gave you such a masterly report  
For art and exercise in your defence  
And for your rapier most especially,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you: the scrimers of their  
nation,' 101  
He swore, had had neither motion, guard, nor  
eye,

If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his  
Did Hamlet so venom with his envy  
That he could nothing do but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to  
you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this? 110

*King.* Not that I think you did not love  
your father;

But that I know love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;  
And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
Dies in his own too much: that we would do,  
We shold do when we would; for this 'would'  
changes 120

And hath abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are acci-  
dents;

And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift  
sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the  
nleer.—

Hamlet comes back: what would you under-  
take,

To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder  
sanctuarize,

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good  
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your cham-  
ber. 130

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come  
home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellency  
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine to-  
gether

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous and free from all contriving,  
Will not perseue the foils; so that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father.

*Lau.*

I will do it : 140

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an uncton of a mountebank,  
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from death  
That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my  
point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.*

Let's further think of this :

Weigh what convenience both of time and  
means 150

May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad per-  
formance,  
'Twere better not assay'd : therefore this pro-  
ject

Should have a back or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in proof. Soit ! let me see :  
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning :  
I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry—  
As make your bouts more violent to that end—  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared  
him 160

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,  
If by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there.

*Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet queen !  
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's  
heel,

So fast they follow ; your sister's drown'd,  
Laertes.

*Lau.* Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows askant a  
brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy  
stream :  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long pur-  
ples 170

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call  
them :  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet  
weeds

Climbering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread  
wide ;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes ;  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued 180  
Unto that element : but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
'Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Lau.*

Alas, then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor  
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet  
It is our tri k ; nature her custom hoids,  
Let shame say what it will : when these are  
gone, 189

The woman will be out. Adien, my lord :  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly douts it. [Exit]

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude ;  
How much I had to do to calm his rage !  
Now fear I this will give it start again ;  
Therefore let's follow. [Exit]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. A churchyard.

*Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

*First Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian  
burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

*Sec. Clo.* I tell thee she is : and therefore  
make her grave straight : the crowner hath  
sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

*First Clo.* How can that be, unless she  
drowned herself in her own defence ?

*Sec. Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

*First Clo.* It must be 'se offendendo ;' it  
cannot be else. For here lies the point : if I  
drown myself wittingly, it argues an act : and  
an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do,  
to perform : argal, she drowned herself witt-  
ingly.

*Sec. Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman  
delver,—

*First Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the  
water ; good : here stands the man ; good : if  
the man go to this water, and drown himself,  
it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that ;  
but if the water come to him and drown him,  
he drowns not himself : argal, he that is not  
guilty of his own death shortens not his own  
life.

*Sec. Clo.* But is this law ?

*First Clo.* Ay, marry, is't ; crowner's quest  
law.

*Sec. Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? If  
this had not been a gentlewoman, she should  
have been buried out o' Christian burial.

*First Clo.* Why, there thou say'st : and the  
more pity that great folk should have counte-  
nance in this world to drown or hang them-  
selves, more than their even Christian. Come,  
my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but  
gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers : they  
hold up Adam's profession.

*Sec. Clo.* Was he a gentleman ?

*First Clo.* He was the first that ever bore  
arms.

*Sec. Clo.* Why, he had none.

*First Clo.* What, art a heathen ? How dost  
thou understand the Scripture ? The Scrip-  
ture says 'Adam digged,' could he dig with-  
out arms ? I'll put another question to thee .

If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

*Sec. Clo.* Go to,

*First Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

*Sec. Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants. 50

*First Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

*Sec. Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

*First Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and myoke.

*Sec. Clo.* Marry, now I can tell. 60

*First Clo.* To't.

*Sec. Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

*First Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the house that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to †Yaugham: fetch me a ~~cup~~ of liquor.

[Exit Sec. Clown.

[He digs and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet, 70

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove, O, methought, there was nothing meet.

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*First Clo.* [Sings.]

But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches: one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord. 89

*Ham.* Or of a courtier; which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; hapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

*First Clo.* [Sings]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,  
For and a shrouding sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.

*Ham.* There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quibbles, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*First Clo.* Mine, sir.

[Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet. 130

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

*First Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

*First Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you. 140

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*First Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

*First Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*First Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it: the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*First Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*First Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England,

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*First Clo.* Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*First Clo.* Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he. 170

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*First Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*First Clo.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*First Clo.* Why, here in Denmark : I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot? 179

*First Clo.* I faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pokey corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year : a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*First Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now ; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years. 191

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*First Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was : whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*First Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This? 200

*First Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here lying those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where he your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come to make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord ?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth ?

*Hor.* E'en so. 220

*Ham.* And smelt so ? pah !

[Puts down the skull.]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination race the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ? [consider so.]

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : as thus : Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam ; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away : O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw ! But soft ! but soft ! aside : here comes the king.

*Enter Priest, &c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their train, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers : who is this they follow ?

And with such maimed rites ? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life : 'twas of some estate. Couch we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring with Horatio.]

*Laer.* What ceremony else ?

*Ham.* That is Laertes, A very noble youth : mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else ?

*First Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged As we have warrantise : her death was doubtful ; 250 And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged Till the last trumpet : for charitable prayers, Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her ; Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done ?

*First Priest.* No more be done : We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requiem and such rest to her 260 As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth : And from her fair and unpolished flesh May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest. A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia !

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet : farewell ! [Scattering flowers.]

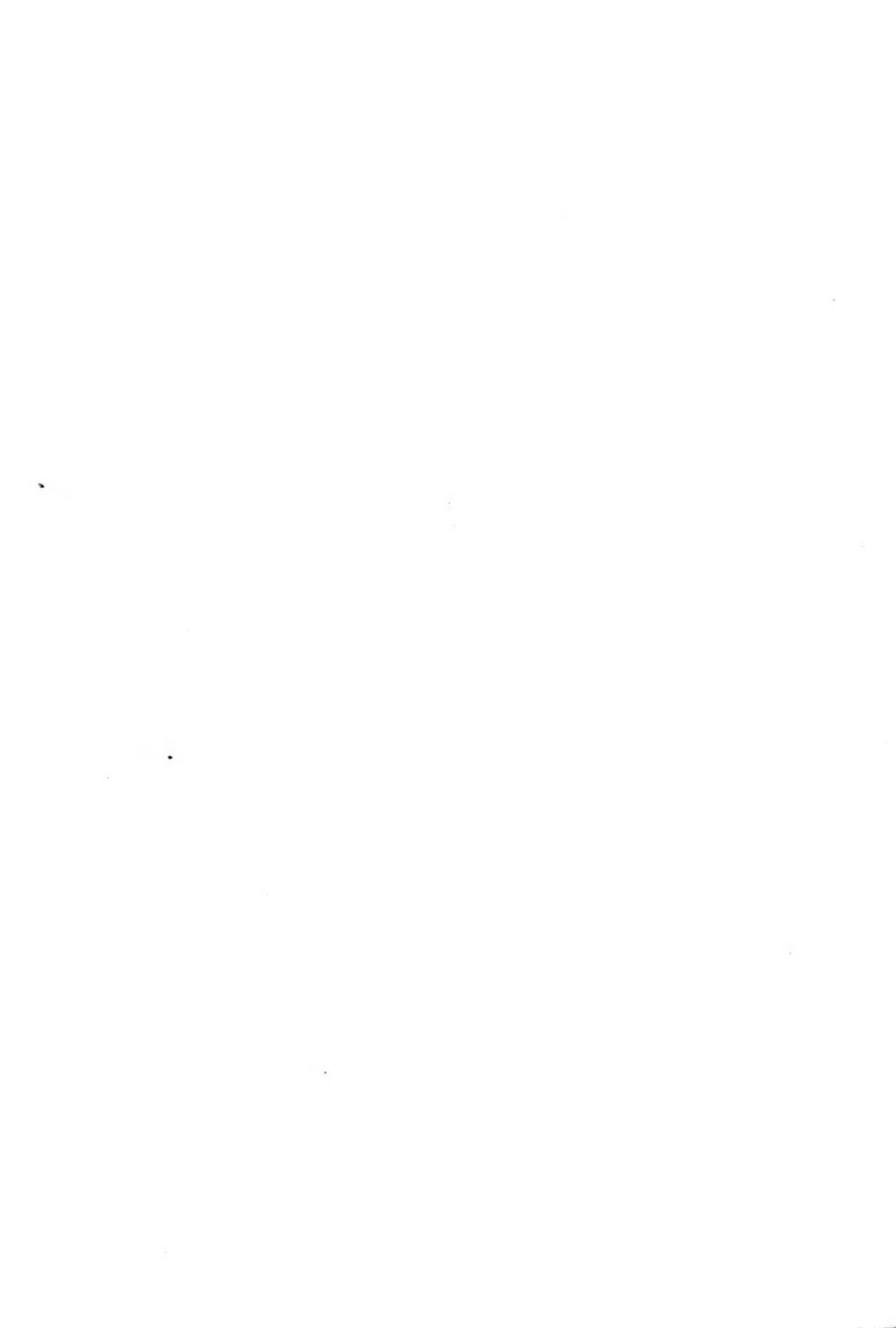
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ; I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O, treble woe ! Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, 270 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense Deprived thee of ! Hold off the earth awhile,



"Alas! Poor Yorick, I knew him well!"

HAMLET, p. 680



Till I have caught her once more in mine arms : [Leaps into the grave.  
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o'er top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [Advancing] What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of  
sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them  
stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 280  
Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave.  
*Laer.* The devil take thy soul ! [Grappling with him.

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.  
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat ;  
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wiseness fear : hold off thy hand

*King.* Pluck them a sunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet !

*All.* Gentlemen,—

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

*Pam.* Why I will fight with him upon this  
theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 290

*Queen.* O my son, what theme?

*Ham.* I loved Ophelia : forty thousand  
brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:  
Woo't weep ? woo't fight ? woo't fast ? woo't  
tear thyself ?

Woo't drink up eisel ? eat a crocodile ?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine ? 300

To outface me with leaping in her grave ?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I :

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them  
throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou'lt  
mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness :

And thus awhile the fit will work on him ;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir ;

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I loved you ever : but it is no matter ;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his day

[Exit.

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon  
him. [Exit Horatio.

[To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our  
last night's speech ;

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.  
This grave shall have a living monument : 320  
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;  
Till then, in patience our proceeding be  
[Exit.

## SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

*Ham.* So much for this, sir : now shall you  
see the other :

You do remember all the circumstance ?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord ?

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of  
fighting,

That would not let me sleep : methought I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,  
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do pall : and that should  
teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10  
Rough-hew them how we will.—

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Groped I to find out them ; had my desire,  
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew  
To mine own room again : making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission ; where I found, Ho-  
ratio,—

O royal knavery !—an exact command,  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons 20  
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,  
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible ?

*Ham.* Here's the commission : read it at  
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with vil-  
lanies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, 30  
They had begun the play—I sat me down,  
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair :  
I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair and labor'd much  
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service : wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote ?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the  
king,

As England was his faithful tributary,  
As love between them like the palm might  
flourish.

As peace should still her wheaten garland  
wear

And stand a comma 'twixt their amities,  
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,  
That, on the view and knowing of these con-  
tents,

Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd ?  
*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd.

I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal ; 50  
Folded the writ up in form of the other,  
Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it  
safely,  
The changeling never known. Now, the next  
day frequent  
Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was seen  
Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to  
this employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow.  
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points 61  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this !  
*Ham.* Does it not, think'st thee, stand me  
now upon —

He that hath kill'd my king and whored my  
mother,  
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage — is't not perfect  
conscience,  
To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be  
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come 70  
In further evil ?

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him  
from England

What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short : the interim is mine ;  
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself :  
For, by the image of my cause, I see  
The portraiture of his : I'll court his favors  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace ! who comes here ? 80

*Enter Osr.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome back  
to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know  
this water-fly ?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious ; for  
'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land,  
and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and  
his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'tis a  
chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the pos-  
session of dirt. 90

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at  
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from  
his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all dili-  
gence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right  
use ; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, it is very hot.  
*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the  
wind is northerly. 99

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinks it is very sultry  
and hot for my complexion.

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sul-  
try, — as 'twere, — I cannot tell how. But, my  
lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that  
he has laid a great wager on your head : sir,  
this is the matter, —

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember —

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.]

*Osr.* Nay, good my lord ; for mine ease, in  
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court  
Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman,  
full of most excellent differences, of very soft  
society and great showing : indeed, to speak  
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of  
gentry, for you shall find in him the contin-  
uall of what part a gentleman would see. .

*Ham.* Sir, his defumation suffers no perdi-  
tion in you ; though, I know, to divide him  
inventorily would dizzy the arithmetic of  
memory, and yet but yaw neitner, in res-  
pect of his quick sail. A But, in the verity of  
extolment, I take him to be a soul of great  
article ; and his infusion of such dearth and  
rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his  
semblable is his mirror ; and who else would  
trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly  
of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir ? why do we  
wrap the gentleman in our more rawer  
breath ?

*Osr.* Sir ?

*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in an-  
other tongue ? You will do't, sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of  
this gentleman ?

*Osr.* Of Laertes ?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already ; all's  
golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* I know you are not ignorant —

*Ham.* I would you did, sir ; yet, in faith,  
if you did, it would not much approve me.  
Well, sir.

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what excel-  
lence Laertes is —

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should  
compare with him in excellency : but, to  
know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon ; but in  
the imputation laid on him by them, in his  
need he's unfellowed. 150

*Ham.* What's his weapon ?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons : but,  
well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him  
six Barbary horses : against the which he ha-

imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangars, and so : three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages ?

*Osr.* I knew you must be edified by the Margaret ere you had done.

*Ham.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides : I would it might be hangers till then. But, on : six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages ; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it ?

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits : he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer 'no' ?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, will walk here in the hall : if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I re-deliver you e'en so ?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours. [Exit Osr.] He does well to commend it to himself ; there are no tongues else for's turn.

*Ihr.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter : a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My lord, his majesty commanded him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall : he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes : they follow the king's pleasure : if his fitness speaks, mine is ready ; now or whensoe'er provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The king and queen and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen desires you to use some gente entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so : since he went into France, I have been in continual practice : I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldest not think how ill all's here about my heart : but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord.—

*Ham.* It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it : I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy angury : there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all : since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes ?

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.* *Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir : I've done you wrong ;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honor and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never Hamlet let :

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not. Hamlet denies it, Who does it, then ? His madness : it'll be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge : but in my terms of honor I stand aloof ; and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honor, I have a voice and precedent of peace.

To keep my name ungrimed. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love.

And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely ;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
Give us the foils. Come on.

*Laer.*

Come, one for me.  
*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes : in mine  
ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest  
night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.*

You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osrie.

*Cousin Hamlet,*

You know the wager ?

*Ham.*

Very well, my lord ;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker  
side.

*King.*

I do not fear it ; I have seen you  
both :  
But since he is better'd, we have therefore  
odds.

*Laer.*

This is too heavy, let me see another.  
*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have  
all a length ? [They prepare to play.

*Osr.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.*

Set me the stoups of wine upon that  
table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280  
Let all the battlements their ordinance fire :  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;  
And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the  
cups ;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to  
earth.

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin :

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290  
*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.*

Come, my lord. [They play.

*Ham.*

One.

*Laer.*

No.

*Ham.*

Judgment.

*Osr.*

A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.*

Well ; again.

*King.*

Stay ; give me drink. Hamlet, this  
pearl is thine ;

Here's to thy health.

[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off  
within.]

Give him the cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first ; set it by  
awhile.

Come. [They play.] Another hit ; what say  
you ?

*Laer.*

A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.*

Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy  
brows ;  
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam !

301

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.  
*Queen.* I will, my lord ; I pray you, pardon  
me.

*King.* [Aside] It is the poison'd cup : it is  
too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam ; by  
and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think't.

*Laer.* [Aside] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst  
my conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes : you  
but dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;  
I am afraid you make a wanton of me. 310

*Laer.* Say you so ? come on. [They play

*Osr.* Nothing, neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now !

[Laertes wounds Hamlet ; then in scuffling,  
they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds

Laertes.

*King.* Part them ; they are incensed.

*Ham.* Nay, come, again. [The Queen falls.

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho !

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. How is it,  
my lord ?

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes ?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own  
springe, Osrie ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen ?

*King.* She swounds to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,—O  
my dear Hamlet,— 320

The drink, the drink ! I am poison'd. [Dies.

*Ham.* O villany ! Ho ! let the door be  
lock'd :

Treachery ! Seek it out.

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou  
art slain :

No medicine in the world can do thee good ;  
In thee there is not half an hour of life ;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated and envenom'd : the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie, 329

Never to rise again : thy mother's poison'd :  
I can no more : the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point !—envenom'd too !

Then, venom, to thy work. [Stabs the King.

*All.* Treason ! treason !

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but  
hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous,  
damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here ?  
Follow my mother. [King dies.

*Laer.* He is justly served ;

It is a poison temper'd by himself. 339

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :  
Mine and my father's death come not upon

thee,

Nor thine on me.

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it ! I fol-

low thee. [Dies.





HAMLET.

*"Horatio, I am dead:  
Thou livest: report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied"*

HAMLET, p. 635

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu !  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—  
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead ;  
Thou livest ; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it : 351  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane :  
Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,  
Give me the cup : let go ; by heaven, I'll  
have't.  
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-  
hind me !  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in  
pain,  
To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within.*  
What warlike noise is this ? 360

*Osrr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come  
from Poland,  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio ;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit :  
I cannot live to hear the news from England ;  
But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;  
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and  
less,  
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

[*Dies.*

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart. Good  
night, sweet prince : 370  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !)  
Why does the drum come hither ?

[*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,  
and others.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight ?  
*Hor.* What is it ye would see ?  
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.  
*Fort.* This quarry cries on havoc. O proud  
death,  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck ?

*First Amb.* The sight is dismal ;  
And our affairs from England come too late :  
The ears are senseless that should give us  
hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, 381  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :  
Where should we have our thanks ?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it the ability of life to thank you :  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the Polack wars, and you from Eng-  
land,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view ; 389  
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
How these things came about : so shall you  
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slayings,  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,  
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite  
me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to  
speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on  
more ;  
But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more  
mischance  
On plots and errors, happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have proved most royally : and, for his  
passage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410  
Speak loudly for him.  
Take up the bodies : such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Erunt bearing off the  
dead bodies; after which a peal of ord-  
nance is shot off.*

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1602.)

## INTRODUCTION.

Among the plays of Shakespeare mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598) occurs the name of *Lore's Labour's Won*. This has been identified by some critics with *The Taming of the Shrew* and by others with *Much Ado About Nothing*; but the weight of authority inclines to the opinion that under this title Meres spoke of the play known to us as *All's Well that Ends Well*. It seems not improbable that *All's Well*, as we possess it in the First Folio—and no earlier edition exists—is a rehandling, very thoroughly carried out, of an earlier version of this comedy. Coleridge believed that two styles were discernible in it; and there is certainly a larger proportion of rhyming lines in it than in any other play written after the year 1600. It is, however, far from certain that any portion of the play is of early origin, and assigning conjecturally the date about 1602 as that of the completion of the whole, we may view it as belonging to the later group of the second cycle of Shakespeare's comedies, not so early, therefore, as *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It*, and certainly earlier than *Measure for Measure*. The story of Helena and Bertram was found by Shakespeare in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566), Paynter having translated it from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio (Novel 9, Third day). Shakespeare added the characters of the Countess, Lafé, Parolles, and the Clown. What interested the poet's imagination in Boccaccio's story was evidently the position and person of the heroine. In Boccaccio, Giletta, the physician's daughter, is inferior in rank to the young Count, Beltramo, but she is rich. Shakespeare's Helena is of humbler birth than his Bertram, and she is also poor. Yet poor, and comparatively low-born, she aspires to be the young Count's wife, she pursues him to Paris and wins him against his will. To show Helena thus reversing in a measure the ordinary relations of man and woman, and yet to show her neither self-seeking nor unwomanly, was the task which the dramatist attempted. On the one hand he insists much on Bertram's youth, and gives him the faults and vices of youth, making the reader or spectator of the play feel that his hero has great need of such a finely-tempered, right-willed and loyal nature to stand by his side as that of Helena. On the other hand he shows us Helena's enthusiastic attachment to Bertram, her fears and cares on his behalf, her adhesion to him rather than to herself, when her husband seems to set their interests in opposition to one another, until we come to feel that the imperious need which makes Helena overstep social conventions is the need of perfect service to the man she loves. Bertram's beauty and courage must bear part of the blame for Helena's loving him better than he deserves. With the youthful desire for independence which makes him break away from her, she can intelligently sympathize. In the last Act she appears—when he has entangled himself in falsehood and shame—to save him, and rescue him from his baser self. We feel that when he has at last really found Helena, he is safe, and all ends well. Parolles, the incarnation of bragging meanness, is the counterfoil of Helena—she, the doer of virtuous deeds; he, the utterer of vain and swelling words; she, all brave womanliness; he, too cowardly for manhood. Parolles has been compared to Falstaff, but they ought rather to be contrasted; for Sir John is a man of genius, with real wit and power of fascination, and no ridicule can destroy him, but the exposure of Parolles makes him dwindle into his native pitifulness. The Countess is a charming creation of Shakespeare; in no play, unless it be some of his latest romantic dramas, is old age made more beautiful and dignified.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFFE, an old lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Steward, { servants to the Countess of  
Clown. Rousillon.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the  
Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, { neighbors and friends to the  
MARIANA, } Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and  
Florentine.

SCENE : *Rousillon; Paris; Florence;*  
*Marseilles.*

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.** Rousillon. *The Count's palace.*  
**Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,**  
**HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.**

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I in going, madam, weep c'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon. 31

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity: they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpliceness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from

her cheek. No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it. 61

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father. 70

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend [fence],

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for si- But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, [down.]

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord: 'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord, 80 Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. [Exit.

*Ber.* [To Helena] the best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafon.

*Hel.* O, were that all! I think not on my father; 90 And these great tears grace his remembrance more.

Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him; my imagination Carries no favor in't, but Bertram's. I am undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. Twere all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. 100 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour: to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table: heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favor: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

[Aside] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;  
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely  
bones.

†Look bleak i' the cold wind : withal, full oft  
we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen !

Hel. And you, monarch !

Par. No.

Hel. And no. 120

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier  
in you : let me ask you a question. Man is  
enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it  
against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity,  
though valiant, in the defence yet is weak :  
unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none : man, sitting down  
before you, will undermine you and blow you  
up. 130

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from under-  
miners and blowers up ! Is there no military  
policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will  
quicker be blown up : marry, in blowing him  
down again, with the breach yourselves made,  
you lose your city. It is not politic in the  
commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity.  
Loss of virginity is rational increase and there  
was never virgin got till virginity was first  
lost. That you were made of is metal to make  
virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be  
ten times found ; by being ever kept, it is ever  
lost : 'tis too cold a companion ; away with 't !

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though there-  
fore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't ; 'tis  
against the rule of nature. To speak on the  
part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers ;  
which is most infallible disobedience. He that  
hangs himself is a virgin : virginity murders  
itself and should be buried in highways out of  
all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress  
against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much  
like a cheese ; consumes itself to the very  
paring, and so dies with feeding his own  
stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud,  
idle, made of self-love, which is the most in-  
hibited sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you  
cannot choose but loose by't : out with 't !  
within ten year it will make itself ten, which  
is a goodly increase ; and the principal itself  
not much the worse : away with 't !

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to  
her own liking ?

Par. Let me see : marry, ill, to like him  
that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will  
lose the gloss with lying ; the longer kept, the  
less worth : off with 't while 'tis vendible ;  
answer the time of request. Virginity, like an  
old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion :  
richly suited, but insatiable : just like the

brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not  
now. Your date is better in your pie and  
your porridge than in your cheek ; and your  
virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our  
French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily ;  
marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly  
better ; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear : will  
you anything with it ?

Hel. †Not my virginity yet . . .  
There shall your master have a thousand loves.  
A mother and a mistress and a friend, 181  
A phoenix, captain and an enemy,  
A guide a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;  
His humble ambition, proud humility.  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—  
I know not what he shall. God send him well !  
The court's a learning place, and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think, which  
never

Return us thanks. 200

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for  
you. Exit.

Par. Little Helen, farewell ; if I can re-  
member thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born  
under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under that  
you must needs be born under Mars. 210

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think,  
rather.

Par. Why think you so ? [fight.

Hel. You go so much backward when you

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear pro-  
poses the safety ; but the composition that  
your valor and fear makes in you is a virtue  
of a good wing, and I like the wear well. 219

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot  
answer thee acutely. I will return perfect  
courtier ; in the which, my instruction shall  
serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capa-  
ble of a courtier's counsel and understand what  
advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest  
in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance  
makes thee away : farewells. When thou hast  
leisure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast  
none, remember thy friends ; get thee a good  
husband, and use him as he uses thee ; so,  
farewell. [Exit. 230]

*Hcl.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is it which mounts my love so

high,  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine  
eye ?

†The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense and do sup-  
pose

240

†What hath been cannot be : who ever strove  
So show her merit, that did miss her love ?  
The King's disease—my project may deceive  
me,  
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Paris. The King's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets.* Enter the KING OF  
FRANCE, with letters, and divers Attendants.

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by  
the ears ;

Have fought with equal fortune and continue  
A braving war.

*First Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here re-  
ceive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudiceth the business and would seem  
To have us make denial.

*First Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
Approved so to your majesty, may plead 10  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is denied before he comes :  
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

*Sec. Lord.* It well may serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here ?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*First Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my  
good lord,

Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's  
face ;  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20  
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral  
parts

Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your maj-  
esty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness  
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship  
First tried our soldiership ! He did look fair

Into the service of the time and was

Discipled of the bravest : he lasted long ;

But on us both did haggish age steal on  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth 31  
He had the wit which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoticed  
Ere they can hide their levity in honor ;  
†So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,  
His equal had awaked them, and his honor,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40  
His tongue obey'd his hand . who were below  
him

He used as creatures of another place  
And how'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
†In their poor praise he humbled. Such a  
man

Might be a copy to these younger times :  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them  
now

But goers backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir ;  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb ;  
So in approop lives not his epitaph 50  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would I were with him ! He would  
always say—

Methinks I hear him now : his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there and to bear,— Let me not  
live,—

This his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out.—'Let me not live,' quoth he,  
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff 59  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments  
are [stances

Mere fathers of their garments : whose con-  
Expire before their fashions. This he wish'd ;  
I alter him do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some laborers room.

*Sec. Lord.* You are loved, sir :  
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't. How long is't,  
count,

Since the physician at your father's died ? 70  
He was much famed.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him  
yet.

Lend me an arm : the rest have worn me out  
With several applications ; nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;  
My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty.  
[Exit. *Flourish.*

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.*

*Count.* I will now hear ; what say you of  
this gentlewoman ?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may. 21

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings. [marry]

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness. 41

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam: and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his eackold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the balled will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;

Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood,

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then; 80

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Ch.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'. An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

*Ch.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.]

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly;

keep it to yourself : many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stell this in your bosom ; and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

*Enter HELENA.*

Even so it was with me when I was young : If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong :

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ; It is the show and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :

By our remembrances of days foregone, 140  
†Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't : I observe her now.

*Hél.* What is your pleasure, madam ?

*Count.* You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

*Hél.* Mine honorable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother ; Why not a mother ? When I said 'a mother,'

Methought you saw a serpent : what's in 'mother,' That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine : 'tis often seen 150 Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds :

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care :

God's mercy, maiden ! does it eur'd thy blood To say I am thy mother ? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wret,

The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?

Why ? that you are my daughter ?

*Hél.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hél.* Pardon, madam ; 160

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :

I am from humble, he from honor'd name ;

No note upon my parents, his all noble :

My master, my dear lord he is ; and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die :

He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother ?

*Hél.* You are my mother, madam ; would

you were.— [ther,

So that my lord your son were not my brother ! or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven. 170

So I were not his sister. Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law :

God shield you mean it not ! daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again ?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I

see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head : now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son ; invention is ashamed, Against the proclamation of thy passion, 180 To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ; But tell me them, 'tis so ; for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, th' one to th' other ; and thine eyes See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors That in their kind they speak it : only sin And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?

If it be so, you have won'd a goodly clew : If it be not, forswear't : how'er, I charge thee, As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, Tell me truly. 191

*Hél.* Good madam, pardon me !

*Count.* Do you love my son ?

*Hél.* Your pardon, noble mistress !

*Count.* Love you my son ?

*Hél.* Do not you love him, madam ?

*Count.* Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,

Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose

The state of your affection ; for your passions Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hél.* Then, I confess, Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your son. 200 My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :

Be not offended : for it hurts not sum That he is loved of me : I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit :

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him ; Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope Yet in this captious and intenible sieve I still pour in the waters of my love

And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like, Religious in mine error, I adore 211 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper.

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love For loving where you do : but if yourself, Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever in so true a flame of liking Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian Was both herself and love : O, then, give pity

To her, whose state is such that cannot choose But lend and give where she is sure to lose ; That seeks not to find that her search implies, But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies !

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, — speak truly, —

To go to Paris ?

*Hél.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore ? tell true.

*Hél.* I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear, You know my father left me some prescrip-

tions

Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience had collected  
For general sovereignty; and that he wil'd me  
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 231  
As notes whose faculties inclusive were  
More than they were in note: amongst the  
rest,

There is a remedy, approved, set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

*Hél.* My lord your son made me to think of  
this;  
Else Paris and the medicine and the king  
Had from the conversation of my thoughts  
Happily been absent then. 241

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? he and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help: how shall they  
credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The danger to itself?

*Hél.* There's something in't,  
More than my father's skill, which was the  
greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt 250  
Shall for my legacy be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would  
your honor

But give me leave to try success, I'll venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure  
By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Dost thou believe't?  
*Hél.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my  
leave and love,  
Means and attendants and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt: 260  
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paris. The King's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets.* Enter the KING, attended  
with divers young Lords taking leave for the  
Florentine war; BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

*King.* Farewell, young lords; these war-like principles

Do not draw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,  
And is enough for both.

*First Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,  
After well enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my  
heart

Will not confess he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young  
lords; 10

Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—  
Those bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come  
Not to woo honor, but to wed it; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you  
seek,

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.  
*Sec. Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve  
your majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of  
them:

They say, our French lack language to deny,  
If they demand: beware of being captives, 21  
Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell. Come hither to me.  
[Exit, attended.

*First Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will  
stay behind us!

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

*Sec. Lord.* O, 'tis brave warrs!

*Par.* Most admirable: I have seen those  
wars. [with

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil  
'Too young' and 'the next year' and 'tis too  
early.'

*Par.* An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal  
away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a  
smock, 30

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honor be bought up and no sword worn  
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal  
away.

*First Lord.* There's honor in the theft,  
*Par.* Commit it, count.

*Sec. Lord.* I am your accessory; and so,  
farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-tured body.

*First Lord.* Farewell, captain.

*Sec. Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are  
kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good  
metals: you shall find in the regiment of the  
Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,  
an emblem of war, heve on his sinister cheek;  
it was this very sword entrenched it: say to  
him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

*First Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

[Exeunt Lords.  
*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices!  
what will ye do?

*Ber.* Stay: the king. 50

Re-enter KING, BERTRAM and PAROLLES  
retire.

*Par.* [To Ber.] Use a more spacious cere-mon-y  
to the noble lords; you have restrained  
yourself within the list of too cold an adieu;

be more expressive to them : for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exit Bertram and Parolles.*

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* [Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had ; so I had broke thy

pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across : but, my good lord

'tis thus ;

Will you be cured of your infirmity ?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them : I have seen a medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone, Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary With sprite-like fire and motion ; whose simple touch,

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand. 80 And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What 'her' is this ?

*Laf.* Why, Doctor She : n, lord, there's one arrived

If you will see her : now, by my faith and honor,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one that, in her sex, her years, profes-

sion,

Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more Than I dare blame my weakness : will you see her,

For that is her demand, and know her business? That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu, 90

Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee May spend our wonder too, or take off thine By wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed,

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways : This is his majesty ; say your mind to him : A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle, 100 That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father ; In what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him :

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death Many receipts he gave me : chiefly one, Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, And of his old experience the only darling, 110 He bade me store up, as a triple eye, Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so; And hearing your high majesty is touch'd With that malignant cause wherein the honor Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, I come to tender it and my appliance With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure, When our most learned doctors leave us and The congregated college have concluded 120 That laboring art can never ransom nature From her inailible estate ; I say we must not So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope, To prostitute our past-cure malady To empiries, or to dissever so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains :

I will no more enforce mine office on you ; Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again. 131

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :

Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live : But what at full I know, thou know'st no part, I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do can do no hurt to try, Since you set up your rest gainst remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher Off does them by the weakest minister :

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn, When judges have been babes ; great floods

have flown

From simple sources, and great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied, Off expectation fails and most oft there

Where most it promises, and oft it hits

Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

*King.* I must not hear thee ; fare thee well,

kind maid :

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid :

Proffers not look reap thanks for their reward,

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :  
It is not so with Him that all things knows  
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;  
But most it is presumption in us when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent ;  
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim ;  
But know I think and think I know most sure  
My art is not past power nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident ? within what  
space

Honest thou my cure ?

*Hel.* The great'st grace lending grace  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,  
What is infirm from yoursound part shall fly,  
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence  
What darest thou venture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulg'd shame  
Traduced by odious ballads : my maiden's  
name  
Sear'd otherwise ; nay, worse—if worse—ex-  
tended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit  
doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak :  
And what impossibility would slay 180  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
That happiness and prime can happy call :  
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate  
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
That ministers thine own death if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,  
And well deserved : not helping, death's my  
fee :

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* Make thy demand

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of  
heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy  
kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command :  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,  
My low and humble name to propagate 200  
With any branch or image of thy state ;  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises ob-  
served,

Thy will by my performance shall be served ;

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,  
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must,  
Though more to know could not be more to  
trust,

From whence thou camest, how tended on :  
but rest 216

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.  
Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy  
meed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

*Count.* Come on, sir : I shall now put you  
to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed and  
lowly taught : I know my business is but to  
the court.

*Count.* To the court ! why, what place  
make you special, when you put off that with  
such contempt ? But to the court !

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man  
any manners, he may easily put it off at court :  
he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss  
his hand and say nothing, has neither leg,  
hands, lip, nor cap ; and indeed such a fellow,  
to say precisely, were not for the court ; but  
for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer  
that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair that fits all  
buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,  
the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all  
questions ? 21

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of  
an attorney, as your French crown for your  
taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-  
finger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a  
morris for May-lay, as the nail to his hole, the  
cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a  
wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's  
mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such  
fitness for all questions ? 31

*Clo.* From below your duke to beneath  
your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most mon-  
strous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if  
the learned should speak truth of it : here it  
is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am  
a courter : it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could : I  
will be a fool in question, hoping to be the  
wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are  
you a courter ?

*Clo.* O Lord, sir ! There's a simple putting  
off. More, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours,  
that loves you.

*Clo.* O 'Lord, sir ! Thick, thick, spare not

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of  
this homely meat,

*Clo.* O Lord, Sir ! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you. 51

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir ! spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir !' at your whipping, and 'spare not me ?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir !' is very sequent to your whipping : you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir !' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever. 61

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir ! why, there's serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir ; to your business.

Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back : Commend me to my kinsmen and my son : This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them. 70

*Count.* Not much employment for you : you understand me ?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully : I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [Exit severally.

### SCENE III. Paris. The King's palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

*Laf.* They say miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists, — 10

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fel-

fows, —

*Par.* Right ; so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable, —

*Par.* Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped, —

*Par.* Right ; as 'twere, a man assured of a —

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death. 20

*Par.* Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed : if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — what do you call there ?

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it ; I would have said the very same. 30

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me, I speak in respect —

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he's of a most factious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the —

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak — [pausing] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be — [pausing] generally thankful.

*Par.* I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.  
LAFEU and PAROLLES retire.

*Laf.* Lustig, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head : why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

*Par.* Mort du vinaigre ! is not this Helen ?

*Laf.* Fore God, I think so. 51

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ; And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promised gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use : thy frank election make ; Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please ! marry, to each, but one !

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtaul and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken than those boys',

And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well : Not one of those but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen, Heaven hath through me restored the king to health. 70

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,

That I protest I simply am a maid. Please it your majesty, I have done already :

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, 'We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refused,'

Let the white doath sit on thy cheek for ever ; We'll ne'er come there again.'

*King.* Make choice ; and, see,

Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.  
*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80  
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
 Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my  
 suit?

*First Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the  
 rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than  
 throw ames-ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honor, sir, that flames in your fair  
 eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :  
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
 Her that so wishes and her humble love !

*Sce. Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive, 90  
 Which great Love grant ! and so, I take my  
 leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her ? An they were  
 sons of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I  
 would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs  
 of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should  
 take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake ;  
 Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed  
 Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll  
 none have her : sure, they are bastards to the  
 English ; the French ne'er got 'em. 101

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and  
 too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

*Fourth Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet ; I am sure thy  
 father drank wine ; bat if thou be'st not an  
 ass, I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known  
 thee already.

*Hel.* [To Bertram] I dare not say I take  
 you ; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110  
 Into your guiding power. This is the man.

*King.* Why, then, young Bertram, take her ;  
 she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech  
 your highness,

In such a businesse give me leave to use  
 The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
 What she has done for me ?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord ;  
 But never hope to know why I should marry  
 her.

*King.* Thou know'st she has raised me  
 from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me  
 down

Must answer for your raising ? I know her  
 well : 120

She had her breeding at my father's charge,  
 A poor physician's daughter my wife ! Disdain  
 Rather corrupt me ever !

*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,  
 the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,

Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
 In differences so mighty. If she be  
 All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,  
 A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest 130  
 Of virtue for the name : but do not so :  
 From lowest place when virtuous things pro-  
 ceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed :  
 Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,  
 It is a dropsied honor. Good alone  
 Is good without a name. Vileness is so :  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;  
 In these to nature she's immediate heir,  
 And these breed honor : that is honor's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honor's born 141  
 And is not like the sire : honors thrive,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our foregoers : the mere word's a slave  
 Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave  
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
 Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be  
 said ?

If thou caust like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest : virtue and she 150  
 Is her own dower ; honor and wealth from  
 me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to  
 do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst  
 strive to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restored, my lord,  
 I'm glad :

Let the rest go.

*King.* My honor's at the stake ; which to  
 defeat,  
 I must produce my power. Here, take her  
 hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;  
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
 My love and her desert ; that canst not dream,  
 We, poising us in her defective scale, 161  
 Shall weigh theo to the beam ; that wilt not  
 know,

It is in us to plant thine honor where  
 We please to have it grow. Check thy con-  
 tempt :

Obey our will, which travails in thy good :  
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
 Which both thy duty owes and our power  
 claims ;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170  
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge  
 and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
 Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine an-  
 swer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I sub-  
 My fancy to your eyes : when I consider  
 What great creation and what dote of honor  
 Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which  
 late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,  
Is as 'twere born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, 180  
And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise  
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate  
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune and the favor of the  
king

Smile upon this contract : whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,  
Thy love's to me religions ; else, does err. 190

[Exeunt all but *Laf.* and *Par.*'s.

*Laf.* [Advancing] Do you hear, monsieur ?  
a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to  
make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation ! My lord ! my master !

*Laf.* Ay; is it not a language I speak ?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be un-  
derstood without bloody succeding. My  
master ! 200

*Laf.* Are you companion to the Count Rou-  
sillon ?

*Par.* To any count, to all counts, to what  
is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man : count's master  
is of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy  
you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ;  
to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not  
do. 210

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinarynes,  
to be a pretty wise fellow ; thou didst make  
tolerable vent of thy travel ; it might pass ;  
yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did  
manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a  
vessel of too great a burthen. I have now  
found thee ; when I lose thee again, I care not :  
yet art thou good for nothing but taking  
up ; and that thou'lt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity  
upon thee, — 221

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,  
lest thou hasten thy trial ; which if — Lord  
have mercy on thee for a hen ! So, my good  
window of lattice, fare thee well : thy casement  
I need not open, for I look through thee.  
Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious  
indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart ; and thou art  
worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it. 231

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it : and  
I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Even so : soon as thou canst, for thou  
hast to pull at a snack of the contrary. If

ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten,  
thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy  
bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance  
with thee, or rather my knowledge, that  
I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable  
 vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,  
and my poor doing eternal : for doing I am  
past : as I will by thee, in what motion age  
will give me leave. [Exit.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this  
disgrace off me : scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy  
lord ! Well, I must be patient : there is no  
fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by n'y  
life, if I can meet him with any convenience,  
an he were double and double a lord. I'll  
have no more pity of his age than I would of —  
I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him  
again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's mar-  
ried ; there's news for you : you have a new  
mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lord-  
ship to make some reservation of your  
wrongs : he is my good lord : whom I serve  
above is my master.

*Laf.* Who ? God ?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why  
dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion ?  
dost make hose of thy sleeves ? do other ser-  
vants so ? Thouwert best set thy lower part  
where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I  
were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee :  
methinks, thou art a general offence, and  
every man should beat thee : I think thou  
wast created for men to breathe themselves  
upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure,  
my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy  
for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate ;  
you are a vagabond and no true traveller : you  
are more saucy with lords and honorable per-  
sonages than the commission of your birth  
and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not  
worth another word, else I'd call you knave,  
I leave you. [Exit. 281

*Par.* Good, very good : it is so then : good,  
very good ; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for  
ever !

*Par.* What's the matter, sweet-heart ?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I  
have sworn,

I will not bed her.

*Par.* What, what, sweet-heart ?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married  
me !

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. 290

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more  
merits

The tread of a man's foot : to the wars !

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother : what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars !

He wears his honor in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wieky here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high  
curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions 300  
France is a stable : we that dwell in't jades ;  
Therefore, to the war !

*Ber.* It shall be so : I'll send her to my  
house.

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak ; his present  
gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike : war is no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capriccio hold in thee ? art  
sure ? 310

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and ad-  
vise me.

I'll send her straight away : to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound ; there's noise  
in it. 'Tis hard :

A young man married is a man that's marr'd :  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go ;  
The king has done you wrong ; but, hush, 'tis  
so.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV. Paris. The KING's palace.

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly ; is she  
well ?

*Clo.* She is not well ; but yet she has her  
health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not  
well . but thanks be given, she's very well  
and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she  
is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail,  
that she's not very well ?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for  
two things.

*Hel.* What two things ? 10

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whether  
God send her quickly ! the other that she s in  
earth, from whence God send her quickly !

[Enter PAROLLES.]

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady .

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to  
have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on ;  
and to keep them on, have them still. O, my  
knaves, how does my old lady ?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles and 1 her  
money, I would she did as you say. 21

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man : for  
many a man's tongue shakes out his master's  
undoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to

know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a  
great part of your title ; which is within a  
very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away ! thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a  
knaves thou'rt a knave ; that's, before me  
thou'rt a knave : this had been truth, sir. 31

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have  
found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or  
were you taught to find me ? The search, sir,  
was profitable ; and much fool may you find  
in you, even to the world's pleasure and the  
increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed,  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night ; 40  
A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does ac-  
knowledge :

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint :  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with  
sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else ?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave  
o' the king,  
And make this haste as your own good pro-  
ceeding. 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he ?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you pres-  
ently

Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In every thing I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so,

*Hel.* I pray you. [Exit Parolles.]  
Come, sittah. [Exit.

#### SCENE V. Paris. The KING's palace.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not  
him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant ap-  
proach.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliver-  
ance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true : I took  
this lark for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very  
great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his ex-  
perience and transgressed against his valor ;  
and my state that way is dangerous, since I  
cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here  
he comes : I pray you, make us friends ; I  
will pursue the amity.

[Enter PAROLLES.]

*Par.* [To Bertram] These things shall be  
done, sir.



HELENA AND THE CLOWN.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, p. 69.



*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

*Par.* Sir ?

*Laf.* O, I know him well, I, sir ; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor. 21

*Ber.* [Aside to Par.] Is she gone to the king ?

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night ?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses ; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin. 29

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner ; but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur ?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard : and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this nutt : the soul of this man in his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur : I have spoken better of you † than you have or will to deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him ?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my elopement.

Enter HELENA.

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,

Spoke with the king and have procured his leave 60

For present parting ; only he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,

Which holds not color with the time, nor does The ministration and required office

On my particular. Prepared I was not For such a business ; therefore am I found So much unsettled : this drives me to entreat you

That presently you take your way for home : And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,

For my respects are better than they seem 71 And my appointments ~~are~~ in them a need

Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not. This to my mother : [Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so

I'll give you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go : 81 My haste is very great : farewell ; lie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say ?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is ; But, like a timorous thief, most faint would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have ?

*Hel.* Something ; and scarce so much : nothing, indeed. I would not tell you what I would, my lord : 90 Faith, yes :

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur ? Farewell. [Exit *Helena*.

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.

Away, and for our delight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio ! [Exit.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence. The DUKE's palace.

*Flourish.* Enter the DUKE of Florence, attended ; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.

*Duke.* So that from point to point now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth

And more thirsts after.

*First Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace's part ; black and fearful On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much our cousins France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

*Sec. Lord.* Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10 But like a common and an outward man,

That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*First Lord.* But I am sure the younger of  
our nature,  
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be :  
And all the honors that can fly from us 20  
Shall on them settle. You know your places  
well :

When better fall, for your avails they fell :  
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would  
have had it, save that he comes not along with  
her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to  
be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you ?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot and  
sing ; mend the ruff and sing ; ask questions  
and sing ; pick his teeth and sing. I know a  
man that had this trick of melancholy sold a  
goodly manor for a song. 10

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and  
when he means to come. [Opening a letter.]

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel since I was at  
court : our old ling and our Isbelz o' the coun-  
try are nothing like your old ling and your  
Isbelz o' the court : the brains of my Cupid's  
knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old  
man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here ?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. [Exit. 20]

*Count.* [Reads] I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the king, and un-  
done me. I have wedded her, not bedded her : and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You  
shall hear I am run away : know it before the  
report come. If there be breadth enough in  
the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty  
to you. Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30  
To fly the favors of so good a king ;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head  
By the misprisning of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within  
in between two soldiers and my young lady !

*Count.* What is the matter ?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the  
news, some comfort : your son will not be  
killed so soon as I thought he would. 40

*Count.* Why should he be killed ?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I  
hear he does ; the danger is in standing to't ;

that's the loss of men, though it be the getting  
of children. Here they come will tell you  
more : for my part, I only hear your son waz  
run away. [Exit.

*Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever  
gone.

*Sec. Gent.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience. Pray you,  
gentlemen, 50  
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't : where is my son, I  
pray you ?

*Sec. Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the  
duke of Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,  
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam ; here's  
my passport.

[Reads] When thou canst get the ring upon  
my finger which never shall come off, and  
show me a child begotten of thy body that I  
am father to, then call me husband : but in  
such a 'then' I write a 'never.'  
This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

*First Gent.* Ay, madam ;  
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our  
pains.

*Count.* I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robl' st me of a moiety : he was my son ;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70  
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence  
is he ?

*Sec. Gent.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a soldier ?

*Sec. Gent.* Such is his noble purpose ; and,  
believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honor

That good convenience claims.

*Count.* Return you thither ?

*First Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest  
wing of speed.

*Hel.* [Reads] Till I have no wife I have no  
thing in France.

'Tis bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there ?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

*First Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his  
hand, haply, which his heart was not consent-  
ing to. 80

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have  
no wife !

There's nothing here that is too good for him  
But only she ; and she deserves a lord  
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon  
And call their hourly mistress. Who was with  
him ?

*First Gent.* A servant only, and a gentle-  
man

Which I have sometime known.

*Count.*

Parolles, was it not ?

*First Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

*First Gent.* Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that too much,  
Which holds him much to have.

*Count.* You're welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him that his sword can never win  
The honor that he loses: more I'll entreat you  
Written to bear along.

*Sec. Gent.* We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our cour-  
tesies. 100

Will you draw near !

[*Exit Countess and Gentlemen.*

*Hel.* 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing  
in France.'

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in  
France ;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I  
That chase thee from thy country and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court,  
where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messen-  
gers, 111

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim ; move the still-peering  
air,

[Lord.

That sings with piercing ; do not touch my  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the eaitiff that do hold him to't ;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected : Letter 'twere

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120  
With sharp constraint of hunger ; better  
'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,

Rousillon,

Whence honor but of danger wins a sear,  
As oft it loses all : I will be gone ;

My being here it is that hold thee hence ;  
Shall I stay here to do't ? no, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house  
And angels officed all : I will be gone,

Tha' pitiful rumor may report my flight, 130  
To consulte thine ear. Come, night ; end,  
day !

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Florence. Before the DUKE's  
palace.

*Flourish.* Enter the DUKE of Florence, BER-  
TRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, Drum, and  
Trumpets.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art ;  
and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and ex-  
dence

Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth ;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress !

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall  
prove 10

A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

*Count.* Alas ! and would you take the let-  
ter of her ?

Might you not know she would do as she has  
done,

By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

*Stew.* [Reads]  
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone :  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have  
amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of  
war

My dearest master, your dear son, may  
lie :

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervor sanctify : 11

His taken labors bid him me forgive ;

I, his despitful Juno, sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to

live,  
Where death and danger dogs the heels of  
worth :

He is too good and fair for death and me :  
Whom I myself embrase, to set him free.

*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her  
mildest words !

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,  
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents, 21  
Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam :  
If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'er-taken ; and yet she  
writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot  
thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to  
hear

And loves to grant, reprise him from the  
wrath

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife ; 30

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth  
That he does weigh too light : my greatest  
grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Dispatch the most convenient messenger :  
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return ; and hope I may that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love : which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction : provide this messen- 40  
ger :

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak :  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me  
speak. [Exeunt.

**SCENE V.** *Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach  
the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done  
most honorable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their  
greatest commander ; and that with his own  
hand he slew the duke's brother. [Tucket.]  
We have lost our labor ; they are gone a con-  
trary way : hark ! you may know by their  
trumpets. 9

Mari. Come, let's return again, and suffice  
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,  
take heed of this French earl : the honor of a  
maid is her name ; and no legacy is so rich as  
honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbor how you  
have been solicited by a gentleman his com-  
panion.

Mari. I know that knave ; hang him ! one  
Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those sug-  
gestions for the young earl. Beware of them,  
Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths,  
tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the  
things they go under : many a maid hath  
been seduced by them ; and the misery is, ex-  
ample, that so terrible shows in the wreck of  
maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade suc-  
cession, but that they are limed with the  
twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not  
to advise you further ; but I hope your own  
grace will keep you where you are, though  
there were no further danger known but the  
modesty which is so lost. 30

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

*Enter HELENA, disguised like a Pilgrim.*

Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she  
will lie at my house ; thither they send one  
another : I'll question her. God save you,  
pilgrim ! whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.  
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech  
you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the  
port.

Hel. Is this the way ? 40  
Wid. Ay, marry, is't. [A march afar.]

Hark you ! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  
But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged ;  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your  
leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of  
yours 50

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon : know you such  
a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly  
of him :

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from  
France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him  
Against his liking : think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth : I know  
his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the  
count

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ? 60

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated : all her deserv-  
ing

Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examined.

Hel. Alas, poor lady !  
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I warrant, good creature, whereso-  
e'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid  
might do her 70  
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean ?  
May be the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed ;  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid :  
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

Mari. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :

*Drum and Colors.*

*Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole  
army.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;  
That, Escalus.

*Hol.* Which is the Frenchman ?  
*Diu.* He ; so  
 That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow.  
 I would he loved his wife : if he were honest  
 er  
 He were much goodlier : isn't not a handsome  
 gentleman ?

*Hol.* I like him well.

*Diu.* 'Tis pity he is not honest : yond's  
 that same knave  
 That leads him to these places : were I his  
 lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

*Hol.* Which is he ?

*Diu.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs : why  
 is he melancholy ?

*Hol.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 90

*Par.* Lose our drum ! well.

*Mav.* He's shrewdly vexed at something :  
 look, he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you !

*Mav.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier ! [Exit Bertram, Parolles, and army.

*Wid.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I  
 will bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoind' penitents  
 There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques  
 bound,

Already at my house.

*Hol.* I humbly thank you :  
 Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100  
 To eat with us to-night, the charge and thank-  
 ing

Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,  
 I will bestow some precepts of this virgin  
 Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.  
 [Exit.

## SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

*Sec. Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't ;  
 let him have his way.

*First Lord.* If your lordship find him not a  
 hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*Sec. Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in  
 him ?

*Sec. Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own  
 direct knowledge, without any malice, but to  
 speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most  
 notable coward, an infinite and endless liar,  
 an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no  
 one good quality worthy your lordship's en-  
 tertainment.

*First Lord.* It were fit you knew him ; lest,  
 reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath  
 not, he might at some great and trusty busi-  
 ness in a main danger fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular  
 action to try him. 19

*First Lord.* None better than to let him  
 fetch off his drum, which you hear him so  
 confidently undertake to do.

*Sec. Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines,  
 will suddenly surprise him ; such I will have,  
 whom I am sure he knows not from the  
 enemy : we will bind and hoodwink him so,  
 that he shall suppose no other but that he is  
 carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,  
 when we bring him to our own tents. Be but  
 your lordship present at his examination : if  
 he do not, for the promise of his life and in  
 the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to  
 betray you and deliver all the intelligence in  
 his power against you, and that with the di-  
 vine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust  
 my judgment in any thing.

*First Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let  
 him fetch his drum ; he says he has a stratagem  
 for't : when your lordship sees the bot-  
 tom of his success in't, and to what metal this  
 counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you  
 give him not John Drum's entertainment, your  
 inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

## Enter PAROLLES.

*Sec. Lord.* [Aside to Ber.] O, for the love  
 of laughter, hinder not the honor of his de-  
 sign : let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur ! this drum sticks  
 sorely in your disposition.

*First Lord.* A pox on't, let it go ; 'tis but a  
 drum. 49

*Par.* 'But a drum ! is't 'but a drum' ? A  
 drum so lost ! There was excellent command,  
 —to charge in with our horse upon our own  
 wings, and to rend our own soldiers !

*First Lord.* That was not to be blamed in  
 the command of the service : it was a disaster of  
 war that Cæsar himself could not have pre-  
 vented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our  
 success : some dishonor we had in the loss of  
 that drum ; but it is not to be recovered. 60

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might ; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered—but that the  
 merit of service is seldom attributed to the  
 true and exact performer. I would have that  
 drum or another, or 'hic jacet'

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach, to't,  
 monsieur : if you think your mystery in strat-  
 agem can bring this instrument of honor again  
 into his native quarter, be magnanimous in  
 the enterprise and go on : I will grace the at-  
 tempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well  
 in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and ex-  
 tend to you what further becomes his great-  
 ness, even to the utmost syllable of your  
 worthiness. [detake it.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will un-

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening : and I will  
 presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage  
 myself in my certainty, put myself into my  
 mortal preparation ; and by midnight look to  
 hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace  
 you are gone about it ?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou'rt valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

*Par.* I love not many words. [Exit.]

*Sec. Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't ?

*First Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do : certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries , but when you find him out, you have him ever after. 101

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

*Sec. Lord.* None in the world ; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies ; but we have almost embossed him ; you shall see his fall to-night ; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 109

*First Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

*Sec. Lord.* I must go look my twigs : he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*Sec. Lord.* As't please your lordship : I'll leave you. [Exit.]

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

*First Lord.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once. 120

And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,

Tokens and letters which she did re-send ; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature :

Will you go see her ?

*First Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

*Enter HELENA and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fallen, I was well born.

Nothing acquainted with these businesses ; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you. First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so from word to word ; and then you cannot,

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you : For you have shew'd me that which well approves

You're great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay and pay again

When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolved to carry her : let her in fine consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20

Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand : a ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds

In most rich choioe ; yet in his idle fire, To buy his will, it wold not seem too dear Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful, then : it is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, 31

Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time,

Herself most chastely absent : after this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is passed already.

*Wid.* I have yielded : Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,

That time and place with this deceit se lawful May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts and songs composed To her unworthiness : it nothing steeds us 41

To her unworthiness : it nothing steeds us To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then to-night Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed

And lawful meaning in a lawful act, Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact : But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine camp.*

*Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.*

*Sec. Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will : though you understand it not yourselves, no





ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

matter ; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*First Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*See. Lord.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ?

*First Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*See. Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again ?

*First Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

*See. Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages ; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another : so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose : choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho ! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

#### Enter PAROLLES.

*Par.* Ten o'clock : within these three hours twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it : they begin to smoke me ; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy : but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*See. Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit : yet slight ones will not carry it ; they will say, 'Came you off with so little ?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance ? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

*See. Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is ?

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*See. Lord.* We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard ; and to say it was in stratagem.

*See. Lord.* Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

*See. Lord.* Hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel.

*See. Lord.* How deep ?

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*See. Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's : I would swear I recovered it.

*See. Lord.* You shall hear one anon.

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's, —

[*Alarm within.*

*See. Lord.* Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

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*All.* Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

*Par.* O, ransom, ransom ! do not hide mine eyes. [They seize and blindfold him.

*First Sold.* Boskos thromuldo boskos.

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment : And I shall lose my life for want of language ; If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me ; I'll Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

*First Sold.* Boskos vanvudo : I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerebyonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

*Par.* O !

*First Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray ! Manka revania dulehe.

*See. Lord.* Oscarbidulchos volivoreo.

*First Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet :

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee : haply thou mayst inform

Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O, let me live !

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

*First Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

*First Sold.* Acordo linta.

Come on ; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded.* A short *alarm within.*

*See. Lord.* Go, tell the Count Ronsillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

*See. Sold.* Captain, I will.

*See. Lord.* A' will betray us all unto ourselves :

Inform on that.

*See. Sold.* So I will, sir.

*See. Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II. Florence. The Widow's house.

##### Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess : And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality ?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument :  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got. 10

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No :  
My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that ;  
I prithee, do not strive against my vows :  
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for  
ever

Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us  
Till we serve you ; but when you have our  
roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves  
And mock us with our barenness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn ! 20  
*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that makes  
the truth,  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the High'st to witness : then, pray  
you, tell me,

If I should swear by God's great attributes,  
I loved you dearly, would you believe my  
oaths,  
When I did love you ill ? This has no hold-  
ing,  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him : therefore your  
oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,  
At least in my opinion. 31

*Ber.* Change it, change it ;  
Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more  
off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover : say thou art mine, and  
ever

My love as it begins shall so persevere.

*Dia.* I see that men make ropes in such a  
scarre  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that  
ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no  
power 40

To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord ?

*Ber.* It is an honor 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honor's such a ring :  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose : thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion Honor on my part, 50  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring :  
My house, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my  
chamber-window :

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :  
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall  
know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :  
And on your finger in the night I'll put 61  
Another ring, that what in time proceeds  
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then ; then, fail not. You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.  
*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by  
wooing thee. [Exit.

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both  
heaven and me !

You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in's heart ; she says all men 70  
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry  
me

When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with  
him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so  
braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid :  
Only in this disguise I think't no sin  
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.

### SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

Enter the two French Lords and some two or  
three Soldiers.

*First Lord.* You have not given him his  
mother's letter ?

*Sec. Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since :  
there is something in't that stings his nature ;  
for on the reading it he changed almost into  
another man.

*First Lord.* He has much worthy blame  
laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife  
and so sweet a lady. 9

*Sec. Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the  
everlasting displeasure of the king, who had  
even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to  
him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let  
it dwell darkly with you.

*First Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis  
dead, and I am the grave of it.

*Sec. Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste  
renown ; and this night he fleshes his will in  
the spoil of her honor : he hath given her his  
monumental ring, and thinks himself made in  
the unchaste composition.

*First Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion !  
as we are ourselves, what things are we !

*Sec. Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And  
as in the common course of all treasons, we  
still see them reveal themselves, till they  
attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this

action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

*First Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

*See. Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dicted to his hour.

*First Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit. 40

*See. Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*First Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

*See. Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

*First Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

*See. Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France? 51

*First Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

*See. Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

*First Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in time, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

*See. Lord.* How is this justified?

*First Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place. 60

*See. Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

*First Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, so to the full arming of the verity.

*See. Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

*First Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

*See. Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valor hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

*First Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of

whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

*See. Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can command.

*First Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many finer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*See. Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 109

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

*See. Lord.* Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

*See. Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had sined her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has a? 129

*See. Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

*First Lord.* Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

*First Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 141

*First Sold.* Bosko chimircho.

*First Lord.* Bobilindo chichurmurco.

*First Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* [Reads] 'First demand of him

how many horse the duke is strong? What say you to that?

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*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable; the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

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*First Lord.* You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theorie of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the shape of his dagger.

*Sec. Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down.

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*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

*First Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

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*First Sold.* [Reads] ‘Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.’ What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their easocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*First Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down. [Reads] ‘You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dunain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.’ What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.

*First Sold.* Do you know this captain Dunain?

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*Par.* I know him: a' was a botcher's pren-

tice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*First Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

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*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

*First Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*First Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*First Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

229

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

*First Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*First Lord.* Excellently.

*First Sold.* [Reads] ‘Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold.’

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

*First Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

250

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue!

*First Sold.* [Reads] ‘When he sweats oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score: Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before; And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this, Men are to mewl with, boys are not to kiss: For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it, Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.'

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

*Sec. Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*First Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

269

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of

nature : let me live, sir, in a dungeon, if the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

*First Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dunain : you have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valor : what is his honesty ? 279

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister : for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus : he professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules : he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool : drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk : and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him ; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty : he bas every thing that an honest man should not have ; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

*First Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty ? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

*First Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war ?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians ; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not : except, in that country he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files : I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

*First Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a cat still.

*First Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt. 310

*Par.* Sir, for a quart d'œn he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it ; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*First Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dunain ?

*See. Lord.* Why does he ask him of me ?

*First Sold.* What's he ?

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest : not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil : he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is : in a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*First Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

*First Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure. 330

*Par.* [Aside] I'll no more drumming : a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run

into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?

*First Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die : the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head. [my death !

*Par.* O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see

*First Lord.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unbinding him. So, look about you : know you any here ?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain. 319

*See. Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

*First Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*See. Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu ? I am for France.

*First Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon ? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you : but fare you well. [Exit Bertram and Lords.

*First Sold.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf : that has a knot on't yet. 359

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?

*First Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir ; I am for France too : we shall speak of you there.

[Exit with Soldiers.

*Par.* Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall : simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive !

There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV. Florence. The Widow's house.

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety ; 'tore whose throne 'tis needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel : Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd His grace is at Marseilles : to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead : the army breaking, 11 My husband lies him home ; where, heaven aidin'

And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,  
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labor  
To recompense your love; doubt not but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's  
dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive      20  
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they  
hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Detiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play  
With what it loathes for that which is away.  
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you:      30  
But with the word the time will bring on summer,  
When briers shall have leaves as well as  
thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:  
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's  
the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE V. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with  
a snift-tuffeta fellow there, whose villainous  
saffron world have made all the unbaked and  
doughy youth of a nation in his color: your  
daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour,  
and your son here at home, more advanced by  
the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I  
speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him: it  
was the death of the most virtuous gentle-  
woman that ever nature had praise for  
creating. If she had partaken of my flesh,  
and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I  
could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady:  
we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on  
such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjor-  
ran of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not herbs, you knave; they  
are nose-herbs.      20

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I  
have not much skill in grass.

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself, a  
knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a  
knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife and  
do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service,      31  
indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble,  
sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art  
both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can  
serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?      40

*Clo.* Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisiony is more hotter in France than  
there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir; alias, the  
prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give  
thee not this to suggest thee from thy master  
thou talkest of; serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that  
always loved a great fire; and the master I  
speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he  
is the prince of the world; let his nobility re-  
main in's court. I am for the house with the  
narrow gate, which I take to be too little for  
pomp to enter: some that humble themselves  
may; but the many will be too chill and  
tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that  
leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be awa'y of  
thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would  
not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my  
horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they  
shall be jades' tricks; which are their own  
right by law of nature.      [Exit.]

*Laf.* A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

*Count.* So he is. My lord that's gone made  
himself much sport out of him: by his author-  
ity he remains here, which he thinks is a  
patent for his sainciness; and, indeed, he has  
no pace, but runs where he will.      71

*Clo.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And  
I was about to tell you, since I heard of the  
good lady's death and that my lord your son  
was upon his return home, I moved the king  
my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter;  
which, in the minority of them both, his  
majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance,  
did first propose: his highness hath promised  
me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure  
he hath conceived against your son, there is  
no fitter matter. How does your ladyship  
like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord;  
and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Mar-  
seilles, of as able body as when he numbered  
thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am de-  
ceived by him that in such intelligence hath  
seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall  
see him ere I die. I have letters that my son

will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Court.* You need but plead your honorable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but I thank my God it holds yet.

*Re-enter CLOWN.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows ; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor ; so belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* Faith there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marselles. A street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting day and night  
Must wear your spirits low ; we cannot help it :  
But since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold you do so grow in my requital  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;

*Enter a Gentleman.*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

From the report that goes upon your goodness ;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will ?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king,  
And aid me with that store of power you have

To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir !

*Gent.* Not, indeed : He hence removed last night and with more haste

Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains !

*Hel.* ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet, Though time seem so adverse and means un-fit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ; Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir, Since you are like to see the king before me, Command the paper to his gracious hand. 31 Which I presume shall render you no blame But rather make you thank your pains for it. I will come after you with what good speed Our means will make us means.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.

Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. Before the COUNT'S palace.*

*Enter CLOWN, and PAROLLES, following.*

*Par.* Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lefeu this letter : I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind. 10

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir ; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh ! prithee, stand away : a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself. 19

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a jurr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal : pray you, sir, use the carp as you may ; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit.*

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do ? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that

she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'œu for you; let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honor to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha' t'; save your word. 40

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night, though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem

Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,

O'erburns it and burns on.

*King.* My honor'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him,

And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say, 11  
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady  
Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,  
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither; 20  
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon

The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing reliques of it: let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [Exit.]

*King.* What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me 30

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once: but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;

The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repent'd blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time  
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege, at first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favor;  
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen; 50  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object: thence it came  
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excused:  
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt: but love that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them until we know their grave:  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had : and here we'll stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day. **70**  
*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse !  
*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name,

Must be digested, give a favor from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, That she may quickly come. [Bertram gives a ring.] By my old beard, And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this, The last that e'er I took her leave at comit, I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not. **80**  
*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't, This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,

I had her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitated to help, that by this token I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to leave her

Of what should stand her most ?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign, howe'er it pleases you to take it so, The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life, I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it At her life's rate. **91**

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.  
*Ber.* You are deceived, my lord, she never saw it : [me,

In Florence was it from a casement thrown Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought

I stood engaged : but when I had subscribed To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully I could not answer in that course of honor As she had made the overture, she ceased In heavy satisfaction and would never **100** Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself, That knows the tinct and multiplying medice,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science Than I have in this ring : 'twas mine, 'twas

Helen's, Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety

That she would never put it from her finger, Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, **110** Where you have never come, or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.  
*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honor ;

And makest conjectural fears to come into me

Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove **[so :—**

That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove And yet I know not : thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close Her eyes myself, could win me to believe, More than to see this ring. Take him away.

*Guards seize Bertram.* [Guards seize Bertram.] My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall, Shall tax my fears of little vanity, Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him !

We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet she never was. *[Exit, guarded.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign, Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not :

Here's a petition from a Florentine, **130** Who hath for four or five removes come short To tender it herself. I undertook it, Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know Is here attending : her business looks in her With an importuning visage ; and she told me, In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern Your highness with herself.

*King. [Reads.]* Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Ron-sillon a widower : his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice : grant it me, O king ! in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this 'I'll none of him.'

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafcen, **150** To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors :

Go speedily and bring again the count. I am afraid the life of Helen, lady, Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers ! *Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you, And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.

*Enter Widow and DIANA.*

What woman's that ? *Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,

Derived from the ancient Capilet :  
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and  
honor

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count ; do you know  
these women ?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them : do they charge me  
further ?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon  
your wife ?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are  
mine ; 171

You give away myself, which is known mine ;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for  
my daughter ; you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate  
creature,

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let  
your highness 179

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them  
ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them : fairer prove your  
honor

Than in my thought it lies.

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her ?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord,  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were  
so,

He might have bought me at a common price :  
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity  
Did lack a parallel ; yet for all that  
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it :  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,  
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his  
wife ;

That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought you said  
You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am to pro-  
duce 201

So bad an instrument : his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit an Attendant.

*Ber.* What of him ?  
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-  
bos'h'd ;  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.  
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing ?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.  
*Ber.* I think she has : certain it is I liked  
her, 210

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth :  
She knew her distance and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,  
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,  
Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient :  
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble  
wife, 220

May justly diet me. I pray you yet ;  
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband ;  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you ?

*Dia.* Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring ? this ring was  
his of late. [abed.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw  
it him

Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth. 230

Enter PAROLLES.

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was  
hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather  
starts you.

Is this the man you speak of ?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I  
charge you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,  
By him and by this woman here what know  
you ?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master  
hath been an honorable gentleman : tricks he  
hath had in him, which gentlemen have. 240

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose : did he  
love this woman ?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how ?

*King.* How, I pray you ?

*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman  
loves a woman.

*King.* How is that ?

*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave,  
What an equivocal companion is this ! 250

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's  
command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a  
naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know he promised me marriage?

*Par.* Faith, I know more than I'll speak.  
*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty, I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he joyed her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours? 271

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.  
*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?  
*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it, then?

*Dia.* I found it not.  
*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.  
*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife. 280

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away; I do not like her now;

To prison with her: and away with him. Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.  
*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.  
*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: 290

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

*King.* She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:

[Exit Widow.]  
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surely me. But for this lord, Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: 300

He knows himself my bed he hath defiled; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick: And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist Begniles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord; 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both. O, pardon!

*Hel.* O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 310

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says: 'When from my finger you can get this ring And are by me with child,' &c. This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain and prove un-

true,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O my dear mother, do I see you living? 320

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:

[To Parolles] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,

I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee:

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[To Dia] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid Thon keep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.

Of that and all the progress, more or less, 331 Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.]

### EPILOGUE.

*King.* The king's a beggar, now the play is done:

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt. 346]

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1603.)

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## INTRODUCTION.

This is one of the darkest and most painful of the comedies of Shakespeare, but its darkness is lit by the central figure of Isabella, with her white passion of purity and of indignation against sin. The play deals with deep things of our humanity—with righteousness and charity, with self-deceit, and moral weakness and strength, even with life and death themselves. All that is soft, melodious, romantic, has disappeared from the style; it shows a fearless vigor, penetrating imagination, and much intellectual force and boldness. Its date is uncertain. Two passages (Act I., Sc. 1, L. 68-73, and Act II., Sc. IV., L. 24-29) have been conjectured to contain "a courtly apology for King James I.'s stately and ungracious demeanor on his entry into England;" and possibly the revival in 1604 of a statute which punished with death any divorced person who married again while his or her former husband or wife was living, may have added point to one chief incident in the play. Shakespeare took the story from Whetstone's play *Pronus and Cassandra* (1578), and the prose telling of the tale by the same author in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582). Whetstone's original was story in the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldus Cinthio. Shakespeare alters some of the incidents, making the Duke present in disguise throughout, preserving the honor of the heroine, and introducing the character of Mariana to take her wifely place by Angelo as a substitute for Isabella. *Measure for Measure*, like *The Merchant of Venice*, is remarkable for its great pleading scenes; and to Portia's ardor and intellectual force Isabella adds a noble severity of character, a devotion to an ideal of rectitude and purity, and a religious enthusiasm. In Vienna, "where corruption boils and bubbles," appears this figure of virginal strength and uprightness; at the last she is to preside over the sinful city and perhaps to save it. She is almost "a thing ensky'd and sainted," yet she returns from the cloister to the world, there to fill her place as wife and Duchess. Angelo, at the outset, though he must be conscious of the wrong he has done to his betrothed, is more self-deceived than a deceiver. He does not know his own heart, and is severe against others in his imagined superiority to every possible temptation. A terrible abyss is opened to him in the evil passion of his own nature. The unmasking of the self-deceiver is not here, as in the happy comedies, a piece of the mirth of the play; it is painful and stern. The Duke acts throughout as a kind of overruling providence; he has the wisdom of the serpent, which he uses for good ends, and he looks through life with a steady gaze, which results in a justice and even tenderness towards others. Claudio is made chiefly to be saved by his sister, but he has a grace of youth and a clinging enjoyment of life and love, which interest us in him sufficiently for pity if not for admiration. The minor characters possess each his characteristic feature, but are less important individually than as representatives of the wide-spread social corruption and degradation which surround the chief characters, and form the soil on which they move and the air they breathe. "We never throughout the play get into the free open joyous atmosphere, so invigorating in other works of Shakespeare; the oppressive gloom of the prison, the foul breath of the house of shame, are only exchanged for the chilly damp of conventional walls, or the oppressive retirement of the monastery."

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, the Duke.  
ANGELO, Deputy.  
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.  
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.  
LUCIO, a fantast.  
Two other gentlemen.  
PROVOST  
THOMAS,) two friars.  
PETER, }  
A Justice.  
VARRIUS.  
ELBOW, a simple constable.  
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.  
ABHORSON, an executioner.  
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.  
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.  
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.  
FRANCISCA, a nun.  
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE : Vienna.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the DUKE's palace.*  
Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,  
Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to  
unfold, [course ;  
Would seem in me to affect speech and dis-  
Since I am put to know that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists of ill advice  
My strength can give you : then no more re-  
mains,

But that to your sufficiency, . . . . .

. . . . . as your worth is able,  
And let them work. The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms 11  
For common justice, you're as pregnant in  
As art and practice hath enriched any  
That we remember. There is our commission,  
From which we would not have you warp-

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear ?  
For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply,  
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,  
And given his deputation all the organs 21  
Of our own power : what think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honor,  
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,  
There is a kind of character in thy life,  
That to the observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30  
Are not thine own so proper as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves ; for if our vir-  
tues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not timely  
touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40  
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advertise ;  
Hold therefore, Angelo :—  
In our remove be thou at full ourself ;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart : old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure 50  
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :  
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honors.  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition  
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us, and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60  
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;  
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do  
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your  
hand :

I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :  
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70  
Their loud applause and Ayes vehement ;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your pur-  
poses !

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in  
happiness !

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.  
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me  
leave [turns me  
To have free speech with you ; and it con-  
To look into the bottom of my place :  
A power I have, but of what strength and  
nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw  
together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honor. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II. A street.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes  
come not to composition with the King of Hun-  
gary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but  
not the King of Hungary's !

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimo-  
nious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten  
Commandments, but scraped one out of the  
table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal' ? 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to  
command the captain and all the rest from  
their functions : they put forth to steal. There's  
not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving  
before meat, do relish the petition well that  
prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike

*Lucio.* I believe thee ; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

*Sec. Gent.* No ? a dozen times at least.

*First Gent.* What, in metre ?

*Lucio.* In any proportion or in any language.

*First Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay, why not ? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy : as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*First Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Lucio.* I grant ; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 31

*First Gent.* And thou the velvet : thou art good velvet ; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee : I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now ?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

*First Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not ?

*Sec. Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes ! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

*Sec. Gent.* To what, I pray ?

*Lucio.* Judge.

*Sec. Gent.* To three thousand dolors a year.

*First Gent.* Ay, and more. 51

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

*First Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me ; but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so sound as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.*

*First Gent.* How now ! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

*Mrs. Or.* Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

*Sec. Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee ?

*Mrs. Or.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*First Gent.* Claudio to prison ? 'tis not so.

*Mrs. Or.* Nay, but I know 'tis so : I saw him arrested, saw him carried away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off. 70

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this ?

*Mrs. Or.* I am too sure of it ; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be : he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

*Sec. Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*First Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation. 81

*Lucio.* Away ! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

*Mrs. Or.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter POMPEY.*

How now ! what's the news with you ?

*Pom.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Mrs. Or.* Well ; what has he done ?

*Pom.* A woman.

*Mrs. Or.* But what's his offence ? 90

*Pom.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Mrs. Or.* What is there a maid with child by him ?

*Pom.* No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?

*Mrs. Or.* What proclamation, man ?

*Pom.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

*Mrs. Or.* And what shall become of those in the city ? 101

*Pom.* They shall stand for seed : they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Mrs. Or.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down ?

*Pom.* To the ground, mistress.

*Mrs. Or.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth ! What shall become of me ?

*Pom.* Come ; fear you not : good counsellors lack no clients : though you change your place, you need not change your trade ; I'll be your tapster still. Courage ! there will be pity taken on you : you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

*Mrs. Or.* What's to do here, Thomas tapster ? let's withdraw.

*Pom.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison ; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world ? 120

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight The words of heaven ; on whom it will, it will ; On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

[*Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.*]

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio ! whence comes this restraint ?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty :

As surfeit is the father of much fast, 130  
So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,

A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors : and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the poppy of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio ?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend again. 140

*Lucio.* What, is't murder ?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery ?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir ! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after ?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed : 150

You know the lady ; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order : this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us. But it chances The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps ?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so. 160

And the new deputy now for the duke— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of new-

ness,

Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in :—but this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170

Which have, like unscur'd armor, hung by the wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round And none of them been worn ; and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is : and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found. 180

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service : This day my sister should the cloister enter

And there receive her approbation :

Acquit her with the danger of my state :

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him :

I have great hope in that ; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men ; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade. 191

*Claud.* I pray she may ; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer, away ! [Exeunt.

### SCENE III. A monastery.

Enter Duke and FRIAR THOMAS.

*Duke.* No, holy father ; throw away that thought ;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

*Fri. T.* May your grace speak of it :

*Duke.* My holysir, none better knows than you

How I have ever loved the life removed And held in idle price to haunt assemblies Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo, A man of stricture and firm abstinence,

My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposeth me travell'd to Poland ;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, And so it is received. Now, pious sir, You will demand of me why I do this ?

*Fri. T.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds, 20

Which for this nineteen years we have let slip; Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,

Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight For terror, not to use, in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd than fear'd ; so our decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ; And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart Goes all decorum. 31

*Fri. T.* It rested in your grace To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased :

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd

Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful :  
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
 For what I bid them do : for we bid this be  
 done,  
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass  
 And not the punishment. Therefore indeed,  
 my father,  
 I have on Angelo imposed the office ; 40  
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike  
 home,  
 And yet my nature never in the fight  
 To do in slander. And to behold his sway,  
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,  
 Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pri-  
 thee,  
 Supply me with the habit and instruct me  
 How I may formally in person bear me  
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action  
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;  
 Only, this one : Lord Angelo is precise ; 50  
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses  
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
 Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we  
 see,  
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.  
 [Exit.

## SCENE IV. A nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no farther priv-  
 ileges ?  
*Fran.* Are not these large enough ?  
*Isab.* Yes, truly ; I speak not as desiring  
 more ;  
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
 Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint  
 Clare.

*Lucio.* [Within] Ho ! Peace be in this place !  
*Isab.* Who's that which calls ?  
*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
 Turn you the key, and know his business of  
 him ;  
 You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn.  
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak  
 with men 10  
 But in the presence of the prioress :  
 Then, if you speak, you must not show your  
 face,  
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.  
 He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [Exit.

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that  
 calls ?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be, as those  
 cheek-roses  
 Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead  
 me  
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
 A novice of this place and the fair sister  
 To her unhappy brother Claudio ? 20  
*Isab.* Why 'her unhappy brother' ? let me  
 ask,  
 The rather for I now must make you know  
 I am that Isabella and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly  
 greets you :

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me ! for what ?

*Lucio.* For that which, if myself might be  
 his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks :  
 He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.

*Lucio.* It is true. 30  
 I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin  
 With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,  
 Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins  
 so :

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,  
 By your renouncement an immortal spirit,  
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
 As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mock-  
 ing me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and  
 truth, 'tis thus :  
 Your brother and his lover have embraced :  
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming  
 time 41

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
 To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb  
 Expresseth his full titth and husbandry.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him ? My  
 cousin Juliet ?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin ?

*Isab.* Adopted ; as school-maids change  
 their names

By vain though apt affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O, let him marry her.

*Lucio.* This is the point.  
 The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;  
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, 51  
 In hand and hope of action : but we do learn  
 By those that know the very nerves of state,  
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance  
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
 And with full line of his authority,  
 Governs Lord Angelo ; a man whose blood  
 Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels  
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60  
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
 He—to give fear to use and liberty,  
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,  
 As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,  
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
 Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;  
 And follows close the rigor of the statute,  
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
 To soften Angelo : and that's my pith of bus-  
 iness 76

'Twixt you and your poor brother.

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life ?

*Lucio.* Has censured him  
 Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
 A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas ! what poor ability's in me  
 To do him good ?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.  
*Isab.* My power ? Alas, I doubt—  
*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors

And make us lose the good we oft might win  
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
 Men give like gods ; but when they weep and  
 kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs  
 As they themselves would owe them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.  
*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight ;  
 No longer staying but to give the mother  
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :  
 Command me to my brother : soon at night  
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu. [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A hall in ANGELO's house.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

*Any.* We must not make a scarecrow of the  
 law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
 Their perch and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet  
 Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
 Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father !  
 Let but your honor know,  
 Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,  
 That, in the working of your own affections,  
 Had time cohered with place or place with  
 wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own  
 purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life  
 Err'd in this point which now you censure  
 him,

And pull'd the law upon you.

*Any.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made  
 to justice,

That justice seizes : what know the laws  
 That thieves do pass on thieves ? 'Tis very  
 pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it  
 Because we see it ; but what we do not see  
 We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence  
 For I have had such faults ; but rather tell  
 me,

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must  
 die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Any.* Where is the provost ?

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honor.

*Any.* See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning :  
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared ;  
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.

*Escal.* [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him !  
 and forgive us all !

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :  
 Some run from brakes of ice, and answer  
 none :

And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and  
 POMPEY.

*Elb.* Come, bring them away : if these be  
 good people in a commonweal that do nothing  
 but use their abuses in common houses, I know  
 no law : bring them away.

*Any.* How now, sir ! What's your name ?  
 and what's the matter ?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I am the poor  
 duke's constable, and my name is Elbow : I do  
 lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here  
 before your good honor two notorious benefactors.

*Any.* Benefactors ? Well ; what benefac-  
 tors are they ? are they not malefactors ?

*Elb.* If it please your honor, I know not  
 well what they are : but precise villains they  
 are, that I am sure of ; and void of all profa-  
 nation in the world that good Christians ought  
 to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well ; here's a wise  
 officer.

*Any.* Go to : what quality are they of ?  
 Elbow is your name ? why dost thou not speak,  
 Elbow ? 60

*Pom.* He cannot, sir : he's out at elbow.

*Any.* What are you, sir ?

*Elb.* He, sir ! a tapster, sir ; parcel-bawd ;  
 one that serves a bad woman ; whose house,  
 sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the  
 suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house,  
 which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that ?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before  
 heaven and your honor,— 70

*Escal.* How ? thy wife ?

*Elb.* Ay, sir ; whom, I thank heaven, is  
 an honest woman.—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore ?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as  
 well as she, that this house, if it be not a  
 bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is  
 a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable ?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife ; who, if she  
 had been a woman cardinaly given, might  
 have been accused in fornication, adultery,  
 and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means ?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means : but as she spit in his face, so she defiled him.

*Pom.* Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man ; prove it.

*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces ? 90

*Pom.* Sir, she came in great with child ; and longing, saving your honor's reverence, for stewed prunes ; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence ; your honors have seen such dishes ; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes, — [sir.]

*Escal.* Go to, go to : no matter for the dish.

*Pom.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin : you are therein in the right : but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes ; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly ; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Pom.* Very well ; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foorsaid prunes, — 111

*Froth.* Ay, so I did indeed.

*Pom.* Why, very well ; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you, —

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then, —

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool : to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of ? Come me to what was done to her.

*Pom.* Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Pom.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir ; a man of four-score pound a year ; whose father died at Hallowmas : was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth ?

*Froth.* All-hallond eve.

130

*Pom.* Why, very well ; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir ; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not ?

*Froth.* I have so ; because it is an open room and good for winter.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then ; I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there : I'll take my leave,

140

And leave you to the hearing of the cause ; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on : what was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

*Pom.* Once, sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this may did to my wife.

*Pom.* I beseech your honor, ask me. 150

*Escal.* Well, sir ; what did this gentleman to her ?

*Pom.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honor ; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honor mark his face ?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Pom.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Pom.* Doth your honor see any harm in his face ? 160

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Pom.* I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your honor.

*Escal.* He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it ?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Pom.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest ; thou liest, wicked varlet ! the time has yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Pom.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here ? Justice or Iniquity ? Is this true ? 181

*Elb.* O thou caitiff ! O thou varlet ! O thou wicked Hannibal ! I respected with her before I was married to her ! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too. 190

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff ?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldest discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee : thou art to continue now, thou varlet ; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend ?

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So. What trade are you of, sir?

*Pom.* A tapster ; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Pom.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Pom.* Nine, sir : Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine ! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters : they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well, no more of it, Master Froth : farewell. [Exit Froth.] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster ?

*Pom.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Pom.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you : so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster, are you not ? come, tell me true : it shall be the better for you.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey ? by being a bawd ? What do you think of the trade, Pompey ? is it a lawful trade ?

*Pom.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey ; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna. 241

*Pom.* Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city ?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will tót then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you : it is but heading and hanging.

*Pom.* If you head and hang all that offend that way, but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads : if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay : if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey ; and, in requital of your prophecy, bark you : I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever ; no, not for dwelling where you do : if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you ; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt : so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Pom.* I thank your worship for your good

counsel : [Aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me ? No, no ; let carman whip his jade : The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit. 270]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow ; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable ?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together ?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't : are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters : as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them : I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir ?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well.

[Exit Elbow. 280]

What's o'clock, think you ?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio ;

But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful :

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe : But yet,—poor Claudio ! There is no remedy. Come, sir. [Exit. 290]

## SCENE II. Another room in the same.

*Enter PROVOST and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause ; he will come straight :

I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.]

I'll know

His pleasure : may be he will relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream ! All sects, all ages smack of this vice ; and he To die for't !

[Enter ANGELO.]

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost ?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea ? hadst thou not order ?

Why dost thou ask again ?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash : Under your good correction, I have seen, 10 When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to ; let that be mine :

Do you your office, or give up your place,  
And you shall well be spared.

*Prov.* I crave your honor's pardon.  
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning  
Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her  
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man con-  
demn'd

Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?  
*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous  
maiden. 20

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,  
If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*] See you the fornicatress be removed:  
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;  
There shall be order for't:

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.*

*Prov.* God save your honor!  
*Ang.* Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You're

welcome: what's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honor,  
Please but your honor hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of jus-  
tice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must;  
For which I must not plead, but that I am  
At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Will; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die:  
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother.

*Prov.* [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving  
graces!

*Ang.* Condemn the fault and not the actor  
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:  
Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,  
And let go by the actor. 41

*Isab.* O just but severe law!  
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your  
honor!

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isab.*] Give't not o'er so :  
to him again, entreat him :

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:  
You are too cold ' if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue desire  
it :

To him, I say!

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.  
*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might par-  
don him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the  
mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would? 51  
*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot  
do.

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world  
no wrong,  
If so your heart were touch'd with that re-  
morse  
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do speak  
a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the depated sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's  
robe, 61

Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does.  
If he had been as you and you as he,  
You would have slipt like him; but he, like  
you,

Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your po-  
tency.  
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him;  
there's the vein. 70

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!  
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit  
once;  
And He that might the vantage best have  
took,

Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on  
that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I condemn your brother: 80  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him: he must die to-  
morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare  
him, spare him!

He's not prepared for death. Even for our  
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve  
heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,  
bethink you;

Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though  
it hath slept: 90

Those many had not dared to do that evil,  
If the first that did the edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake

Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,  
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, ere they live, to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.  
*Aug.* I show it most of all when I show justice ; 100

For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;  
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;  
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence.

And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [Aside to Isab.] That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder 110  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet.

For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder ;  
Nothing but thunder ! Merciful Heaven,  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Lucio.* [Aside to Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench ! he will relent ;

He's coming ; I perceive it.

*Prov.* [Aside] Pray heaven she win him !

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourselves :

Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them,

But in the less foul profanation.

*Lucio.* Thou'rt i' the right, girl ; more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric word, 130

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* [Aside to Isab.] Art avised o' that ? more on't.

*Aug.* Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom ;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault : if it confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Aug.* [Aside.] She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Aug.* I will bethink me : come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark how I'll bribe you, good my lord, turn back.

*Aug.* How ! bribe me ?

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio.* [Aside to Isab.] You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,

Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Aug.* Well ; come to me to-morrow.  
*Lucio.* [Aside to Isab.] Go to ; 'tis well, away !

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honor safe !

*Aug.* [Aside] Amen : For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship ?

*Aug.* At any time 'fore noon. 160  
*Isab.* 'Save your honor !

[Eremit Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.]  
*Aug.* From thee, even from thy virtue : What's this, what's this ? Is this her fault or mine ?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?  
Ha !

Not she : nor doth she tempt : but it is I  
That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense  
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary  
And pitch our evils there ? O, fie, fie, fie !

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo ?  
Dost thou desire her foully for those things  
That make her good ? O, let her brother live !

Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves. What, do I

love her ? That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180  
With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dast-  
gerous

Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue : never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigor, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,  
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd  
how. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *A room in a prison.*

*Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar,*  
*and PROVOST.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost ! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar ?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison. Do me the common right  
To let me see them and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

*Enter JULIET.*

Look, here comes one : a gentlewoman of mine, 10  
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report : she is with child ;  
And he that got it, sentenced ; a young man  
More fit to do another such offence  
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.  
I have provided for you : stay awhile,

[To Juliet.]

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Jul. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. Se then it seems your most offence-ful act

Was mutually committed ?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter : but lest you do repent, 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,

Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,

But as we stand in fear.—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.  
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you, Benedicte ! [Exit.]

Jul. Must die to-morrow ! O injurious love,  
That despites me a life, whose very comfort

Is still a dying horror !

Prov. 'Tis pity of him, [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO's house.*

*Enter ANGELO.*

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words ;

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel : Heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name ;  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown tear'd and tedious ; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,  
Could I with boot change for an idle plume, 11  
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,  
How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming ! Blood, thou art blood;  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn :  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now ! who's there ?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O heavens !

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it unable for itself, 21

And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness ?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons :

Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive : and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid ? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me.

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother can-not live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honor !

Ang. Yet may he live awhile ; and, it may be,

As long as you or I : yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence ?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you ? that in his reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha ! tie, these filthy vices ! It were  
as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's  
image

In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made

As to put metal in restrained means  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not  
in earth. 50

*Ang.* Say you so ? then I shall pose you  
quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life ; or, to redeem  
him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd ?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul : our compell'd  
sins

Stand more for number than for accompt.

*Isab.* How say you ?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can  
speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this : 60  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life :  
Might there not be a charity in sin  
To save this brother's life ?

*Isab.* Please you to do it,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleased you to do it at peril of your  
soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it ! you granting of my  
suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer 71  
To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine : either you are  
ignorant,

Or seem so craftily ; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing  
good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most  
bright

When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshied beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me ;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,

Aeoncount to the law upon that pain.

*Isab.* True,

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,—  
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question,—that you, his sis-  
ter, 90

Finding yourself desired of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great  
place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-building law ; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer ;  
What would you do ?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as my-  
self : 100

That is, were I under the terms of death,  
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as  
rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed.  
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way :  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as erne as the  
sentence

That you have slander'd so ? 110

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses : lawful mercy

Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law  
a tryant :

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls  
out,

To have what we would have, we speak not  
what we mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary, but only he  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view  
themselves ;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women ! Help Heaven ! men their creation

mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times  
frail ;

For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I think it well : 130

And from this testimony of your own sex,—  
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me  
be bold ;

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're  
none ;

If you be one, as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants, show it now,  
By putting on the destined livery. [Lord.  
*Isab.* I have no tongue but one : gentle my  
Let me entreat you speak the former lan-  
guage. 140

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet,  
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me  
love.

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a license in't,  
Which seems a little fouter than it is,  
To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honor,  
My words express my purpose. [Liede,

*Isab.* Ha ! little honor to be much be-  
And most pernicious purpose ! Seeming,  
seeming ! 150

I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the  
world aloud

What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel ?  
My unsil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the  
state,

Will so your accusation outweigh,  
That you shall stile in your own report  
And smell of cahummey. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein : 160  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;  
Lay by all nicely and prolixions blushes,  
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy  
brother

By yielding up thy body to my will ;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-mor-  
row,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your  
true. [Exit. 170

*Isab.* To whom should I complain ? Did I  
tell this,

Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same  
tongue,

Either of condemnation or approof ;  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will :  
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother :  
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the  
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhor'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,

And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.  
[Exit.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. A room in the prison.

Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO,  
and PROVOST.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from  
Lord Angelo ?

Claud. The miserable have no other medi-  
cine

But only hope :

I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death  
or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus  
with life :

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep : a breath thou  
art,

Servile to all the skyey influences, 9  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;  
For him that labor'st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art  
not noble ;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means  
valiant ;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provokest ; yet grossly  
fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not  
thyself ; 19

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;

For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to  
get,

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not  
certain ;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt  
poor :

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And death inloads thee. Friend hast thou  
none ;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee s're,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30

Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor

youth nor age.

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and  
rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor  
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in  
this

That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life  
Lie hid moe thousand deaths : yet death we  
fear,

That makes these odds all even. 41

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;  
And, seeking death, find life : let it come on.  
*Isab.* [Within] What, ho ! Peace here ;  
grace and good company !

*Prov.* Who's there ? come in : the wish  
deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you  
again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with  
Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior,  
here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you. 50

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where  
I may be concealed.

[Exit Duke and Provost.

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

*Isab.* Why,

As all comforts are ; most good, most good in-  
deed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger :  
Therefore your best appointment make with  
speed : 60

To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy ?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy as, to save  
a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any ?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live :  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fitter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance ?

*Isab.* Ay, just ; perpetual durance, a re-  
straint.

Though all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determined scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature ? 70

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honor from that trunk you  
bear,

And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I  
quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honor. Darest thou die ?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension :

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80

As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame ?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother ; there my  
father's grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die :  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted  
deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90  
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth em-  
brace,

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil ;  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The prenzie Angelo !

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In prenzie guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio ?  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed.

*Claud.* O heavens ! it cannot be.  
Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this  
rank offence. 100

So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death  
to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the  
nose,

When he would force it ? Sure, it is no sin, 110  
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least ?  
*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so  
wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurable fined ? O Isabel !

*Isab.* What says my brother ?  
*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed like a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not  
where ;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot :  
This sensible warm motion to become 120  
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;

To be imprison'd in the veyless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world ; or to be worse than  
worst

Of those that lawless and uncertain thought  
Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !

The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment 130  
Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas, alas !

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live :  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O you beast !  
O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch !

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?  
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame ? What should

I think ? 149  
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father  
fair !

For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my de-  
fiance !

Die, perish ! Might but my bending down  
Reprise thee from thy fate, it should pro-  
ceed :

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie !  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd : 150  
'Tis best thou diest quickly.

*Claud.* O hear me, Isabella !

*Re-enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but  
one word.

*Isab.* What is your will ?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure,  
I would by and by have some speech with  
you : the satisfaction I would require is like-  
wise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay  
must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will  
attend you awhile. [Walks apart.]

*Duke.* Son, I have overheard what hath  
passed between you and your sister. Angelo  
had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he  
hath made an essay of her virtue to practise  
his judgment with the disposition of natures :  
she, having the truth of honor in her, hath  
made him that gracious denial which he is  
most glad to receive. I am confessor to An-  
gelo, and I know this to be true : therefore  
prepare yourself to death : do not satisfy  
your resolution with hopes that are fallible :  
to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees  
and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am  
so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid  
of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there : farewell. [Exit  
*Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you !

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* What's your will, father ?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be  
gone. Leave me awhile with the maid : my  
mind promises with my habit no loss shall  
touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time,

[Exit Provost. *Isabella comes forward.*

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair  
hath made you good : the goodness that is  
cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in good-  
ness ; but grace, being the soul of your com-  
plexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.  
The assault that Angelo hath made to you,  
fortune hath conveyed to my understanding ;  
and, but that frailty hath examples for his

falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will  
you do to content this substitute, and to save  
your brother ?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him : I had  
rather my brother die by the law than my son  
should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much  
is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever  
he return and I can speak to him, I will open  
my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss : yet,  
as the matter now stands, he will avoid your  
accusation ; he made trial of you only. There-  
fore fasten your ear on my advisings : to the  
love I have in doing good a remedy presents  
itself. I do make myself believe that you  
may most uprighteously do a poor wronged  
lady a merited benefit ; redeem your brother  
from the angry law ; do no stain to your own  
gracious person ; and much please the absent  
duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to  
have hearing of this business. 211

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak farther. I  
have spirit to do anything that appears not  
 foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never  
fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mari-  
ano, the sister of Frederick the great soldier  
who miscarried at sea ?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good  
words went with her name. 220

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have mar-  
ried ; was affianced to her by oath, and the  
nuptial appointed : between which time of the  
contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother  
Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that  
perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But  
mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentle-  
woman : there she lost a noble and renowned  
brother, in his love toward her ever most kind  
and natural ; with him, the portion and sinew  
of her fortune, her marriage-dowry ; with  
both, her combite husband, this well-seeming  
Angelo.

*Isab.* Can this be so ? did Angelo so leave  
her ?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one  
of them with his comfort ; swallowed his vows  
whole, pretending in her discoveries of dis-  
honor : in few, bestowed her on her own  
lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake ;  
and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with  
them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take  
this poor maid from the world ! What corrup-  
tion in this life, that it will let this man  
live ! But how out of this can she avail ?

*Duke.* It is a rapture that you may easily  
heal : and the cure of it not only saves your  
brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing  
it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This forenamed maid hath yet in  
her the continuance of her first affection : his  
injust unkindness, that in all reason should  
have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment  
in the current, made it more violent and

unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding np. Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this despatched Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exit severally. 281]

## SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

*Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.*

*Elb.* Nay, if thefe be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

*Duke.* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Pom.* Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the fading. 11

*Elb.* Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, 21 That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

*Pom.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:

Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

*Pom.* I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cesar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this time, matter and method? Is't not drowned if the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

*Pom.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshamed consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Pom.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right; bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Command me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house:

*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar. 81

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Pom.* You will not bail me, then, sir ?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar ? what news ?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Lucio.* Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [Exit *Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the duke ?

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any ?

*Lucio.* Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : but where is he, think you ?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to 't.

*Duke.* He does well in 't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar. [must cure it.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well allied : but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation : is it true, think you ?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then ?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawned him ; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice ; that I know to be true : † and he is a motion generative ; that's infallible. [apace.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man ! Would the duke that is absent have done this ? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand : he had some feeling of the sport : he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected for women ; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceived

*Duke.* Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the duke ? yes, your beggar of fifty ; and his use was to put a dueat in her chack-dish : the duke had crotchetts in him. He would be drunk too ; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke : and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I prithee, might be the cause ?

*Lucio.* No, pardon ; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips : but this

I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise ! why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking : the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully ; or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it : I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio ; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm ; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hanged first : thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no ?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir ?

*Lucio.* Why ? For filling a bottle with a tundish, I would the duke we talk of were returned again : the ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with contingency : sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered ; he would never bring them to light : would he be returned ! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing Farewell, good friar : I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic : say that I said so. Farewell.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality Can eunsure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ? But who comes here ?

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE*

*Escut.* Go ; away with her to prison.

*Mrs. Or.* Good my lord, be good to me ; your honor is accounted a merciful man ; good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind ! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honor.

*Mrs. Or.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time ; he promised her marriage : his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob : I have kept it myself ; and see how he goes about to abuse me !

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license : let him be called before us. Away with her to prison ! Go to ; no more words. [Enter Officers with Mistress Or.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered ; Claudio must die to-morrow : let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you !

*Escal.* Of whence are you ?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now 230

To use it for my time : I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad the world ?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure ; but security enough to make fellowships accurst : much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to ?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice : yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I by my good leisure

have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty : but my brother Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you ! [Exit Escalus and Provost.

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe ;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing, 280  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking !  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice and let his grow !  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side !  
How may likeness made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things ! 290  
Craft against vice I must apply :  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despised ;  
So disguise shall, by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The moated grange at ST. LUKE'S.*

*Enter MARIANA and a BOY.*

*Boy sings.*

Take, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsown ;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn :  
But my kisses bring again, bring again,  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away :  
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir : and well could wish 10  
You had not found me here so musical :  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my  
woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good ; though music oft hath such a charm  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day ? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after : I have sat here all day. 20

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now, I shall crave your forbearance a little : may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [Exit.]

*Duke.* Very well met, and well come. What is the news from this good deputy ?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummured with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;  
And to that vineyard is a planch'd gate, 30  
That makes his opening with this bigger key :  
This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;  
There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't :  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me 40  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed concerning her obser-vance ?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark ;  
And that I have possess'd him my most stay  
Can be but brief ; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What, ho ! within ! come forth ! 50

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;  
She coines to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

*Duke.* Take, then, this your companion by the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside ?

[*Exit Mariana and Isabella.*]

*Duke.* O place and greatness ! millions of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee : volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious  
quests.

Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams  
And rack thee in their fancies.

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome, how agreed ?

*Isab.* She 'll take the enterprise upon her,  
father.

If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

'Remember now my brother.'

*Mari.* Fear me not. 70  
*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not  
at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract :  
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go :  
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A room in the prison.

*Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head ?

*Pom.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ;  
but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper ; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unspited whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Pom.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind : but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What, ho ! Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson, there ? 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir ?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir ? fie upon him ! he will discredit our mystery. 30

*Prov.* Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favor, for surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard, say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

50

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness;

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.* The one has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labor

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

71

Prov. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*]

But, hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*] By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio? 80

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself which he spurs on his power To qualify in others: were he meald with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.* Now are they come.

[*Exit Provost.*

This is a gentle provost: seldom when The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

[*Knocking within.* 90

How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

Prov. There he must stay until the officer Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily You something know; yet I believe there comes

No countermand; no such example have we: Besides, upon the very siege of justice 101

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper.*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. [*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in. Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority;

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before. 121

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*]

' Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and in the afternoon Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed ; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.' 130  
What say you to this, sir ?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred ; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him ? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him : and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent ?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ? how seems he to be touched ?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep : careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none : he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison : give him leave to escape hence, he would not : drank many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it : it hath not moved him at all. 161

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me ; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite ; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what ?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser ; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard ; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death : you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath. [the deputy ?]

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing ? 201

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that ?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke : you know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both. 210

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke : you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not ; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance of the duke's death ; perchance entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter POMPEY.

*Pom.* I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession : one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds ; of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copperspir, and Master Starve-lucky the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great trav-

eller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and a tunk, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.'

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Pom.* Master Barnardine ! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine !

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine !

*Bor.* [Within] A pox o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ?

*Pom.* Your friends, sir ; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Bor.* [Within] Away, you rogue, away ! I am sleepy. 31

*Abhor.* Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Pom.* Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Pom.* He is coming, sir, he is coming ; I hear his straw rustle.

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?

*Pom.* Very ready, sir. 40

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Bor.* How now, Abhorson ? what's the news with you ?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers ; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Bor.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night : I am not fitter for 't.

*Pom.* O, the better, sir ; for be that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Abhor.* Look you, sir ; here comes your ghostly father : do we jest now, think you ?

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

*Bor.* Friar, not I : I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O, sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you 60

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Bor.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you.

*Bor.* Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward : for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.]

*Duke.* Unfit to live or die : O grave heart ! After him, fellows ; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompy.*]

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner ? 70

*Duke.* A creature unprepared, unmeet for death ;

And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head  
Just of his color. What if we do omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclined ;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ? 81

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides !

Dispatch it present'y : the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo : see this be done,  
And sent according to command ; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon :  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come  
If he were known alive ?

*Duke.* Let this be done. 90  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and  
Claudio :

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To the under generation, you shall find

Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch, and send the head  
to Angelo. [Exit Provest.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo, —  
The provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound 100  
To enter publicly : him I'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount  
A league below the city ; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift return ;  
For I would commune with you of such things  
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

*Isab.* [Within] Peace, ho, be here ! 110

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave !

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

*Duke.* He hath released him, Isabel, from  
the world :

His head is off and sent to Angelo. 120

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other : show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes !

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio ! wretched Isabel !

Injurious world ! most damned Angelo !

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot ;

Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130  
By every syllable a faithful verity :

The duke comes home to-morrow ; nay, dry your eyes ;

One of our convent and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance : already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
There to give up their power. If you can, pace

your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,  
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, 140

And general honor.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return :

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you  
Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow

And shall be absent. Wend you with this

letter .

Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course. Who's here ?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Good even. Friar, where's the provost ?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother : if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [Exit Isabella.]

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do : he's a better woodman than thou takest him for. 171

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day.

Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee : I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child. 180

*Duke.* Did you such a thing ?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I : but I was fain to forswear it ; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr ; I shall stick. [Exit. 190]

SCENE IV. A room in ANGELO's house.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath dis- vouched other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness : pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there ?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that : to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn ; I'll call you at your house : give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him. 20

*Escal.* I shall, sir. Fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night. [Exit Escalus.] This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un- pregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid !

And by an eminent body that enforced  
The law against it ! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her no ;

For my authority bears of a credit bulk,  
That no parti-ular scandal once can touch 30  
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,

[sense,  
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous  
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
By so receiving a dishonor'd life

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived !

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right : we would, and we would not.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. Fields without the town.

*Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me :  
[Giving letters]

The provost knows our purpose and our plot,  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift ;  
Though sometimes you do blench from this to  
that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius'  
house,  
And tell him where I stay : give the like  
notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;  
But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. P.* It shall be speeded well. [Exit. 10]

Enter VARRIUS.

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast  
made good haste :  
Come, we will walk. There's other of our  
friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.  
[Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI. Street near the city gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loath :  
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part : yet I am advised to do it ;  
He says, to veil full purpose.

*Mari.* Be ruled by him.  
*Isab.* Besides, he tells me that, it perad-  
venture

He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physic  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would Friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace ! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

*Fri. P.* Come, I have found you out a  
stand most fit. 10  
Where you may have such vantage on the  
duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the  
trumpets sounded ;  
The generous and gravest citizens  
Have hent the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is entering : therefore, hence, away !  
[Exeunt.

#### ACT V.

##### SCENE I. The city gate.

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER,  
at their stand. Enter DUKE, VARRIUS,  
LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOOST,  
OFFICERS, and CITIZENS, at several doors.

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met !  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to  
see you.

*Ang.* { Happy return be to your royal grace!

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you  
both

We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud ; and I  
should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10  
When it deserves, with characters of brass,  
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fair proclaim  
Favors that keep within. Come, Escalus,  
You must walk by us on our other hand ;  
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

*Fri. P.* Now is your time : speak loud and  
kneel before him.

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your re-  
gard 20  
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a  
maid !

O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs ; in what ? by  
whom ? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :  
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must  
speak 30

Must either punish me, not being believed,  
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear  
me, here !

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not  
firm :

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—

*Isab.* By course of justice !

*Ang.* And she will speik most bitterly and  
strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly,  
will I speak :

That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?  
That Angelo's a murderer ; is 't not strange ?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;

Is it not strange and strange ?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange :

Nay, it is ten times true : for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

*Duke.* Away with her ! Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou be-  
lievest

There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness ! Make not  
impossible 51  
That which but seems unlike : 'tis not im-  
possible  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as ab-  
solute

As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain ; believe it, royal prince :  
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason  
For inequality ; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would  
you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70  
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother ; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then ;  
Pray you, take note of it : and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take  
heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my  
tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are i' the  
wrong

To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it ;  
The phrase is to the matter. 90

Duke. Mended again. The matter ; pro-  
ceed. [by,

Isab. In brief, to set the needless process  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd me, and how I replied.—  
For this was of much length,—the vile con-  
clusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter :  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscent intemperate lust,  
Release my brother ; and, after much debate-  
ment,  
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor, 100  
And I did yield to him : but the next morn be-  
times,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true !

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou  
know'st not what thou speak'st,  
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor  
In hateful practice. First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no  
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself : if he had so  
offended, [self  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by him-  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set  
you on :

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all ?  
Then, O you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
In countenance ! Heaven shield your grace  
from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go !

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An  
officer ! 120

To prison with her ! Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us ? This needs must be a  
practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither ?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar  
Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows  
that Lodowick ? [friar,

Lucio. My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling  
I do not like the man : had he been lay, my  
lord, [grace

For certain words he spake against your  
in your retirement, I had swinged him  
soundly. 130

Duke. Words against me ! this is a good  
friar, belike !

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute ! Let this friar be  
found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and  
that friar,  
I saw them at the prison : a saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace !  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her  
As she from one ungod.

Duke. We did believe no less.  
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks  
of?

*Fri. P.* I know him for a man divine and holy ;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman ;

And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

*Fri. P.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself : 150

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true and false ; and what he with his oath  
And all probation will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly and personally accused, 160  
Her shall you hear disprove to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.  
*[Isabella is carried off guarded ; and Mariam comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ?  
O heaven, the vanity of wretched tools !

Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo ;  
In this I'll be impartial : be you judge  
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar ?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord ; I will not show my face

Until my husband bid me. 170

*Duke.* What, are you married ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow, then ?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you are nothing then : neither maid, widow, nor wife ?

*Lucia.* My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

*Duke.* Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married ;

And I confess besides I am no maid : I have known my husband ; yet my husband Knows not that ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord : it can be no better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too ! 191

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord : She that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband.

And charges him, my lord, with such a time  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms  
With all the effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me ?  
*Mari.* Not that I know. 200

*Duke.* No ? you say your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo, [body,

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me ; now I will unmask. [Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on :

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine ; this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel, 211  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
In her imagined person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman ?

*Lucio.* Carmally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more !

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess I know this woman : [marriage

And five years since there was some speech of  
Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,  
Partly for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition, but in chief 220  
For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity : since which time of five years  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard

from her,  
Upon my faith and honor.

*Mari.* Noble prince,  
As there comes light from heaven and words

from breath,  
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly  
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230

Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;  
Or else for ever be confixed here,

A marble monument !

*Ang.* I did but smile till now :  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice :

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
These poor informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on : let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart ;  
And punish them to your height of pleasure.  
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
Croupact with her that's gone, think'st thou

thy oaths,  
Though they would swear down each particu-lar saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit

That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.  
There is another friar that set them on;  
Let him be sent for.

*Fri. P.* Would he were here, my lord! for  
he indeed 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
Your provost knows the place where he abides  
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go do it instantly. [Exit Provost.  
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave  
you;  
But stir not you till you have well determined  
Upon these slanders.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it throughly. 260 [Exit Duke.  
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that

Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him: we shall find this Friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel' here once again: I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.]

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light at midnight. 281

*Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA; and PROVOST with the DUKE in his friar's habit.*

*Escal.* Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Escal.* Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did 291

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne!  
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak. [you speak:

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear

Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,  
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?  
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?  
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth  
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of. [low'd friar,

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhol-  
ist not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul month  
And in the witness of his proper ear, 310  
To call him villain? and then to glance from him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?  
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll

touse you  
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.  
What, 'unjust'!

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke  
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he  
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,  
Nor here provincial. My business in this state  
Made me a looker on here in Vienna, 319  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanced, that the strong  
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man baldpate: do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse. 341

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

*Duke.* [To Prorost.] Stay, sir; stay awhile.  
*Any.* What resists he? Help him, Lucio.  
*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will'n't off? 300

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three, [To Lucio] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word amon. Lay hold on him,

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging,

*Duke.* [To Escalus] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [To Angelo] Sir, by your leave,

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, 370 And hold no longer out.

*Any.* O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana. Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Any.* I was, my lord. 381

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Prorost.]

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor

Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

*Isob.* O, give me pardon, 390 That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty!

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel why I obscured myself, Laboring to save his life, and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him! 401

That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,

So happy is your brother.

*Isob.* I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST.

*Duke.* For this new-married man approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well defended honor, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach 410 Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,— The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!' Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;

Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which, though thou wouldest deny, denies theo vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. 420

Away with him!

*Mari.* O my most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life [sessions,

And choke your good to come: for his pos- Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O my dear lord, 430 I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

*Duke.* You do but lose your labor. Away with him to death! [To Lucio] Now, sir, to you. [my part]

*Mari.* O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,

And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel, 441 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;

Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the bet- ter

For being a little bad : so may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling].  
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think 450  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me : since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died :  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'er-take his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no  
subjects ;

Invents but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up,  
I say. 460

I have bethought me of another fault.  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour ?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the  
deed ? [message.]

*Prov.* No, my good lord ; it was by private

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of  
your office :

Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord :  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice ;  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison, 470  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserved alive.

*Duke.* What's he ?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by  
Claudio.

Go fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so  
wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Aug.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure :  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 480  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE,  
CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET.

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine ?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this  
man.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt con-  
demn'd :

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;  
And pray thee take this mercy to provide 489  
For better times to come. Friar, advise him ;  
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fel-  
low's that ?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I saved,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his  
head ;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles Claudio.]

*Duke.* [To Isabella] If he be like your  
brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd : and, for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.  
He is my brother too : but fitter time for that.  
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;  
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :  
Look that you love your wife ; her worth  
worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself :

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

[To Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a  
fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman ;  
Wherein have I so deserved of you,

That you exalt me thus ?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but acc-  
ording to the trick. If you will hang me for it,  
you may ; but I had rather it would please you  
I might be whipt.

*Duke.* Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
As I have heard him swear himself there's  
one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,  
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not  
marry me to a whore. Your highness said  
even now, I made you a duke : good my lord,  
do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry  
her.

Thy slander I forgive ; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison ;  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is press-  
ing to death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it. 530  
[Exeunt Officers with Lucio.]  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-  
store.

Joy to you, Mariana ! Love her, Angelo :  
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Esealus, for thy much  
goodness :

There's more behind that is more gratulate.  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy :  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :  
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540  
I have a motion much imports your good ;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours and what is yours is  
mine.

So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should  
know.

[Exeunt.]

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1603 ?)

## INTRODUCTION.

This play appeared in two quarto editions in the year 1609; on the title-page of the earlier of the two it is stated to have been acted at the Globe; the later contains a singular preface in which the play is spoken of as "never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palmes of the vulgar;" and as having been published against the will of "the grand possessors." Perhaps the play was printed at first for the use of the theatre, with the intention of being published after having been represented, and the printers, against the known wishes of the proprietors of Shakespeare's manuscript, anticipated the first representation and issued the quarto with the attractive announcement that it was an absolute novelty. The editors of the folio, after having decided that *Troilus and Cressida* should follow *Romeo and Juliet* among the tragedies, changed their minds, apparently uncertain how the play should be classed, and placed it between the Histories and Tragedies; this led to the cancelling of a leaf, and the filling up of a blank space left by the alteration, with the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*—a prologue which is believed by several critics not to have come from Shakespeare's hand. There is extreme uncertainty with respect to the date of the play. Dekker and Chettle were engaged in 1599 upon a play on this subject, and, from an entry in the Stationers' register, February 7, 1602—1603, it appears that a *Troilus and Cressida* had been acted by Shakespeare's company, the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Was this Shakespeare's play? We are thrown back upon internal evidence to decide this question, and the internal evidence is itself of a conflicting kind, and has led to opposite conclusions. The massive worldly wisdom of Ulysses argues, it is supposed, in favor of a late date, and the general tone of the play has been compared with that of *Timon of Athens*. The fact that it does not contain a single weak ending, and only six light endings, is, however, almost decisive evidence against our placing it after either *Timon* or *Macbeth*; and the other metrical characteristics are considered, by the most careful student of this class of evidence in the case of the present play (Hertzberg), to point to a date about 1603. Other authorities place it as late as 1608 or 1609; while a third theory (that of Verplanck and Grant White) attempts to solve the difficulties by supposing that it was first written in 1603, and revised and enlarged shortly before the publication of the quarto. Parts of the play—notably the last battle of Hector—appear not to be by Shakespeare. The interpretation of the play itself is as difficult as the ascertainment of the external facts of its history. With what intention, and in what spirit did Shakespeare write this strange comedy? All the Greek heroes who fought against Troy are pitilessly exposed to ridicule; Helen and Cressida are light, sensual, and heartless, for whose sake it seems infatuated folly to strike a blow; Troilus is an enthusiastic young fool; and even Hector, though valiant and generous, spends his life in a cause which he knows to be unprofitable, if not evil. All this is seen and said by Thersites, whose mind is made up of the scum of the foulness of human life. But can Shakespeare's view of things have been the same as that of Thersites? The central theme, the young love and faith of Troilus given to one who was false and fickle, and his discovery of his error, lends its color to the whole play. It is the comedy of disillusion. And as Troilus passed through the illusion of his first love for woman, so by middle life the world itself often appears like one that has not kept her promises, and who is a poor deceiver. We come to see the seamy side of life; and from this mood of disillusion it is a deliverance to pass on even to a dark and tragic view of life, to which beauty and virtue reappear, even though human weakness or human vice may do them bitter wrong. Now such a mood of contemptuous depreciation of life may have come over Shakespeare, and spoilt him, at that time, for a writer of comedy. But for Isabella we should find the coming on of this mood in *Measure for Measure*; there is perhaps a touch of it in *Hamlet*. At this time *Troilus and Cressida* may have been written, and soon afterwards Shakespeare, rousing himself to a deeper inquest into things, may have passed on to his great series of tragedies. The materials for *Troilus and Cressida* were found by Shakespeare in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, Caxton's translation from the French, *Remyges, or Destruction of Troy*, and perhaps also Lydgate's *Troye Boke*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, king of Troy.  
HECTOR,  
TROILUS,  
PARIS,  
DEIPHOBUS,  
HELENUS,

his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.  
ÆNEAS, <sup>1</sup> Trojan commanders.  
ANTENOR, <sup>1</sup>  
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.  
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.  
 MENELAUS, his brother.  
 ACHILLES,  
 AJAX,  
 ULYSSES,  
 NESTOR,  
 DIOMEDES,  
 PATROCLUS,  
 TIERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.  
 ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.  
 Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.  
 Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.  
 ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.  
 CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.  
 CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.*

### PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,  
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
 Of cruel war : sixty and nine, that wore  
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
 Put forth toward Phrygia ; and their vow is made

To ransack Troy, within whose strong im-  
 mures

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
 With wanton Paris sleeps ; and that's the quarrel.

To Tenedos they come ;  
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
 Their warlike fraughtage : now on Dardan plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
 Their brave pavilions : Priam's six-gated city,  
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Helius, Chetas, Troien,  
 And Antenorides, with massy staples  
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20  
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
 Sets all on hazard ; and hither am I come  
 A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
 Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited  
 In like conditions as our argument,  
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those  
 broils,

Beginning in the middle, starting thence away  
 To what may be digested in a play. 29  
 Like or find fault ; do as your pleasures are :  
 Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

Tro. Call here my varlet ; I'll unarm again :  
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
 That find such cruel battle here within ?  
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
 Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to  
 their strength.

Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness  
 valiant ;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10  
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night  
 And skillless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this :  
 for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no fur-  
 ther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat  
 must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry  
 the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry  
 the leavening. 20

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening ; but here's yet  
 in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the  
 making of the cake, the heating of the oven  
 and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cool-  
 ing too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er  
 she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;  
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts.—

So, traitor ! 'When she comes !' When is she  
 thence ?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer  
 than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee :—when my  
 heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,  
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
 I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,  
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :  
 But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-  
 ness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness. 40

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat  
 darker than Helen's—well, go to—there were  
 no more comparison between the women ;  
 but, for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I  
 would not, as they term it, praise her : but I  
 would somebody had heard her talk yester-

day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus ! I tell thee. Pandarus,— When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep 50

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad

In Cressid's love : thou answerst 'she is fair :'

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,

Handlest in thy discourse. O, that her hand, In whose comparison all whites are ink,

Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense Hard as the palm of ploughman : this thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ; 60

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* Faith, I'll not meddle int' Let her be as she is : if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus !

*Pan.* I have had my labor for my travail ; ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you ; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labor.

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus ? what, with me ?

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen : an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I ? I care not an she were a black-a-moor ; 'tis all one to me.

80

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair ?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father ; let her to the Greeks ; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her : for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me : I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit Pandarus.* *An alarum.* 91]

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamors ! peace, rude sounds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument ;

It is too starved a suject for my sword.

But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me !

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar ; And he's as tetchy to be wo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit, 100 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ? Her bed is India : there she lies, a pearl : Between our Ilium and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood, Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

*Alarum.* Enter *Eneas*.

*Ene.* How now, Prince Troilus ! wherefore not afied ?

*Tro.* Because not there : this woman's answer sorts.

For womanish it is to be from thence. 110 What news, Eneas, from the field to-day ?

*Ene.* That Paris is returned home and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Eneas ?

*Ene.* Troilus, by Menelans.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed ; 'tis but a scar to scorn :

Paris is gored with Menelans' horn. [*Alarum.*]

*Ene.* Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day !

*Tro.* Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.' But to the sport abroad : are you bound thither ?

*Ene.* In all switt haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together. [*Escunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter *CRESSIDA* and *ALEXANDER*.

*Cres.* Who were those went by ?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they ?

*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower, Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved : He chid Andromache and struck his armorer, And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he ; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10 In Hector's wrath.

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger ?

*Alex.* The noise goes, this : there is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ; They call him Ajax.

*Cres.* Good ; and what of him ?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man per se, And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors that his valor is

crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it : he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : he hath the joints of every thing, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight. 31

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry ?

*Alex.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Cres.* Who comes here ?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man. 40

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that ? what's that ?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid : what do you talk of ? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came ? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

*Cres.* Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* Even so : Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry ?

*Cres.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so : I know the cause too : he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that : and there's Troilus will not come far behind him ; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too. 61

*Cres.* What, is he angry too ?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man of the two.

*Cres.* O Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector ? Do you know a man if you see him ?

*Cres.* Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. 70

*Cres.* Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself ! Alas, poor Troilus ! I would be were.

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* Condition, I had gone barefoot to India. 80

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself ! no, he's not himself : would a' were himself ! Well, the gods are above ;

time must friend or end : well, Troilus, well : who would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me. 89

*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't ; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'Twould not become him ; his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece : Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She praised his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath color enough.

*Pan.* So he has. 109

*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man and so old a lifter ? 129

*Pan.* But to prove to you that Helen loves him : she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy ! how came it cloven ?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled : I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not ?

*Cres.* O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why go to, then : but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,— 141

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus ! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin : indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

151

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing ! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes : did her eyes run o'er too ?

161

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer ?

170

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true ; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white : that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter !' quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, n y husband ? 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing ! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now ; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true ; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

189

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

[A retreat sounded.

Pan. Hark ! they are coming from the field : shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium ? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here we may see most bravely : I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by ; but mark Troilus above the rest.

200

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes.

Pan. That's Æneas : is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you : but mark Troilus ; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR passes.

Cres. Who's that ?

Pan. That's Antenor : he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus ? I'll show you Troilus anon : if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you that ; there's a fellow ! Go thy way, Hector ! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector ! Look how he looks ! there's a countenance ! is't not a brave man ?

Cres. O, a brave man !

Pan. Is a' not ? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet ! look you yonder, do you see ? look you there : there's no jesting : there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say : there be hacks !

Cres. Be those with swords ?

Pan. Swords ! any thing, he cares not ; an the devil come to him, it's all one : by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

230

PARIS passes.

Look ye yonder, niece ; is't not a gallant man too, is't not ? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day ? he's not hurt ; why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha ! Would I could see Troilus now ! You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS passes.

Cres. Who's that ?

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle ?

Pan. Helenus ? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark ! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus ?' Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder ?

TROILUS passes.

Pan. Where ? yonder ? that's Deiphobus, 'Tis Troilus ! there's a man, niece ! Hem ! Brave Troilus ! the prince of chivalry !

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace !

Pan. Mark him ; note him. O brave Troilus ! Look well upon him, niece : look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes ! O admirable youth ! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way ! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man ! Paris ?

Paris is dirt to him ; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 260

*Cres.* Here come more.

Forces pass.

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts ! chaff and bran, chaff and bran ! porridge after meat ! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look : the eagles are gone : crows and daws, crows and daws ! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus. 269

*Pan.* Achilles ! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* 'Well, well !' Why, have you any discretion ? have you any eyes ? Do you know what a man is ? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man ?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man : and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out. 281

*Pan.* You are such a woman ! one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty, my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches. 290

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another !

*Enter TROILUS'S Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where ?

*Boy.* At your own house ; there he unarms him. 300

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit boy.] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle ?

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token, you are a bawd. [Exit Pandarus.] Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise : But more in Troilus thousand told I see 310 Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ; Yet hold i' off. Women are angels, wooing : Things won are done ; joy's soul lies in the doing. [not thus : That she beloved knows nought that knows Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet that ever knew Love got so sweet as when desire did sue. Therefore this maxim out of love I teach : Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech : Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear, 320 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exeunt]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.*

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.*

*Agam.* Princes, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?

The ample proposition that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below Fails in the promised largeness : checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd, As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound pine and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his course of growth. Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10 That we come short of our suppose so far That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand ;

Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, And that unodied figure of the thought That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works, And call them shames ? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove 20 To find persistive constancy in men : The fineness of which metal is not found In fortune's love ; for then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread, The hard and soft seem all affined and kin : But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away ; And what hath mass or matter, by itself Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. 30

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,

How many shallow banble boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk !

But let the ruffian Boreas once enraged The gentle Thetis, and anon behold The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements, Like Perseus' horse : where's then the saucy boat

Whose weak unfiniber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness ? Either to harbor fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide  
In storms of fortune ; for in her ray and  
brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze  
Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting  
wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50  
And flies fled under shade, why, then the  
thing of courage

As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key

Retorts to chiding fortune.

*Ulyss.*

Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of  
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all

Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation

To which, [To Agamemnon] most mighty for  
thy place and sway, 60

[To Nestor] And thou most reverend for thy  
stretch'd-out life

I give to both your speeches, which were such  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass, and such again  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-  
tree

On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish  
ears

To his experienced tongue, yet let it please  
both,

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

*Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaea ; and be't

of less expect 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastie jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been

down,  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a  
master,

But for these instances.  
The specialty of rule hath been neglected.

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-  
tions. 80

When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected ? Degree being viz-  
arded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask,  
The heavens themselves, the planets and this  
centre

Observe degree, priority and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office and custom, in all line of order ;  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol

In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90  
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check to good and bad : but when the  
planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues and what portents ! what un-  
tiny !

What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !  
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes,  
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

The unity and married calm of states 100  
Quite from their fixture ! O, when degree is  
shaked,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
Then enterprise is sick ! How could commu-  
nities,

Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,

The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place ?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,

And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing

meets 110  
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters  
Should litt their bosoms higher than the  
shores

And make a sop of all this solid globe :  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father

dead ; Force should be right : or rather, right and

wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice

too,

Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite ; 120

And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,

Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,

This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is  
That by a pace goes backward, with a pur-  
pose

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below, he by the next, 130

That next by him beneath : so every step,  
Examined by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever

Of pale and bloodless emulation :  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her

strength. [cover'd

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found,

*Ulyss.* 140

What is the remedy ?

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, whom opinion

crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,

Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dauntless of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs : with him Patroclus  
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scuril jests,  
And with ridiculous and awkward action,  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on,  
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-age,—  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms un-squared,  
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
dropp'd, 160  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;  
Cries 'Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.  
Now play me Nestor ; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he being drest to some oration.'  
That's done, as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife :  
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent !'  
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus, 170  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'  
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,  
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet : and at this sport  
Sir Valor dies ; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus ;  
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, 180  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.  
*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain—  
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice—many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;  
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war, 191  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt,  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.  
*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it  
cowardice,

Count wisdom as no member of the war, 198  
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure  
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight :—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :  
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war ;  
So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls .  
By reason guide his execution. 210  
*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [A tucket.]  
*Agam.* What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.  
*Men.* From Troy.  
*Enter AENEAS.*  
*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent ?  
*Aene.* Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you ?  
*Agam.* Even this.  
*Aene.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?  
*Agam.* With surely stronger than Achilles' arm, 220  
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.  
*Aene.* Fair leave and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?  
*Agam.* How !  
*Aene.* Ay ;  
I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phebus : 230  
Which is that god in office, guiding men ?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?  
*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.  
*Aene.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed, [peace :  
As bending angels : that's their fame in But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's accord,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas, Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips ! 240  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth, If that the praised himself bring the praise forth :  
But what the repining enemy commands, That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.  
*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself  
Aeneas ?

*Ene.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you ?  
*Ene.* Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

*Ene.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him : 250

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind ;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Ene.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260  
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,  
lords !

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honor higher than his ease,  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,  
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,

And dare avow her beauty and her worth 271  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call  
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love : 280  
If any come, Hector shall honor him :  
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires.  
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Eneas* :

If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home : but we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,

That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man 291

When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now :

But if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,  
To answer for his love, tell him from me  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver

And in my vambrace put this wither'd brawn,  
And meeting him will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste  
As may be in the world : his youth in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood. 301

*Ene.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

*Ulyss.* Amen.  
*Agam.* Fair Lord *Eneas*, let me touch your hand :

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent :  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :

Youself shall feast with us before you go  
And find the welcome of a noble toe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.* 310

*Ulys.* Nestor !

*Nest.* What says Ulysses ?

*Ulys.* I have a young conception in my brain :

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't ?

*Ulys.* This 'tis : Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how ? 320

*Ulys.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330  
Pointing on him.

*Ulys.* And wake him to the answer, think you ?

*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet : whom may you else oppose,  
That can from Hector bring his honor off.

If not Achilles ? Though't be a sportful combat,

Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their finest palate : and trust to me,

Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly poised

In this wild action ; for the success, 340  
Although particular, shall give a scantling

Of good or bad unto the general :  
And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass

Of things to come at large. It is supposed

He that meets Hector issues from our choice

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,  
As 'twere from us all, a man distill'd      350  
Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence the conquer-  
ing part,  
To steal a strong opinion to themselves ?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech :  
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,    360  
The lustre of the better yet to show,  
Shall show the better. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;  
For both our honor and our shame in this  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes :  
what are they ?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with  
him :

But he already is too insolent ;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun      370  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foil'd,  
Why then, we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort to fight with Hector : among ourselves  
Give him allowance for the better man ;  
For that will physic the great Myrmidon  
Who broils in loud applause, and make him  
fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,      381  
We'll dress him up in voices : if he fail,  
Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes :  
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* Ulysses,  
Now I begin to relish thy advice ;  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.      390  
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their  
bone.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. A part of the Grecian camp.

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites !

*Ther.* Agamemnon, how if he had boils ?  
full, all over, generally ?

*Ajax.* Thersites !

*Ther.* And those boils did run ? say so : did  
not the general run then ? were not that a  
botchy core ?

*Ajax.* Dog !

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from  
him ; I see none now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou  
not hear ? [Beating him] Feel, then.

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou  
mongrel beef-witted lord !

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven,  
speak : I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and  
holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner  
eon an oration than thou learn a prayer without  
book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a  
red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !

*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou  
strikest me thus ?

*Ajax.* The proclamation !

*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porpentine, do not : my  
fingers itch.

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to  
foot and I had the scratching of thee ; I would  
make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.  
When thou art forth in the incursions, thou  
strikest as slow as another.

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation !

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and railest every  
hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy  
at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's  
beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites !

*Ther.* Thou shouldest strike him.      40

*Ajax.* Cobloaf !

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with  
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* [Beating him] You whoreson cur !

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch !

*Ther.* Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord !  
thou hast no more brain than I have in mine  
elbows ; an assinego may tutor thee : thou  
scurvy-valiant ass ! thou art here but to thrash  
Trojans ; and thou art bought and sold among  
those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If  
thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel,  
and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of  
no bowels, thou !

*Ajax.* You dog !

*Ther.* You scurvy lord !

*Ajax.* [Beating him] You cur !

*Ther.* Mars his idiot ! do, rudeness ; do,  
camel ; do, do.

59

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax ! wherefore  
do you thus ? How now, Thersites ! what's  
the matter, man ?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you ?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter ?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do : what's the matter ?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* 'Well !' why, I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him;  
for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

71

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters ! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones : I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What ?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to beat him.*

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax,

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool !

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not : he there : that he : look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur ! I shall—

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's ?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you ; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel ?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

100

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntarily.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary : no man is beaten voluntary : Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* E'en so ; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains : a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites ?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfathers had nails on their toes, yoke you like dranghtoxen and make you plough up the wars.

*Achil.* What, what ?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth : to, Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to !

120

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites ; peace !

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I ?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents : I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach ; and such a one that dare

Maintain—I know not what : 'tis trash. Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

*Achil.* I know not : 'tis put to lottery ; otherwise

140

He knew his man.

*Ajax.* O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.*

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks : 'Deliver Helen, and all damage else— As honor, loss of time, travail, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war— Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't ?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

As far as toucheth my particular, Yet, dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows ?'

Than Hector is ; the wound of peace is surely, Surely secure ; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go : Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand disunes,

Hath been as dear as Helen : I mean, of ours : If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us, Had it our name, the value of our ten.

What merit's in that reason which denies The yielding of her up ?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother ! Weigh you the worth and honor of a king

So great as our dread father in a scale Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum

The past proportion of his infinite ? And buckle in a waist most tickless

With spans and inches so diminutive As fears and reasons ? 'tis godly shame !

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons, You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him  
so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers,  
brother priest ;  
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are  
your reasons :

You know an enemy intends you harm ,  
You know a sword emp'ly'd is perilous , 40  
And reason flies the object of all harm :  
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove ,  
Or like a star disorb'd ? Nay, if we talk of  
reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep : manhood and  
honor  
Should have bare-hearts, would they but fat  
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect  
Make livers pale and lustihood deject. 50

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she  
doth cost  
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued ?  
Hect. But value dwells not in particular  
will ;

It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer . 'tis mad idolatry  
To make the service greater than the god ,  
And the will doates that is attributive  
To what infectiously itself affects ,  
Without some image of the affected merit. 60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will :  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment : how may I avoid ,  
Although my will distaste what it elected ,  
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion  
To blemish front this and to stand firm by  
honor :

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant ,  
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder  
vianids 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve ,  
Because we now are full. It was thought  
meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the  
Greeks :

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails :  
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a  
truee [sired ,  
And did him service : he touch'd the ports de-  
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held  
captive ,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
freshness [ing.

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morn-  
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our  
aunt : 80

Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand  
ships.

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—  
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,—  
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—  
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your  
hands

And cried 'Inestimable ! '—why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ,  
And do a deed that fortune never did , 90  
Beggar the estimation which you prized  
Richer than sea and land ? O, theft most base ,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep !  
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n ,  
That in their country did them that disgrace ,  
We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry !  
Pri. What noise is what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her  
voice.

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thou-  
sand eyes ,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace !

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrin-  
kled eel ,  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry ,  
Add to my clamors ! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come .  
Cry, Trojans, cry ! practice your eyes with  
tears !

Troy must not be, nor goodly Iliion stand ;  
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110  
Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen and a woe :  
Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go .

[Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these  
high strains

Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood  
So madly hot that no discourse of reason ,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause ,  
Can qualify the same ?

Tro. Why, brother Hector ,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it ,  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds , 121  
Because Cassandra's mad : her brain-sick rap-  
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel  
Which bath our several honors all engaged  
To make it gracious. For my private part ,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :  
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst  
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain ! 129

Por. Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings as your counsels :  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?  
What propugnation is in one man's valor ,

To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties  
And had as ample power as I have will, 140  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :  
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wiped off, in honorable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to  
me, 151  
Now to deliver her possession up  
On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous  
bosoms ?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfained  
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say, 160  
Well may we fight for her whom, we know  
well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris and Troilus, you have both said  
well,  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glazed, but superficially : not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood 170  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and re-  
venge.

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners : now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband ? If this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back return'd : thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's  
opinion

Is this in way of truth ; yet ne'ertheless,  
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you 190  
In resolution to keep Helen still,  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of  
our design :

Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,

She is a theme of honor and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose present courage may beat down our  
foes, 201

And fame in time to come canonize us ;  
For, I presume, brave Hector wold not lose  
So rich advantage of a promised glory  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action  
For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamns.  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factions nobles of the Greeks  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :  
I was advertised their great general slept, 211  
Whilst emulation in the army crept :  
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before  
Achilles' tent.*

*Enter THERSITES, solus.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites ! what, lost in  
the labyrinth of thy fury ! Shall the elephant  
Ajax carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at  
him : O, worthy satisfaction ! would it were  
otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he  
railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and  
raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful  
execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare  
engineer ! If Troy be not taken till these two  
undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall  
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter  
of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king  
of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine  
craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little  
little less than little wit from them that they  
have ! which short-armed ignorance itself  
knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention  
deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their messy irons and cutting the  
web. After this, the vengeance on the whole  
camp ! or rather, the bone-ache ! for that, methinks,  
is the curse dependant on those that  
war for a placket. I have said my prayers and  
devil Envy say Amen. What ho ! my Lord  
Achilles !

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there ? Thersites ! Good Ther-  
sites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt  
counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out  
of my contemplation ; but it is no matter : thyself  
open thyself ! The common curse of  
mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great  
revenue ! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and  
discipline come not near thee ! Let thy blood  
be thy direction till thy death ! then if she  
that liys thee out says thou art a fair corse,  
I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never

shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay: the heavens hear me! 40

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meats? Come, what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself? 50

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell that knowest.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done. 60

*Achil.* He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive. 70

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.]

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.]

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are. 90

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [Exit.]

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent;

He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord. [Takes Agamemnon aside.]

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him? 100

*Nest.* Who, Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their fraction is more on our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite. 109

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS*

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, [ure If any thing more than your sport and pleasur Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, And after-dinner's breath. 121

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, 130 We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if 139 The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report: 'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.]

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied ;  
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter  
you. [Exit *Ulysses*.] 150

*Ajax.* What is he more than another ?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much ? Do you not think  
he thinks himself a better man than I am ?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and  
say he is ?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong,  
as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more  
gentle, and altogether more tractable. 160

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud ? How  
doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and  
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats  
up himself : pride is his own glass, his own  
trumpet, his own chronicle ; and whatever  
praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed  
in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the  
engendering of toads. 170

*Nest.* Yet he loves himself : is 't not  
strange ? [Aside.]

Re-enter *ULYSSES*.

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-  
morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse ?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none,  
But carries on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not upon our fair re-  
quest

Untent his person and share the air with us ?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for re-  
quest's sake only,

He makes important : possess'd he is with  
greatness. 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath : imagined worth  
Holds in his blood such swohn and hot dis-  
course

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages

And batters down himself : what should I  
say ?

He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens  
of it

Cry 'No recovery.'

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :

'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 190

At your request a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so !

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles : shall the proud

lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam  
And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he ? 199

No, this three worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired ;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles : That were to enlard his fat already pride'

And add more coals to Cancer when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid,  
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

*Nest.* [Aside to *Dio.*] O, this is well ; he  
    rubbs the vein of him. 210

*Dio.* [Aside to *Nest.*] And how his silence  
    drinks up this applause !

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armed fist  
I'll push him o'er the face.

*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze  
    his pride :

Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon  
    our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow !

*Nest.* How he describes himself !

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable ? 220

*Ulyss.* The raven chides blackness.

*Ajax.* I'll let his humors blood.

*Agam.* He will be the physician that should

be the patient.

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should  
eat swords first : shall pride carry it ?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half.

*Ulyss.* A' would have ten shares. 230

*Ajax.* I will knead him ; I'll make him

    supple.

*Nest.* He's not yet through warm : force  
him with praises : pour in, pour in ; his am-  
bitition is dry.

*Ulyss.* [To *Agam.*] My lord, you feed too  
much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without  
    Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does  
    him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face ; 240  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so ?

He is not envious, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as  
    valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter  
    thus with us !

Would he were a Trojan !

*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud,—

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise,—

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne,—

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected ! 250

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art  
    of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee

    suck :

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition :  
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,  
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,  
And give him half ; and, for thy vigor,  
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield  
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts : here's Nestor ;

261

Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :  
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him,  
But he as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father ?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here ; the hart  
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war : 271  
Fresh kings are come to Troy : to-morrow  
We must with all our main of power stand  
fast :

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to  
west,

And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the  
best.

*Agam.* Go we to eouncil. Let Achilles  
sleep :  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks  
draw deep.

[Exit.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Troy. Priam's palace.*

*Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Friend, you ! pray you, a word : do  
not you follow the young Lord Paris ?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean ?

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman ;  
I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised !

*Pan.* You know me, do you not ?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, knows me better ; I am the  
Lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honor  
better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

*Pan.* Grace ! not so, friend ; honor and  
lordship are my titles. [Music within.] What  
music is this ?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir : it is music  
in parts.

*Pan.* Know you the musicians ?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to ?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend ?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir ?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another : I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play ?

*Serv.* That's to't indeed, sir : marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person : with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida ?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen : could you not find out that by her attributes ?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus : I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

*Serv.* Sodden business ! there's a stewed phrase indeed !

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them ! especially to you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow ! 49

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin : and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir,—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very rude.

*Par.* Well said, my lord ! well, you say so in fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word ?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out : we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord : my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus ; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to :—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody : if you do, our melancholy upon your head !

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen ! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen ?

*Por.* What exploit's in hand ? where sups he to-night ? 90

*Helen.* Nay, but, my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen ? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Por.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter ; you are wide come, your disposer is sick.

*Por.* Well, I'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida ? no, your poor disposer's sick.

*Por.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy ! what do you spy ? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen,

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He ! no, she'll none of him ; they two are twain. 111

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this : I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love : this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid ! 120

*Pan.* Love ! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so. [Sings. Love, love, nothing but love, still more !

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe :

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore. 130

These lovers cry Oh ! oh ! they die !

Yet that which seems the wound to kill, Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !

So dying love lives still :

Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !

Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !

Heigh-ho !

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love ? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds ? Why, they are vipers : is love a generation of vipers ? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day ?

*Por.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ? 151

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something : you know all, Lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

*Por.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Command me to your niece.

*Par.* I will, sweet queen. [Exit. 160 *A retreat sounded.*

*Par.* They're come from field : let us to Priam's hall;

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help disarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd.

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel  
Or force of Greekish sinews : you shall do more

Than all the island kings, — disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris :

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,

Yea, overshines ourself. 171

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit.

## SCENE II. *The same. Pandarus' orchard.*

*Enter* PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' BOY, *meeting.*

*Pan.* How now ! where's thy master ? at my cousin Cressida's ?

*Boy.* No, sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Pan.* O, here he comes.

*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, how now !

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Boy.

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin ?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10 Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transportance to those fields Where I may wallow in the lily-beds

Proposed for the deserver ! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings

And fly with me to Cressid !

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit.

*Tro.* I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet 20

That it enchanteth my sense : what will it be,

When that the watery palate tastes indeed Love's thrice repur'd nectar ? death, I fear me,

Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweet-

ness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers : I fear it much ; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

30

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering

40

The eye of majesty.

*Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.*

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

[Exit.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—  
O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

79

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the

monstrousness in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowed more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. praise us as we are tasted, allow us as w<sup>t</sup> prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

109

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Tro. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

121

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—pardon me—if I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much But I might master it: in faith, I lie;

129

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not; And yet good faith, I wish'd myself a man, Or that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my

tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel ! stop my mouth. 141

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :  
I am ashamed. O heavens ! what have I done ?  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid !

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow morning.—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady ?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try :  
I have a kind of self resides with you ;  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
To be another's fool. I would be gone :  
Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love ;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise,  
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—

As if it can, I will presume in you—  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love :  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind 169  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;  
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !  
I am as true as truth's simplicity  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most right !

True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,  
As true as steel, as plantation to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic anthon to be cited,  
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be ! 190  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from trutn,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood ! when they've said  
"as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,  
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Goto, a bargain made : seal it, seal it ;  
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand,  
here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name ; call them all Pandars ; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars ! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed ; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death : away !  
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear !

[Exit. 221]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,  
The advantage of the time prompts me alond  
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind  
†That, through the sight I bear in things to love,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; exposed myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all

That time, acquaintance, custom and condition  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,  
And here, to do you service, am become 11  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit.

Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took : Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you—often have you thanks there-

fore— 20  
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied : but this An-

tenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage ; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him : let him be sent, great prin-  
ces,  
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her pres-  
ence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him, 30  
And bring us Cressid hither : Calchas shall  
have

What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :  
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a  
burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their  
tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of  
his tent :  
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all, 40  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :  
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
Why such unpleasing eyes are bent on him :  
If so, I have derision medicinable,  
To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink :  
It may be good : pride hath no other glass  
To show itself but pride, for supple knees  
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and  
put on 50

A form of strangeness as we pass along :  
So do each lord, and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him  
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak  
with me ?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst  
Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles ? would he  
aught with us ?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the  
general ?

*Achil.* No.  
*Nest.* Nothing, my lord. 60

*Agam.* The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you ? how do you ? [Exit.

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus !

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha ?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.

*Achil.* What mean these fellows ? Know  
they not Achilles ? 70

*Patr.* They pass by strangely : they were  
used to bend,  
To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;  
To come as humbly as they used to creep  
To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late ?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with  
fortune,  
Must fall out with men too : what the declined  
is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butter-  
flies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the sum-  
mer,

And not a man, for being simply man, 80  
Hath any honor, but honor for those honors  
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,  
Prizes of accident as soft as merit :  
Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-  
ers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another and together  
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :  
Fortune and I are friends : I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks  
find out 90  
Something not worth in me such rich behold  
ing

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;  
I'll interrupt his reading.  
How now Ulysses !

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son !

*Achil.* What are you reading ?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
Writes me : 'That man, how dearly ever  
parted,  
How much in having, or without or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;  
As when his virtues shining upon others 100  
Heat them and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.'

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes ; nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye opposed  
Salutes each other with each other's form ;  
For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there 110  
Where it may see itself. This is not strange  
at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,—  
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift ;  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
Though in and of him there be much consist-  
ing,  
Till he communicate his parts to others ;  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they're extended ; who, like an arch,  
reverberates

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel  
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
 His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in  
 this ;  
 And apprehended here immediately  
 The unknown Ajax.  
 Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse,  
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what  
 things there are  
 Most abject in regard and dear in use !  
 What things again most dear in the esteem  
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-  
 morrow—  
 An act that very chance doth throw upon  
 him—  
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men  
 do,  
 While some men leave to do !  
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's  
 hall,  
 Whilst others play the idiots in her eyes !  
 How one man eats into another's pride,  
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !  
 To see these Grecian lords !—why, even al-  
 ready  
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast  
 And great Troy shrieking. 141  
*Achil.* I do believe it ; for they pass'd by  
 me  
 As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me  
 Good word nor look : what, are my deeds  
 forgot ?  
*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his  
 back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-sized monster of ingratitudes :  
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are  
 devour'd  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done : perseverance, dear my lord, 150  
 Keeps honor bright : to have done is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant  
 way ;  
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the  
 path.  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons  
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by  
 And leave you blindfold ; 160  
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do  
 in present,  
 Though less than years in past, must o'ertop  
 yours ;  
 For time is like a fashionable host  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the  
 hand, [fly,  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would  
 Grasp in the corner : welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not  
 virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was ; 170  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world  
 kin,  
 That all with one consent praise new-born  
 gawds,  
 Though they are made and moulded of things  
 past,  
 And give to dust that is a little gilt  
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
 The present eye praises the present object :  
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete  
 man, 181  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;  
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on  
 thee,  
 And still it might, and yet it may again,  
 If thou wouldest not entomb thyself alive  
 And ease thy reputation in thy tent ;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of  
 late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the god-  
 themselves  
 And drove great Mars to faction.  
*Achil.* Of this my privacy 190  
 I have strong reasons.  
*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privaey  
 The reasons are more potent and heroical :  
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
 With one of Priam's daughters.  
*Achil.* Ha ! known ! I  
*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder ?  
 The providence that's in a watchful state  
 Knows almost every grain of Pintus' gold,  
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
 Keeps place with thought and almost, like the  
 gods,  
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
 There is a mystery—with whom relation 201  
 Durst never meddle—in the soul of state ;  
 Which hath an operation more divine  
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to :  
 All the commerce that you have had with  
 Troy  
 As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord :  
 And better would it fit Achilles much  
 To throw down Hector than Polyxena :  
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at  
 home, 210  
 When fame shall in our islands sound her  
 trump,  
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
 'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'  
 Farewell, my lord : Is your lover speak :  
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should  
 break. [Exit.  
*Pate.* To this effect, Achilles, have I moved  
 you :  
 A woman impudent and mannish grown  
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man  
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;

They think my little stomach to the war 220  
And your great love to me restrains you thus:  
Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton

Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous  
fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honor  
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake ;  
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware ;  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-  
selves :

Omission to do what is necessary 230  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit i'ly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-  
clus :  
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's  
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,  
To talk with him and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view. 241

*Enter THERSITES.*

A labor saved !

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field,  
asking for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with  
Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an  
heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying  
nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a  
peacock,—a stride and a stand : ruminates  
like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her  
brain to set down her reckoning : bites his lip  
with a politic regard, as who should say  
'There were wit in this head, an' twould  
out ;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in  
him as fire in a flint, which will not show  
without knocking. The man's undone for-  
ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i' the  
combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory.  
He knows not me : I said 'Good morrow,  
Ajax ;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.  
What think you of this man that takes me for  
the general ? He's grown a very land-fish,  
languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion !  
a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather  
jerkin.'

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to  
him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I ? why, he'll answer nobody ;  
he professes not answering : speaking is for  
beggars ; he wears his tongue in's arms. I

will put on his presence : let Patroclus make  
demands to me, you shall see the pageant of  
Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus ; tell him I hum-  
bly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most  
valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent,  
and to procure safe-conduct for his person of  
the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or  
seven-times-honored captain-general of the  
Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do  
this. 280

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax !

Ther. Hum !

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha !

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to  
invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum !

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from  
Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon ! 290

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha !

Patr. What say you to 't ?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven  
o'clock it will go one way or other : how-  
soever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is  
he ? 301

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What  
music will be in him when Hector has knocked  
out his brains, I know not ; but, I am sure,  
none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews  
to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to  
him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse ;  
for that's the more capable creature. 310

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain  
stirr'd ;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exit Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind  
were clear again, that I might water an ass at  
it ! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than  
such a valiant ignorance.

*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. Troy. A street.

*Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant  
with a torch ; from the other, PARIS, DEI-  
PHORUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others,  
with torches.*

Par. See, ho ! who is that there ?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person ?  
Had I so good occasion to lie long  
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly  
business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company

*Dio.* That's my mind too. Good morrow,  
Lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his  
hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir, 10  
During all question of the gentle truce ;  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
As heart can think or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm ; and, so long,  
health !

But when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life  
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will  
fly.

With his face backward. In humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love in such a sort  
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize : Jove, let Æneas  
live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun !  
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow !

*Æne.* We know each other well. 30  
*Dio.* We do ; and long to know each other  
worse.

*Par.* This is the most despiteful gentle  
greeting.

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early ?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king ; but why,  
I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you : 'twas to  
bring this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,  
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid :  
Let's have your company, or, if you please,  
Haste there before us : I constantly do  
think— 40  
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowl-  
edge—

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night :  
Rouse him and give him note of our ap-  
proach,

With the whole quality wherefore : I fear  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you :  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Tro.* There is no help ;  
The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord : we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. 50  
[Exit with Servants.

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell  
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen  
best.

Myself or Menelaus ?

*Dio.* Both alike :  
He merits well to have her, that doth seek  
her,

Not making any scruple of her soilure,  
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,

And you as well to keep her, that defend her,  
Not palating the taste of her dishonor,

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up 61  
The fees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors :  
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor  
more :

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country-

woman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country : hear me,

Paris :

For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk : for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight, 71

A Trojan hath been slain : since she could

speak,

She hath not given so many good words

breath

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :

But we in silence hold this virtue well,

We'll but command what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Court of Pandarus' house.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself : the morn  
is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine  
uncle down :

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not ;  
To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought !

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* I prithee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you a-weary of me ?

*Tro.* O Cressida ! but that the busy day,  
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald  
crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no  
longer.

I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch ! with venomous  
wights she stays

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of  
love

With wings more momentary-swift than  
thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Prithee, tarry :  
You men will never tarry.  
O foolish Cressid ! I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried. Hark !  
there's one up.

*Pan.* [Within] What, 's all the doors open  
here ?

*Tro.* It is your uncle. 20  
*Cres.* A pestilence on him ! now will he be  
mocking :

I shall have such a life !

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* How now, how now ! how go maid-  
en-heads ? Here, you maid ! where's my  
cousin Cressid ?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mock-  
ing uncle !  
You bring me to do, and then you flout me  
too.

*Pan.* To do what ? to do what ? let her  
say what ; what have I brought you to do ?

*Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart !  
you'll ne'er be good, 30  
Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! ah, poor  
capocchia ! hast not slept to-night ? would he  
not, a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear  
take him !

*Cres.* Did not I tell you ? Would he were  
knock'd i' the head ! [Knocking within].  
Who's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.  
My lord, come you again into my chamber :  
You smile and mock me, as if I meant  
naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha ! 39

*Cres.* Come, you are deceived, I think of  
no such thing. [Knocking within].  
How earnestly they knock ! Pray you, come  
in :  
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*]

*Pan.* Who's there ? what's the matter ?  
will you beat down the door ? How now !  
what's the matter ?

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Ene.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.  
*Pan.* Who's there ? my Lord Æneas ! By  
my troth,

I knew you not : what news with you so  
early ?

*Ene.* Is not Prince Troilus here ?

*Pan.* Here ! what should he do here ? 50  
*Ene.* Come, he is here, my lord ; do not  
deny him :

It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you ? 'tis more than  
I know, I'll be sworn ' for my own part, I  
came in late. What should he do here ?

*Ene.* Who !—nay, then : come, come,  
you'll do him wrong ere you're ware : you'll  
be so true to him, to be false to him : do not  
you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither ;  
go.

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now ! what's the matter ? 60

*Ene.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to  
salute you,

My matter is so rash : there is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us : and for him forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The Lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded ?

*Ene.* By Priam and the general state of  
Troy :

They are at hand and ready to effect it. 70

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me !  
I will go meet them : and, my Lord Æneas,  
We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

*Ene.* Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of  
nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*]

*Pan.* Isn't possible ? no sooner got but lost ?  
The devil take Antenor ! the young prince  
will go mad : a plague upon Antenor ! I  
would they had broke's neck !

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now ! what's the matter ? who  
was here ? 81

*Pan.* Ah, ah !

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly ? where's  
my lord ? gone ! Tell me, sweet uncle,  
what's the matter ?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the  
earth as I am above !

*Cres.* O the gods ! what's the matter ?

*Pan.* Prithee, get thee in : would thou  
hadst ne'er been born ! I knew thou wouldest  
be his death. O, poor gentleman ! A plague  
upon Antenor !

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my  
knees I beseech you, what's the matter ?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou  
must be gone ; thou art changed for Ante-  
nor : thou must to thy father, and be gone  
from Troilus : 'twill be his death ; 'twill be  
his bane ; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods ! I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must. 101

*Cres.* I will not, uncle : I have forgot my  
father :

I know no touch of consanguinity ;  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me  
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine !  
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus ! Time, force, and  
death,

Do to this body what extremes you can ;  
But the strong base and building of my love  
Is as the very centre of the earth, 110  
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and  
weep,—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,  
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart.  
With sounding Troilus, I will not go from Troy.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Street before Pandarus' house.*

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd  
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house ;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently :  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus  
A priest there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit.*

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love ;  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help !  
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Pandarus' house.*

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.  
*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation ?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it : how can I moderate it ?

If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief :  
My love admits no qualifying dross ;  
No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.

*Enter TROILUS.*

Ah, sweet ducks !

*Cres.* O Troilus ! Troilus ! [*Embracing him.*]  
*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

' — O heart, heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?  
where he answers again,

' Because thou canst not ease thy smart 20  
By friendship nor by speaking.'  
There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse : we see it, we see it. How now, lambs ?

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy ?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.  
*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from Troy ?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.  
*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too ?

*Tro.* From Troy and Troilus.  
*Cres.* Is it possible ?

*Tro.* And suddenly ; where injury of chance

PUTS back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear  
vows 39

Even in the birth of our own laboring breath  
We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now with a robber's haste  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up into a lose adien,  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears. 50

*Ene.* [Within] My lord, is the lady ready ?  
*Tro.* Hark ! you are call'd : some say the Genius so

Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die.  
Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Whereare my tears ? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians ?  
*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks !

When shall we see again ?  
*Tro.* Hear me, my love : be thou but true  
of heart,—

*Cres.* I true ! how now ! what wicked deem is this ?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from us :

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,  
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,  
That there's no maculation in thy heart :  
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers 70

As infinite as imminent ! but I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger.  
Wear this sleeve. [see you ?]

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentineis,  
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

*Cres.* O heavens ! 'be true' again !

*Tro.* Hear while I speak it, love :  
The Grecian youths are full of quality :  
They're loving, well composed with gifts of

nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise : 80  
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,  
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—  
 Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—  
 Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens ! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain, then !  
 In this I do not call your faith in question  
 So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,  
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
 Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,  
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant : 90

But I can tell that in each grace of these  
 There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil  
 That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will ?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not :  
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
 Presuming on their changeable potency.

*Ene.* [Within] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss ; and let us part. 100

*Par.* [Within] Brother Troilus !

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither ;  
 And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true ?

*Tro.* Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :  
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;  
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
 Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit 109  
 Is ' plain and true ' ; there's all the reach of it.

*Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTEMOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed ! here is the lady  
 Which for Antenor we deliver you :  
 At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
 And by the way possess thee what she is.  
 Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
 As Priam is in Ilion.

*Dio.* Fair Lady Cressid,  
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
 Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed 121  
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
 In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises  
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
 I charge thee use her well, even for my charge ;  
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, 131  
 I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not moved, Prince Troilus :  
 Let me be privileged by my place and message,  
 To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,  
 I'll answer to my lust : and know you, lord,  
 I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth,  
 She shall be prized ; but that you say 'be't so,'  
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honor, 'no.'

*Tro.* Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Dio-med,  
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. 139

Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,  
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.  
 [Exit Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.

[Trumpet within.]

*Par.* Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

*Ene.* How have we spent this morning !  
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault : come, come, to field with him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

*Ene.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :  
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
 On his fair worth and single chivalry. 150  
 [Exit.

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.*

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage,  
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
 Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air  
 May pierce the head of the great combatant  
 And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
 Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :  
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spent blood ; 10  
 Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds

*Ulys.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.

*Agam.* Is not yond Diomed, with Calchias' daughter ?

*Ulys.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;

He rises on the toe : that spirit of his  
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the Lady Cressid ?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulys.* Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general. 21  
*Nest.* And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.  
 So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips,  
 fair lady :

*Achilles* bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing  
 once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing  
 now ;

For this popp'd Paris in his hardiment,  
 And parted thus you and your argument.

*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our  
 scorns !

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss : this,  
 mine :

*Patroclus* kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim :

*Patr.* Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir. *Lady*, by your  
 leave.

*Cres.* In kissing, do you render or receive ?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I'll make my match to live,  
 The kiss you take is better than you give ;  
 Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three  
 for one.

*Cres.* You're an odd man ; give even or give  
 none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady ! every man is odd.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not ; for you know 'tis  
 true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against  
 his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cres.* Why, beg, then.

*Ulyss.* Why then for Venus' sake, give me  
 a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis  
 due.

*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of  
 you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word : I'll bring you to your  
 father. [Exit with *Cressida*.

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
 Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look  
 out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so gib of tongue,  
 That give accosting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
 To every ticklish reader ! set them down

For slutish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

Enter *Hector*, armed; *Aeneas*, *Troilus*, and  
 other Trojans, with Attendants.

*Ene.* Hail, all you state of Greece ! what  
 shall be done

To him that victory commands ? or do you  
 purpose

A victor shall be known ? will you the knights  
 Shall to the edge of all extremity  
 Pursue each other, or shall be divided  
 By any voice or order of the field ?

70

*Hector* bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would *Hector* have it ?

*Ene.* He cares not : he'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'Tis done like *Hector* : but securely  
 done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing  
 The knight opposed.

*Ene.* If not *Achilles*, sir,

What is your name ?

*Achil.* If not *Achilles*, nothing.

*Ene.* Therefore *Achilles* : but, what's'er,  
 know this :

In the extremity of great and little,  
 Valor and pride excel themselves in *Hector* :

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood :

In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home :

Half heart, half hand, half *Hector* comes to  
 seek

This blended knight, half Trojan and half

Greek.

*Achil.* A maiden battle, then ? O, I per-

ceive you.

Re-enter *DIOMEDES*.

*Agam.* Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle  
 knight,

Stand by our *Ajax* : as you and Lord *Aeneas*  
 Consent upon the order of their fight,

90

So be it : either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath : the combatants being kin  
 Half stints their strife before their strokes be-

gin. [Ajax and *Hector* enter the lists.]

*Ulyss.* They are opposed already.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks  
 so heavy ?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true

knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,

Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue :

Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon

cain'd :

His heart and hand both open and both free ;

For what he has he gives, what thinks he

shows ;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his

bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath ;

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous :

For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes

To tender objects, but he in heat of action

Is more vindictive than jealous love :

They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Eneas ; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and with private soul 111  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. *Hector and Ajax fight.*

*Ajax.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st ;  
Awake thee !

*Ajax.* His blows are well disposed : there,  
Ajax !

*Ilio.* You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

*Ene.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet ; let us fight  
again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Heet.* Why, then will I no more :  
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ; 121  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twaïn :  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian  
all,

And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's  
blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish  
member 130

Wherein my sword had not impression made  
Of our rank feud : but the just gods gainsay  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy  
mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :  
Cousin, all honor to thee !

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector :  
Thou art too gentle and too free a man :  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140  
A great addition earned in thy death.

*Heet.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable,  
On whose bright crest Fame with her lond'st  
O yes

Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself  
A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

*Ene.* There is expectance here from both  
the sides,

What further you will do.

*Heet.* We'll answer it :  
The issue is embracement : Ajax, farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success—  
As seld I have the chance—I would desire 150  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great  
Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Heet.* Eneas, call my brother Troilus to  
me.

And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;  
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my  
cousin ;

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.  
*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us  
here.

*Heet.* The worthiest of them tell me name  
by name ; 160

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Ajax.* Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to  
one

That would be rid of such an enemy ;  
But that's no welcome : understand more clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd  
with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion ;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-  
come.

*Heet.* I thank thee, most imperious Aga-  
memnon.

*Ajax.* [To *Troilus*] My well-famed lord  
of Troy, no less to you.

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's  
greeting :

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

*Heet.* Who must we answer ?

*Ene.* The noble Menelaus.

*Heet.* O, you, my lord ? by Mars his gaun-  
let, thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;  
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove :

She's well, but bade me not command her to  
you. 180

*Men.* Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly  
theme.

*Heet.* O, pardon ; I offend.

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee  
oft

Laboring for destiny make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have  
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subduenments,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'  
the air,

Not letting it decline on the declined,  
That I have said to some my standers by 190

'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !'

And I have seen thee pause and take thy  
breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee  
in,

Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him : he was a soldier  
good ;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace  
thee ;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Ene.* 'Tis the old Nestor. 201

*Heet.* Let me embrace thee, good old chron-  
icle.

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome !—I have seen the time. 210

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favor, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ; For yonder walls, that pertly front your town, Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, 220

Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you : There they stand yet, and modestly I think,

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of every Grecian blood : the end crowns all,

And that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it. Most gentle and most valiant Hector, wel-

come ! After the general, I beseech you next To feast with me and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou ! 230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ; I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,

And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles ?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief : I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er :

But there's more in me than thou understand'st. 240

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there, or there ?

That I may give the local wound a name And make distinct the very breach whereon

Hector's great spirit flew : answer me, heavens !

*Hect.* It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,

To answer such a question : stand again : Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250 Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well :

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there :

But, by the forge that stithed Mars his helm, I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag ; His insolence draws folly from my lips ;

But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words, Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin :

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone, Till accident or purpose bring you to't : You may have every day enough of Hector, If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear, Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field :

We have had pelting wars, since you refused The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector ? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ; To-night all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match. 270

*Ayam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent :

There in the full convive we : afterwards, As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall Concur together, severally entreat him. Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*

*Tro.* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely

Troilus :

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ; Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view

On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,

To bring me thither ?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir. As gentle tell me, of what honor was

This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover

there ?

That waits her absence ?

*Tro.* O, sir, to such as boasting show' their

scares

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?

She was beloved, she loved ; she is, and doth :

But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night, Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

*Enter Thersites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of envy ! Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news ? Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee,

Achil. From whence, fragment ?

Troy. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now ?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity ! and what need these tricks ?

Ther. Prithhee, be silent, boy ; I profit not by thy talk : thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue ! what's that ?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries !

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus ?

Ther. Do I curse thee ?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No ! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green saracen flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou ? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature !

Patr. Out, gall !

Ther. Finch-egg !

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my fair love, Both taxing me and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it : Fall Greeks ; fair fame ; honor or go or stay : My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent : This night in banqueting must all be spent. 51 Away, Patroclus !

*[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little

brain, these two may run mad ; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails ; but he has not so much brain as earwax : and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds ; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to ? To an ass, were nothing ; he is both ass and ox : to an ox, were nothing ; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care ; but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the louse of a Lazar, so I were not Menelaus ! Hey-day ! spirit and tires !

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ; There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter Achilles.*

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet dranght : 'sweet' quoth 'a' sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those

That go to tarry.

Agam. Good night.

*[Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Diomed. I cannot, lord : I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. *[Aside to Troilus]* Follow his torch ; he goes to Calchas' tent :

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honor me.

Hect. And so, good night.

*[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

*[Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it : it is prodigious, there will come some change ; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him : they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent : I'll after. Nothing but lechery ! all incontinent varlets !

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' tent.*  
Enter DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho ? speak.

*Cat.* [Within] Who calls ?

*Dio.* Diomed, Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter ?

*Cat.* [Within] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance ;  
after them, THERSITES.

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge !

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian ! Hark, a word with you. [Whispers.]

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar !

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff ; she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember ?

*Cres.* Remember ! yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do, then :

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember ?

*Ulyss.* List.

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery !

*Dio.* Nay, then.—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what,—

*Dio.* Foh, foh ! come, tell a pin : you are forsworn.

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot : what would you have me do ?

*Ther.* A juggling trick,— to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath ;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience !

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan !

*Cres.* Diomed,—

*Dio.* No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark, one word in your ear.

*Tro.* O plague and madness !

*Ulyss.* You are moved, prince ; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ; The time right deadly : I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you !

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off :

You flow to great distraction ; come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pray thee, stay,

*Ulyss.* You have not patience ; come,

*Tro.* I pray you, stay ; by hell and all

hell's torments,

I will not speak a word !

*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord !

*Tro.* By Jove, I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian !—why, Greek !

*Dio.* Foh, foh ! adieu ; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not : come hither once again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something : will you go ?

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek !

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :

There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience : stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

*Juno.* But will you, then ?

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one.

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord ; I will not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel : I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

*Ther.* Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

*Tro.* O beauty ! where is thy faith ?

*Ulyss.* My lord,—

*Tro.* I will be patient : outwardly I will,

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve ; behold it well.

He loved me—O false wench !—Give't me again.

*Dio.* Whose was't ?

*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have't again. I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens : well said, whetstone !

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cres.* What, this ?

*Dio.* Ay, that.  
*Cres.* O, all you gods ! O pretty, pretty  
pledge !

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80  
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.  
*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed ; faith,  
you shall not ;  
I'll give you something else.

*Dio.* I will have this : whose was it ?

*Cres.* It is no matter.  
*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.

*Cres.* 'Twas one's that loved me better  
than you will.  
But, now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it ? 90

*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wrost it  
on thy horn.

It should be challenged.

*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past : and  
yet it is not ;

I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why, then, farewell ;  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go : one cannot speak a  
word, 100

But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes  
not you pleases me best.

*Dio.* What, shall I come ? the hour ?

*Cres.* Ay, come :—O Jove !—do come :—I  
shall be plagued.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night : I prithee, come.

[Exit Diomedes.]

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;  
But with my heart the other eye doth see.  
Ah, poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,  
The error of our eye directs our mind : 110  
What error leads must err ; O, then conclude  
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[Exit.

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not  
publish more,

Unless she said ' My mind is now turn'd whore.'

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we, then ?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
But if I tell how these two did co-act,  
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?  
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, 120  
An esperance so obstinately strong,  
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,  
As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of  
madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was  
here but now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believed for womanhood !  
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advan-  
tage 130

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,  
For depravation, to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cres-  
sid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that  
can soil our mothers ?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were  
she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on 's  
own eyes ?

*Tro.* This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cres-  
sida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 140  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against itself !  
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid.  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparable  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth,  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle 151  
As Ariadne's broken woof to enter.  
Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :  
Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved,  
and loosed ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy  
relics 159

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth ex-  
press ?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged  
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflamed with Venus : never did young man  
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek : as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed :  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm ;  
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it : not the dreadful  
spout 171

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupis-

*Tro.* O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false,  
false, false !

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulys.* O, contain yourself ;  
Your passion draws ears bither. 181

*Enter ENEAS.*

*Ene.* I have been seeking you this hour,  
my lord :

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince. My courteous  
lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair ! and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

*Ulys.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Eneas, and Ulysses.*

*Ther.* Would I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I would croak like a raven : I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion : a burning devil take them ! [Exit.

### SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's palace.

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently  
temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment ?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you ; get you

in :

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go !

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous  
to the day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector ?  
*And.* Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in

intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition, 9  
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulencie, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
slaughter.

*Cas.* O, 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens,  
sweet brother.

*Hect.* Be gone, I say : the gods have heard  
me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish  
vows :

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O, be persuaded I do not count it  
holy

To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong  
the vow :

But vows to every purpose must not hold :  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say ;  
Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate :  
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man  
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man ! mean'st thou to fight  
to-day ?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.* 30

*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus ; doff thy  
harness, youth :  
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave  
boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in  
you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus ?  
chide me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecian  
falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O, 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now ! how now !

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armors buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to routhful work, rein them from  
ruth,

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie !

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight  
to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears ;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword  
drawn,

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him  
fast :

He is thy crutch : now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, 61  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back.  
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had  
visions ;

Cassandra doth foresee : and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt  
To tell thee that this day is ominous :  
Therefore, come back.

*Hec.*                   Aeneas is a-field ;  
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valor, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.*                   Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hec.*                   I must not break my faith.      71

You know me dutiful : therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect : but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.*                   O Priam, yield not to him !

*And.*                   Do not, dear father.

*Hec.*                   Andromache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.]  
*Tro.*                   This foolish, dreaming, superstitions  
                          girl

Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.*                   O, farewell, dear Hector !  
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns  
                          pale !

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !  
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolors  
                          forth !

Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry, Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

*Tro.*                   Away ! away !

*Cas.*                   Farewell : yet, soft ! Hector, I take  
                          my leave :  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[Exit.]  
*Hec.*                   You are amazed, my liege, at her ex-  
                          claim :      91

Go in and cheer the town : we'll forth and  
                          fight,  
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at  
                          night.

*Pri.*                   Farewell : the gods with safety stand  
                          about thee !

[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.]

*Tro.*                   They are at it, hark ! Proud Diomed,  
                          believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

*Pan.*                   Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

*Tro.*                   What now ?

*Pan.*                   Here's a letter come from yond poor  
                          girl.

*Tro.*                   Let me read.                      100

*Pan.*                   A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally  
                          tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of  
this girl; and what one thing, what another, that  
I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a  
rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my  
bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot  
tell what to think on 't. What says she there ?

*Tro.*                   Words, words, mere words, no matter  
                          from the heart :

The effect doth operate another way.      105  
[Tearing the letter.]  
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to-  
                          gether.  
My love with words and errors still she feeds;  
But edifies another with her deeds.  
[Exeunt severally]

SCENE IV.   Plains between Troy and the Gre-  
cian camp.

Alarums : excursions. Enter THERSITES.

*Ther.*                   Now they are clapper-clawing one  
another ; I'll go look on. That dissembling  
abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same  
scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of  
Troy there in his helm : I would fain see them  
meet ; that that same young Trojan ass, that  
loves the whore there, might send that Greekish  
whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve,  
back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a  
sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the  
policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that  
stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and  
that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved  
worthy a blackberry : they set me up, in  
policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that  
dog of as bad a kind, Achilles : and now is  
the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles,  
and will not arm to-day ; whereupon the Gre-  
cians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy  
grows into an ill opinion. Soft ! here comes  
sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

*Tro.*                   Fly not : for shouldst thou take the  
                          river Styx.      20  
I would swim after.

*Dio.*                   Thou dost miscall retire :

I do not fly, but advantageous care  
With drew me from the odds of multitude :  
Have at thee !

*Ther.*                   Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for  
thy whore, Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the  
sleeve !

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

*Hec.*                   What art thou, Greek ? art thou for  
Hector's match ?

Art thou of blood and honor ?

*Ther.*                   No, no, I am a rascal ; a scurvy rail-  
ing knave : a very filthy rogue.      31

*Hec.*                   I do believe thee : live.      [Exit.]

*Ther.*                   God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe  
me : but a plague break thy neck for frightening  
me ! What's become of the wenching rogues ?  
I think they have swallowed one another : I  
would laugh at that miracle : yet, in a sort,  
lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.      [Exit.]

SCENE V.   Another part of the plains.

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

*Dio.*                   Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus  
                          horse :

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty :  
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serr.*

I go, my lord. [Exit.

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

*Agam.* Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corses of the kings 10  
Epistrophus and Cedius : Polyxenes is slain,  
Amphilochus and Thoas deadly hurt,  
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers : haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field :  
Now here he fights on Galathie his horse, 20  
And there lacks work : anon he's there afoot,  
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls  
Before the belching whale : then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath;  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and  
takes,  
Dexterity so obeying appetite  
That what he will he does, and does so much  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* O, courage, courage, princes ! great  
Achilles 30  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :  
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,  
come to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution.  
Engaging and redeeming of himself  
With such a careless force and forceless care  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, 41  
Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! [Exit.  
*Dio.* Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Where is this Hector ?  
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face ;  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry :  
Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but  
Hector. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head !

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou ?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office  
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say ! what, Troilus !

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed ! turn thy false face,  
thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse :

*Dio.* Ha, art thou there ?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone : stand, Diomed. 9

*Dio.* He is my prize ; I will not look upon.

*Tro.* Come, both you cogging Greeks ; have at you both ! [Exit, fighting.

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus ? O, well fought, my youngest brother !

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Now do I see thee, ha ! have at thee, Hector !

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan :

Be happy that my arms are out of use :  
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

*Hect.* Fare thee well : 19  
I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother !

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas : shall it be ?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him : I'll be ta'en too,  
Or bring him off : fate, hear me what I say !  
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

*Enter one in sumptuous armor.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a goodly mark :

No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy armor well ;  
I'll crush it and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it : wilt thou not, beast,  
abide ? 30

Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.  
[Exit.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons ;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel :  
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in  
breath :

And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about ;  
In fellest manner execute your aims.  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye :  
It is decreed Hector the great must die.

[Exit.]

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting : then  
THERSITES.*

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker  
are at it. Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris,  
'loo ! now my double-henned sparrow ! 'loo,  
Paris, 'loo ! The bull has the game : ware  
horns, ho ! [Exit Paris and Menelaus.]

*Enter MARGARET.*

*Marg.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou ?

*Marg.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too ; I love bastards :  
I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bas-  
tard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing  
illegitimate. One bear will not bite another,  
and wherefore should one bastard ? Take  
heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the  
son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts  
judgment : farewell, bastard. [Exit.]

*Marg.* The devil take thee, coward ! [Exit.]

**SCENE VIII.** Another part of the plains.

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Most putrefied core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done : I'll take good  
breath : Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and  
death.

[Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield  
behind him.]

*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to  
set :

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :  
Even with the veil and darkling of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage,  
Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the  
man I seek. [Hector falls.]

So, Bion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink  
down !

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone,  
On Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,  
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

[A retreat sounded.]

Hark ! a retire upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like,  
my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'er-  
spreads the earth,  
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would  
have fed,

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

[Sheathes his sword.]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail :

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exit.]

**SCENE IX.** Another part of the plains.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NES-  
TOR, BIOMEDEDES, and others, marching.  
Shouts within.*

*Aym.* Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

*Nest.* Peace, drums !

[Within] Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's slain !  
Achilles.

*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by  
Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;  
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Aym.* March patiently along : let one be  
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent,  
If in his death the gods have us befriended. 9  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wares are  
ended. [Exit, marching.]

**SCENE X.** Another part of the plains.

*Enter AENEAS and Trojans.*

*Ene.* Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the  
field :

Never go home : here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector ! the gods forbid !

*Tro.* He's dead ; and at the murderer's  
horse's tail,  
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful  
field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with  
speed !

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at  
Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on !

*Ene.* My lord, you do discomfort all the  
host. ¶

*Tro.* You understand me not that tell me so :  
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,  
But dare all imminence that gods and men  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone :  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead :  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone :  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, 20  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away :

Hector is dead : there is no more to say.  
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you ! and, thou great-  
sized coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates :

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy ! with comfort go;  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. 31  
[*Exeunt Enneas and Trojans.*

*As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.*

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you !

*Tro.* Hence, broker-hackey ! ignominy and shame !

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[*Exit.*

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for my aching bones ! O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited ! why should our endeavor be so loved and the performance so loathed ? what

verse for it ? what instance for it ? Let me see :

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths,

As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall ;  
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :

It should be now, but that my fear is this,  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :  
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.  
[*Exit.*

# OTHELLO.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1604.)

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## INTRODUCTION.

*Othello* is the only play which appeared in quarto (in 1622) in the interval between Shakespeare's death and the publication of the first folio. We have no means, except by internal evidence, of ascertaining the date at which the play was written. Upon the strength of a supposed allusion to the armorial bearings of the new order of Baronets, instituted in 1611 (Act III., Sc. iv., L. 46-47), the play has been referred to a year not earlier than 1611; but the metrical tests confirm the impression produced by the general character and spirit of the tragedy, that it cannot belong to the same period as *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*. It is evidently one of the group of tragedies of passion which includes *Macbeth* and *Lear*. The year 1604 has been accepted by several critics as a not improbable date for *Othello*. The original of the story is found in Cinthio's *Hecatomathia*, but it has been in a marvellous manner elevated and re-created by Shakespeare. Coleridge has justly said that the agonized doubt which lays hold of the Moor is not the jealousy of a man of naturally jealous temper, and he contrasts Othello with Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, and Leonatus in *Cymbeline*. A mean watchfulness or prying suspicion is the last thing that Othello could be guilty of. He is of a free and noble nature, naturally trustful, with a kind of grand innocence, retaining some of his barbaric simplicity of soul in midst of the subtle and astute politicians of Venice. He is great in simple heroic action, but unversed in the complex affairs of life, and a stranger to the malignant deceits of the debased Italian character. Nothing is more chivalrous, more romantic, than the love of Othello and Desdemona. The beautiful Italian girl is fascinated by the real strength and gallantry, and the tender protectiveness of the Moor. He is charmed by the sweetness, the sympathy, the gentle disposition, the gracious womanliness of Desdemona. But neither quite rightly knows the other; there is none of that perfect equality and perfect knowledge between them which unite so lawlessly Brutus and Portia. There is no character in Shakespeare's plays so full of serpentine power and serpentine poison as Iago. He is envious of Cassio, and suspects that the Moor may have wronged his honor; but his malignancy is out of all proportion to even its alleged motives. Cassio, notwithstanding his moral weaknesses, is a chivalrous nature, possessed by enthusiastic admiration of his great general and the beautiful lady who is his wife. But Iago can see neither human virtue nor greatness. All things to him are common and nescient, and he is content that they should be so. He is not the sly, sneaking, and too manifest villain of some of the actors of his part. He is "honest Iago," and passes for a rough yet shrewd critic of life, who is himself frank and candid. To ensnare the nobly guileless Othello was, therefore, no impossible task. Shakespeare does not allow Iago to triumph; his end is wretched as his life has been. And Othello, restored to love through such tragic calamity, dies once more reunited to his wife, and loyal, in spite of all his wrongs, to the city of his adoption. It is he who has sinned, and not she who was dearer to him than himself, and of his own wrongs and griefs he can make a sudden end.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO. Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

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Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Venice : a Sea-port in Cyprus.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.**Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

*Rod.* Tush ! never tell me ; I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of  
this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me :  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me thou didst hold him  
in thy hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great  
ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capp'd to him : and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a  
place :

11  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;  
And, in conclusion,  
Nonsuits my mediators ; for, 'Certes,' says

he,  
'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish  
theorie,  
Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose  
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without  
practice.

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the  
election :

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and  
cabin'd

30  
By debtor and creditor ; this counter-caster,  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I—God bless the mark !—his Moorship's  
ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been  
his hangman.

*Iago.* Why, there's no remedy : 'tis the  
course of service,

Preference goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge  
yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affined  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

40  
*Iago.* O, sir, content you ;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's  
ass,  
For nought but provender, and when he's  
old, cashier'd :  
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there  
are  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on them-  
selves,

51  
And, throwing but shows of service on their  
lords,  
Do well thrive by them and when they have  
lined their coats  
Do themselves homage : these fellows have  
some soul ;  
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :  
In following him, I follow but myself ;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :

60  
For when my outward action doth demon-  
strate

The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-  
lips owe,

If he can carry't thus !

*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him : make after him, poison his de-  
light,  
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kins-  
men,  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,

70  
Plague him with flies : though that his joy  
be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some color.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house ; I'll call  
aloud.

*Iago.* Do, with like timorous accent and  
dire yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho, Brabantio ! Signior Bra-  
bantio, ho !

*Iago.* Awake ! what, ho, Brabantio !  
thieves ! thieves ! thieves !  
Look to your house, your daughter and your  
bags !

80  
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO appears above, at a window.  
*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible  
summons ?

What is the matter there ?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within ?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd ?

*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this ?

*Iago.* 'Zomnds, sir, you're robb'd ; for  
shame, put on your gown :

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your  
soul ;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tipping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of  
you :

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?  
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know  
my voice ?

Bra. Not I : what are you ?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome :  
I have charged thee not to haunt about my  
doors :

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in  
madness,  
Being full of supper and distempering  
draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100  
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure  
My spirit and my place have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ?  
this is Venice ;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those  
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.  
Because we come to do you service and you  
think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter  
covered with a Barbary horse ; you'll have  
your nephews neigh to you ; you'll have  
coursers for cousins and gentlets for germanes.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou ?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you  
your daughter and the Moor are now making  
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer ; I know thee,  
Roderigo. 120

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I  
beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported, with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—  
If this be known to you and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy  
wrongs ;

But if you know not this, my manners tell  
me 130

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :

Your daughter, if you have not given her  
leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt .

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy  
yourself :

If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140  
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !  
Give me a taper ! call up all my people !

This accident is not unlike my dream :  
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say ! light : [Exit above.]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my  
place,

To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—  
Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,  
However this may gall him with some check,  
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd 150

With such lond reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stand in act, that, for their  
souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,  
To lead their business : in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall  
surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[Exit. 160]

Enter, below, BRAABANTIO, and Servants with  
torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her ? O unhappy girl !  
With the Moor, say'st thou ? Who would be  
a father !

How didst thou know 'twas she ? O, she de-  
ceives me

Past thought ! What said she to you ? Get  
more tapers :

Raise all my kindred. Are they married,  
think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven ! How got she out ? O  
treason of the blood ! 170

Fathers, from hence trust not your daugh-  
ters' minds

By what you see them act. Is there not  
charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused ? Have you not read, Rod-  
erigo,

Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you  
had had her !

Some one way, some another. Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you  
please

To get good guard and go along with me. 180  
*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house  
 I'll call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho !  
 And raise some special officers of night.  
 On, good Roderigo : I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have  
 slain men,  
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
 To do no contrived murder : I lack iniquity  
 Sometimes to do me service : nine or ten  
 times  
 I had thought to have yerk'd him here under  
 the ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
 Against your honor  
 That, with the little godliness I have,  
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you,

sir, 10

Are you fast married ? Be assured of this,  
 That the magnifico is much belov'd,  
 And hath in his effect a voice potential  
 As double as the duke's : he will divorce you ;  
 Or put upon you what restraint and griev-

ance

The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
 Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite :  
 My services which I have done the signior  
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to  
 know,— 19

Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,  
 I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being  
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
 May speak unbönneted to as proud a fortune  
 As this that I have reach'd : for know, Iago,  
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
 I would not my unhouse'd free condition  
 Put into circumscription and confine  
 For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights  
 come yond ?

*Iago.* Those are the raised father and his  
 friends :

You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I : I must be found : 30  
 My parts, my title and my perfect soul  
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my  
 lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends !  
 What is the news ?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general,  
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-  
 ance,

Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you ?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may  
 divine :

It is a business of some heat : the galleys 48  
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
 This very night at one another's heels,  
 And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
 Are at the duke's already : you have been  
 hotly call'd for ;  
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
 The senate hath sent about three several  
 quests  
 To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.  
 I will but spend a word here in the house,  
 And go with you. [Exit.

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here ?

*Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a  
 land carack : 56  
 If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.  
*Cas.* To who ?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Mary, to—Come, captain, will you  
 go ?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for  
 you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio. General, be advised ;  
 He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers  
 with torches and weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla ! stand there !

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief ! [They draw on both sides.

*Iago.* You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for  
 you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the  
 dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with  
 years 60

Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou  
 stow'd my daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
 If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,  
 So opposite to marriage that she shun'd

The wealthy curlel darlings of our nation,  
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70  
 Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense  
 That thou hast practised on her with foul

charms,  
 Abused her delicate youth with drugs or  
 minerals

That weaken motion : I'll have 't disputed on,  
 'Tis probable and yelable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant

Lay hold upon him : if he do resist, 80  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known  
it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I  
go

To answer this your charge ?

*Bra.* To prison, till fit time  
Of law and course of direct session  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey ?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state 90  
To bring me to him ?

*First Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior ;  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How ! the duke in council !  
In this time of the night ! Bring him away :  
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their  
own ;

For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen  
be.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. A council-chamber

*The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table ;  
Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these  
news  
That gives them credit.

*First Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*Sec. Sen.* And mine, two hundred :  
But though they jump not on a just account,—  
As in these cases, where the aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all con-  
firm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judg-  
ment :

I do not so secure me in the error, 10  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [Within] What, ho ! what, ho !  
what, ho !

*First Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter a Sailor.*

*Duke.* Now, what's the business ?  
*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for

Rhodes ;

So was I bid report here to the state  
By Signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change ?

*First Sen.* This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason : 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20

And let ourselves again but understand,  
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in : if we make thought  
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for  
Rhodes.

*First Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course towards the isle of  
Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.  
*First Sen.* Ay, so I thought. How many,  
as you guess ?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail : and now they do re-  
stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-  
pearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Mon-  
tanio,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40

With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus,  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town ?

*First Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him ; post-post-  
haste dispatch.

*First Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the  
valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO.*  
*RODERIGO, and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight  
employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[To Brabantio] I did not see you ; welcome,  
gentle signior ; 50  
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-  
night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace,  
pardon me ;  
Neither my place nor aught I heard of busi-  
ness  
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the  
general care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Bra.* My daughter ! O, my daughter !

*Duke and Sen.* Dead ?

*Bra.* Ay, to me ;  
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spels and medicines bought of mounte-  
banks ; 61  
For nature so preposterously to err.

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Who'er he be that in this foul proceeding

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son

Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace. 70  
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate for the state-affairs  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We are very sorry for't.

*Duke.* [To Othello] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signors,

My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her :  
The very head and front of my offending 80  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Fill now some nine moons wasted, they have  
Their dearest action in the tented field,  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feasts of broil and battle,  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 90  
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs,  
what charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,  
For such proceeding I am charged withal,  
I won his daughter.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold ;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself ; and she, in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !  
It is a judgment main'd and most imperfect  
That will confess perfection so could err 100  
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be, I therefore vouch again  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof,  
Without more wider and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

*First Sen.* But, Othello, speak : 110  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?

Or came it by request and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth ?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father :  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither. 120

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them : you best  
know the place. [Exeunt Iago and Attendants.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father loved me ; oft invited me  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes  
That I have pass'd. 130

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field.

Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly

breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
And portance in my travels' history :  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140  
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads  
Touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence :

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means 151

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intentively : I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man : she  
thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I  
spake :

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used :  
Here comes the lady : let her witness it. 170

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter too.

*Good Brabantio,*  
Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak :  
If she confess that she was half the woer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blamie  
Light on the man ! Come hither, gentle miss-tress :

Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience ?

*Dus.* My noble father, 180  
I do perceive here a divided duty :  
To you I am bound for life and education ;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you ; you are the lord of dnty ;  
I am hitherto your daughter ; but here's my husband,

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Bra.* God be wi' you ! I have done,  
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs :  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it. 191  
Come hither, Moor ;  
I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child :  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny.  
To hang elogs on them. I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence, 199

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favor.  
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-pended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;  
We lose it nor, so long as we can smile. 211  
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience hor-row.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :  
But words are words ; I never yet did hear

That the bruised heart was pierced through  
the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs  
of state. 220

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you ; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you : you must therefore be content to stubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators, 230

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness, and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reference of place and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please, 240

Be it at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I ; I would not there reside  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracions duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona ?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him, 249

My downright violence and storm of fortunes,  
May trumpet to the world : my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord :  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
And to his honor and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 269

*Oth.* Let her have your voices.  
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite,  
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects  
In me defunet—and proper satisfaction,  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think

I will your serious and great business seant  
For she is with me : no, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness  
My speculative and officed instruments, 271  
That my disports corrupt and taint my busi-  
ness,

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation !

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going the affair cries  
haste,  
And speed must answer it.

*First Sen.* You must away to-night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll  
meet again. 280

Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you ;  
With such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient ;  
A man he is of honesty and trust :  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall  
think

To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.  
Good night to every one. [To Brab.] And,  
noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*First Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes  
to see :

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

*Oth.* My life upon her faith ! Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :  
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her :  
And bring them after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona : I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction, 300  
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

*Rod.* Iago,—

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart ?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou ?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* If thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after. Why, thou silly gentleman !

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is  
torment ; and then have we a prescription to  
die when death is ear physician. 311

*Iago.* O villainous ! I have looked upon the  
world for four times seven years ; and since I  
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an  
injury, I never found man that knew how to  
love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown  
myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would  
change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do ? I confess it is my  
shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue  
to amend it. 321

*Iago.* Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves that  
we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gar-  
dens, to the which our wills are gardeners : so  
that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set  
hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with  
one gender of herbs, or distract it with many,  
either to have it sterile with idleness, or ma-  
nured with industry, why, the power and cor-

rigible authority of this lies in our wills. If  
the balance of our lives had not one scale of  
reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood  
and baseness of our natures would conduct us  
to most preposterous conclusions : but we  
have reason to cool our raging motions, our  
carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I  
take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a  
permission of the will. Come, be a man.  
Drown thyself ! drown cats and blind puppies.  
I have professed me thy friend and I  
confess me knif to thy deserving with cables  
of perdurable toughness ; I could never better  
steal thee than now. Put money in thy purse;  
follow thou the wars; defeat thy favor with an  
usurped beard : I say, put money in thy  
purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should  
long continue her love to the Moor.—put  
money in thy purse,—nor he his to her : it  
was a violent commencement, and thou shalt  
see an answerable sequestration :—put but  
money in thy purse. These Moors are change-  
able in their wills :—fill thy purse with money :  
—the food that to him now is as luscious as  
locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as  
colquintida. She must change for youth :  
when she is sated with his body, she will find  
the error of her choice : she must have change,  
she must : therefore put money in thy purse.  
If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a  
more delicate way than drowning. Make all  
the money thou canst : if sometimony and a  
fraid vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a  
supersubtile Venetian be not too hard for my  
wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy  
her ; therefore make money. A pox of drowning  
thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek  
thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy  
than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I  
depend on the issue ? 370

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me :—go, make  
money :—I have told thee often, and I re-tell  
thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my  
cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason.  
Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against  
him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself  
a pleasure, me a sport. There are many  
events in the womb of time which will be de-  
livered. Traverse ! go, provide thy money.  
We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morn-  
ing ? 381

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Rode-  
rigo ?

*Rod.* What say you ?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear ?

*Rod.* I am changed : I'll go sell all my  
land. [Exit.

*Iago.* Thus do I ever make my fool my  
purse : fane,  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should pro-

If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit, I hate the Moor :  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my  
sheets

He has done my office : I know not if't be  
true ;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for surely. He holds me well ;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio's a proper man ; let me see now :  
To get his place and to plume up my will 399  
In double knavery—How, how ? Let's see :—  
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife.  
He hath a person and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected, frained to make women  
false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be  
so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose  
As asses are.  
I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's  
light. [Exit. 410]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.*

*Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern  
at sea ?

*First Gent.* Nothing at all ; it is a high-wrought flood :  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Deseyn a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud  
at land ;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on  
them,  
Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of  
this ?

*Sec. Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish  
fleet : 10

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;  
The wind-shaken surge, with high and mon-  
strous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are  
drown'd :

It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

*Third Gent.* News, lads ! our wars are  
done. 20

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the  
Turks,

That their designation halts : a noble ship of  
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How ! is this true ?

*Third Gent.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronese ; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore : the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus. 30

*Mon.* I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy gov-  
ernor.

*Third Gent.* But this same Cassio, though  
he speak of comfort  
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were  
parted

With foul and violent tempest.  
*Mon.* Pray heavens he be ;  
For I have served him, and the man com-  
mands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho !  
As well to see the vessel that's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and the aerial  
blue

An indistinct regard.

*Third Gent.* Come, let's do so : 40  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of this war-  
like isle,

That so approve the Moor ! O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well ship'd ?

*Cas.* His bark is stontly timber'd, and his  
pilot  
Of very expert and approved allowance ;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure. 51

[A cry within 'A sail, a sail, a sail !'

*Enter a fourth Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise ?  
*Fourth Gent.* The town is empty ; on the  
brow o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail !'  
*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the gover-  
nor. [Guns heard.

*Sec. Gent.* They do discharge their shot of  
courtesy :

Our friends at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

*Sec. Gent.* I shall. [Exit.

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general  
wived ? 60

*Cas.* Most iortunately : he hath achieved a  
maid

That paragons description and wild fame ;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Doct tire the ingener.

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

How now ! who has put in ?

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* Has had most favorable and happy speed :

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,—

Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—

As having sense of beauty, do omit 71

Their mortal natures, letting go safely by

The divine Desdemona.

*Mom.* What is she ?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's

captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts

A se'night's speed. Great Jove, Othello

guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful

breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's

arms,

Give renew'd fire to our extinguished spirits

And bring all Cyprus comfort !

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.*

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore !

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,

Enwheel thee round !

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio, What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

*Cas.* He is not yet arrived : nor know I aught

But that he's well and will be shortly here. 90

*Des.* O, but I fear—How lost you company ?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark ! a sail.

[Within 'A sail, a sail !' *Guns heard.*

*Sec. Gen.* They give their greeting to the citadel ;

This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news. [Exit gentlemen.] Good ancient, you are welcome. [To Emilia]

Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago, That I extend my manners : 'tis my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy 100

[Kissing her.]

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much :

I find it still, when I have list to sleep :

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors. 110

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

*Des.* O, tie upon thee, slanderer !

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk : You rise to play and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldest thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me ?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't : For I am nothing, if not critical. 120

*Des.* Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbor ?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry ; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldest thou praise me ?

*Iago.* I am about it ; but indeed my invention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize ;

It plucks out brains and all : but my Muse labors,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130

The one's for use, the other nseth it.

*Des.* Well praised ! How if she be black and witty ?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How if fair and foolish ?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair ;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish ? 141

*Iago.* There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance ! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair and never proud,

Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 150

Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,

Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'

She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,

Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,

She that in wisdom never was so frail

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,

She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind,  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—  
*Des.* To do what? 160

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [Aside] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Casio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kissest your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sirin. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were oyster-pipes for your sake! [Trumpet within.] The Moor! I know his trumpet. 180

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!  
*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas Olympus-high and duck again as low 190 As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase,

Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[Kissing her. 200]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* [Aside] O, you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,

As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle, News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago, Go to the bay and disembark my coffers: Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,

Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him. 221

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, dis-relish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conceivable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was bat courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and

foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo ! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion, Pish ! But, sir, be you ruled by me : I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you : do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline ; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you : provoke him, that he may ; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny ; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them ; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity. 290

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel : I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu. [Exit.]

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ; That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit :

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too ; 300

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin, But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat ; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards :

And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife, Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong 310

That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand th<sup>e</sup> putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip, Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too— Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,

For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet 319 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused : Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[Exit.]

### SCENE II. A street.

*Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.*

*Hr.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph : some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him : for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello !

[Exit.]

### SCENE III. A hall in the castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop, Not to outsport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do : But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest. Michael, good night : to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [To Desdemona]

Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ; That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. Good night. 11

[Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.]

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago ; we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona ; who let us not therefore blame ; he bath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature. 21

*Iago.* What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love ?

*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cypryn gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago : I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could

well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you. 39

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, 51

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo, Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused Potions pottle-deep; and he's to watch: Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits, That hold their honors in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle, Have I to-night flutter'd with flowing cups, 60 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle.—But here they come: If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen; servants following with wine.*

*Cas.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho! 70  
[Sings] And let me the canakin clink, clink; And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

*Cas.* 'Fore God, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English. 81

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. 90

*Iago.* O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down;

Then take thine auld cloak about thee,

Some wine, ho! 100

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear't again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. 111

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 120

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before;

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar And give direction: and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him. I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 131 On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 132 And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* [Aside to him] How now, Roderigo! I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Roderigo.

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second With one of an ingraft infirmity: It were an honest action to say So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well ; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil—But, hark ! what  
noise ?

[Cry within : ‘Help ! help !’]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What’s the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty ! 151

I’ll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[Striking Roderigo.]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant ;

[Staying him.]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I’ll knock you o’er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you’re drunk.

Cas. Drunk ! [They fight.]

Iago. [Aside to Roderigo] Away, I say ; go

out, and ery a mutiny. [Exit Roderigo.]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen ;—

Help, ho !—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir ;

Help, masters !—Here’s a goodly watch indeed !

[Bell rings.]

Who’s that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho !  
The town will rise : God’s will, lieutenant,  
hold !

You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. ‘Zounds, I bleed still ; I am hurt to  
the death. [Faints.]

Oth. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?  
Hold ! the general speaks to you : hold, hold,  
for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence  
ariseth this ?

Are we turn’d Turks, and to ourselves do that  
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ? 171  
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous  
brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage  
Holds his soul light : he dies upon his motion.  
Silence that dreadful bell : it frights the isle  
From her propriety. What is the matter, mas-  
ters ?

Honest Iago, that lookst dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge  
thee.

Iago. I do not know : friends all but now,  
even now, 179

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now—

As if some planet had unwitt’n men—

Swords out, and tilting one at other’s breast,

In opposition bloody, i cannot speak

Any beginning to this peeveish odds ;

And world in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus  
forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be  
civil ; 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure : what’s the mat-  
ter,

That you unlace your reputation thus  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night-braver ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—  
While I spare speech, which something now  
offends me,—

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught 200  
By me that’s said or done amiss this night ;  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;  
And passion, having my best judgment collied,  
Assays to lead the way : if I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on ; 210  
And he that is approved in this offence,  
Though he had twinn’d with me, both at a  
birth,

Shall lose me. What ! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people’s hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !  
‘Tis monstrous, Iago, who began’t ?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,  
Thou’st deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near : 220  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my  
mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;  
Yet, I perswade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help :  
And Cassio following him with determined

sword,  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230  
Lest by his elamor—as it so fell out—  
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of  
foot,

Outran my purpose ; and I return’d the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath ; which till to-night  
I ne’er might say before. When I came back—

For this was brief—I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust : even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report : 240  
But men are men : the best sometimes forget :  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them  
best.

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received

From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee ;  
But never more be officer of mine.

*Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up ! 250  
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter ?  
Oth. All's well now, sweeting ; come away  
to bed. [geo :]

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your sur-  
Lead him off. [To Montano, who is led off].  
Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-  
tracted.

Come, Desdemona : 'tis the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers waked with  
strife. [Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. 260

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O,  
I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the im-  
mortal part of myself, and what remains is  
bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation !

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought  
you had received some bodily wound ; there  
is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition : oft got without merit, and lost without  
deserving : you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again : you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his of-  
fenceless dog to affright an imperious lion : sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than  
to deceive so good a commander with so  
slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an offi-  
cer. Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squab-  
ble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fusi-  
tian with one's own shadow ? O thou invisible  
spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be  
known by, let us call thee devil !

Iago. What was he that you followed with  
your sword ? What had he done to you ?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible ?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but  
nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing  
wherefore. O God, that men should put an  
enemy in their mouths to steal away their  
brains ! that we should, with joy, pleasance,  
revel and applause, transform ourselves into  
beasts !

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough :  
how came you thus recovered ?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness  
to give place to the devil wrath ; one imper-  
fectness shows me another, to make me  
frankly despise myself. 300

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler :  
as the time, the place, and the condition of  
this country stands, I could heartily wish this  
had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is,  
mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again ;  
he shall tell me I am a drunkard ! Had I as  
many mouths as Hydra, such an answer  
would stop them all. To be now a sensible  
man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast !  
O strange ! Every inordinate cup is unblessed  
and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good  
familiar creature, if it be well used : exclaim  
no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I  
think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk !

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk  
at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall  
do. Our general's wife is now the general : I  
may say so in this respect, for that he hath  
devoted and given up himself to the contem-  
plation, mark, and denotement of her parts  
and graces : confess yourself freely to her ;  
importune her help to put you in your place  
again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so  
blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in  
her goodness not to do more than she is re-  
quested : this broken joint between you and  
her husband entreat her to splinter ; and, my  
fortunes against any lay worth naming, this  
crack of your love shall grow stronger than it  
was before. 331

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and  
honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and betimes in the  
morning I will beseech the virtuous Desde-  
mona to undertake for me : I am desperate of  
my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night,  
lieutenant ; I must to the watch. 340

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit.]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play  
the villain ?

When this advice is free I give and honest,  
Prob'l to thinking and indeed the course  
To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy  
The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
In any honest suit : she's framed as fruitful  
As the free elements. And then for her  
To win the Moor—w'ret to renounce his  
baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 350  
His soul is so en fetter'd to her love,  
That she may make, unmake, do what she  
list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I then a  
villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
Directly to his good ? Divinity of hell !  
When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now : for whiles this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes 360

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,  
That she repeats him for her body's lust ;  
And by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,  
And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh them all.

*Re-enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo !

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience !

What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?  
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Doesn't go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd

Cassio : 381

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe :  
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning :

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :  
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :

Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Roderigo.] Two things are to be done :

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;

I'll set her on ; 390  
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife : ay, that's the way :  
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the castle.

*Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here ; I will content your pains ;  
Something that's brief ; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [Music.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

*First Mus.* How, sir, how !

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments ?

*First Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

*First Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir ? 9

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you : and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

*First Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again ; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*First Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away : go ; vanish into air ; away ! 21

[Exit Musicians.

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prithee, keep up thy quilletts. There's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech : wilt thou do this ?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir : if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. [Exit Clo.orn.

*Enter IAGO.*

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then ?

*Cas.* Why, no ; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife : my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently ;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and busi-  
ness ness

May be more free. 41

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. [Exit Iago.]

I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry  
For your displeasure ; but all will sure be well,

The general and his wife are talking of it :  
And she speaks for you stoutly : the Moor replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you ; but he protests  
he loves you 50

And needs no other suitor but his likings  
To take the safest occasion by the front

To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in ;  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;  
And by him do my duties to the senate :  
That done, I will be walking on the works ;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, shall we  
see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

*Des.* Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will  
do

All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do : I warrant it  
grieves my husband,

As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow. Do not  
doubt, Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* I know't ; I thank you. You do love  
my lord : 10  
You have known him long ; and be you well  
assured

He shall in strangeness stand no further off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that ; before Emilia  
here

I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it 21  
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;  
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of pa-

tiencee ;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a  
shrift ;

I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit : therefore be merry, Cas-  
sio ;

For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now : I am very ill at  
ease,

Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

*Iago.* Ha ! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say ?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he. 40

*Des.* How now, my lord !

I have been talking with a suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't you mean ?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take ;  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in euming,  
I have no judgment in an honest face : 50  
I prithee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now ?

*Des.* Ay, sooth ; so humbled  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

*Des.* But shall't be shortly ?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper ?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then ?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home ; I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why, then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday day morn : 60

On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday morn :

I prithee, name the time, but let it not exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ; And yet his trespass, in our common reason— Save that, they say, the wars must make examples .

Out of their best—is not almost a fault  
To incur a private cheek. When shall he come ?

Tell me, Othello : I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me, that I should deny.  
Or stand soammering on. What ! Michael

Cassio, 70

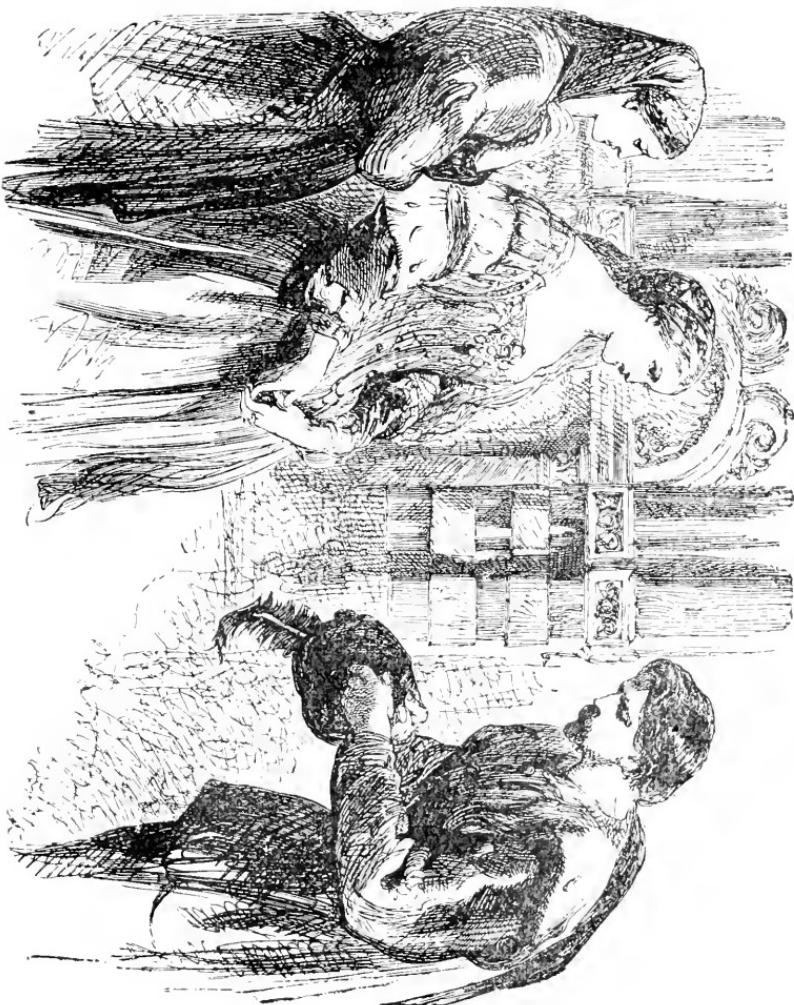
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do  
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

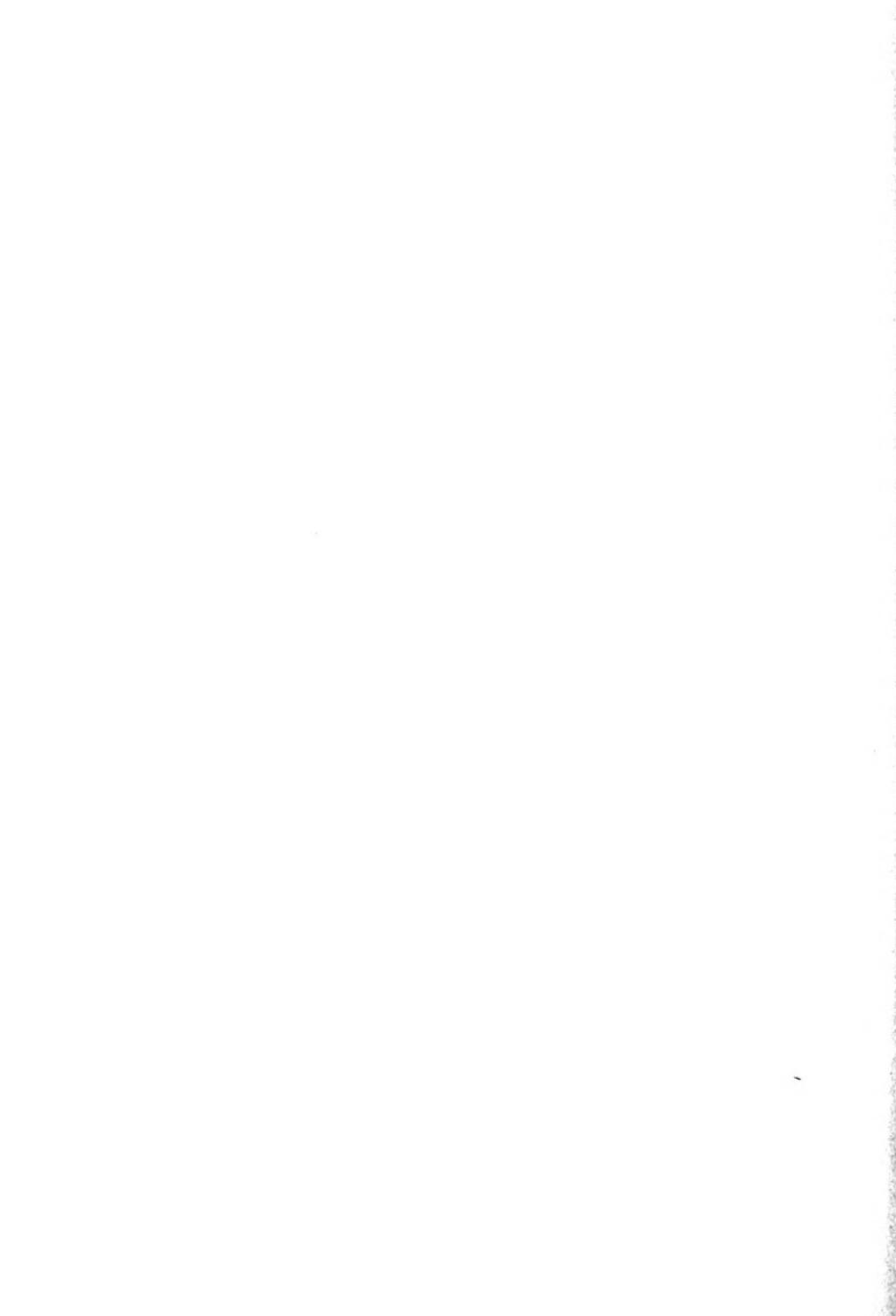
*Oth.* Prithee, no more : let him come when he will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon ; 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,



CASSIO AND DESDEMONA.



Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm.

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person : nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed, 81  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing .  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you ? no : farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you :

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit Desdemona and Emilia.

*Oth.* Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul, 96

But do I love thee ! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love ?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask ?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought : No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago ?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed ! 101

*Oth.* Indeed ! ay, indeed : discern'st thou aught in that ?

Is he not honest ?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord !

*Oth.* Honest ! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think ?

*Iago.* Think, my lord !

*Oth.* Think my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something :

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ? 110

And when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou eriedst

‘Indeed !’ [gether,

And didst contract and purse thy brow to—  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit : if thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost ;  
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breach,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more : 120

For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just  
They are close delations, working from the heart

That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem ;  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this : 130  
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me :  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false ;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit 140  
With meditations lawful ?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend,  
*Iago.* [his ear  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you—  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble 150

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean ?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;

But he that fitches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him 160  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on ; that cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;  
But, O, what damned minutes tell he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly  
loves !

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*Oth.* O misery !

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich and rich  
enough,  
But riches fineness is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy !

*Oth.* Why, why is this ?  
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in  
doubt  
Is once to be resolved : exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul 181  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me  
jealous

[pany,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves com-  
is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well ;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt :  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago ;  
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;  
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love or jealousy !

*Iago.* I am glad of it ; for now I shall have  
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife ; observe her well with

Cassio :

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure :  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abused ; look to't : 200  
I know our country disposition well ;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands ; their best  
conscience

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so ?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying  
you ;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your  
looks,

She loved them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to then ;  
She that, so young, could give out such a  
seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak—210  
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much  
to blame :

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your  
spirits.*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.*Iago.* I' faith, I fear it has.  
I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love. But I do see you're  
moved :

I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach

Than to suspicion.

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*Oth.* I will not.*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

*Oth.* No, not much moved :

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so ! and long live you  
to think so !
*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from it-  
self,—
*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold  
with you—

Not to affect many proposed matches 229  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—  
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.  
But pardon me ; I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear  
Her will, recoilino to her better judgment,  
May fail to match you with her country forms  
And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell :

If more than dost perceive, let me know more ;  
Set on thy wife to observe : leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* [Going] My lord, I take my leave.

*Oth.* Why did I marry ? This honest crea-  
ture doubtless  
Sees and knows more, much more, than he  
unfolds.

*Iago.* [Returning] My lord, I would I might  
entreat your honor

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time :  
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
For sure, he fills it up with great ability,  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means :  
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity ; 251  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—  
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—

And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her hag-  
gard,

260

Thongh that her jesses were my dear heart-  
strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind  
To pray at fortune. Happly, for I am black  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have, or for I am declined  
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—

She's gone. I am abused ; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a  
toad, 270  
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great  
ones ;  
Prerogative are they less than the base ;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death :  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes :

*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*  
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !  
I'll not believe 't.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello !  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.  
*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly ?  
Are you not well ?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.  
*Des.* Faith, that's with watching ; 'twill  
away again :

Let me bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little :  
[He puts the handkerchief from him ; and  
it drops.

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Ereunt Othello and Desdemona.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin :  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it ; but she so loves the  
token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,  
That she reserves it evermore about her  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en  
out,

And give 't Iago : what he will do with it  
Heaven knows, not I ;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now ! what do you here alone ?  
*Emil.* Do not you chide ; I have a thing for  
you. 301

*Iago.* A thing for me ? it is a common  
thing —

*Emil.* Ha !

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all ? What will you give  
me now

For the same handkerchief ?

*Iago.* What handkerchief ?  
*Emil.* What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her ? 310

*Emil.* No, 'faith ; she let it drop by negli-  
gence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.

Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench : give it me.  
*Emil.* What will you do with t, that you  
have been so earnest  
To have me filch it ?

*Iago.* [Snatching it] Why, what's that to  
you ?

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of im-  
port,

Give 't me again : poor lady, she'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not acknowledg'd on 't ; I have use  
for it.

Go, leave me. [Exit *Emilia.* 320]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ : this may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison :  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poi-  
sons,

Which at the first ar're scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so :  
Look, where he comes !

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha ! ha ! false to me ?  
*Iago.* Why, how now, general ! no more of  
that.

*Oth.* Avant ! be gone ! thou hast set me  
on the rack :  
I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord ?  
*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours  
of lust ?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips : 341  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.  
*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell ! 350  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill  
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war !  
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dead clamors counterfeit,  
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord ?  
*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a  
whore,

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof : 360  
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,

Thon hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my waked wrath !

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't ; or, at the least, so  
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture  
me,

Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate ; 370  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth  
amazed ;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !  
Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?  
God be wi' you ; take mine office. O wretched  
fool,

That livest to make thine honesty a vice !  
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O  
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.  
I thank you for this profit ; and from hence  
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay : thou shouldest be honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool  
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,  
I think my wife be honest and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just and think thou art  
not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as  
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied ! 390

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with pas-  
sion :

I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may : but, how ? how satisfied,  
my lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on—  
Behold her topp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect : damn them  
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?  
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ? 401  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as mon-  
keys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office : 410  
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,

Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :  
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say ' Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ; ' 426  
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my

hand,  
Cry ' O sweet creature ! ' and then kiss me  
hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots  
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd ; and  
then

Cried ' Cursed fate that gave thee to the  
Moor ! '

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.  
Oth. But this denoted a foregone con-  
clusion :

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other  
proofs 430

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see noth-  
ing done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first  
gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a hand-  
kerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, 440  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand  
lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.  
'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy  
franght,

For 'tis of asp's tongues !

Iago. Yet be content. 450

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind perhaps  
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retarding ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent  
pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble  
love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven, [Kneels] In the due reverence of a sacred vow I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet, [Kneels] Witness, you ever-burning lights above,

You elements that clip us round about, Witness that here Iago doth give up The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse, What bloody business ever. [They rise.]

Oth. I greet thy love, Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteons, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to't : Within these three days let me hear thee say That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at your request :

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her ! Come, go with me apart : I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exit.]

#### SCENE IV. Before the castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clo. He's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to : where lodges he ?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ? 10

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer,

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well. 20

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit : and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes : and, but my noble Moor Is true of mind and made of no such baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think the sun where he was born

Drew all such humors from him

Emil. Look, where he comes,

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady [Aside] O, hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord

Oth. Give me your hand : this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart :

Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout : 41

For here's a young and swelling hand here,

That comm only rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so :

For twas their hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now,

your pre-prise.

Oth. What promise, chit ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come sick with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum often s

me :

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give :

She was a charmer, and could almost rule

The thoughts of people : she told her, while

she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my

father.

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye.

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should

hunt.

After new fancies : she, dying, gave it me ;

And bid me, when my fate would have me

wife,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't ;

Make it a darling like your precious eye :

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magic in the web of

it ;

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world      70  
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;  
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed the  
 silk ;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful  
 Conserved of maidens' hearts.

*Des.*      Indeed ! is't true ?  
*Oth.*      Most veritable ; therefore look to 't  
                 well.

*Des.*      Then would to God that I had never  
                 seen 't !

*Oth.*      Ha ! wherefore ?

*Des.*      Why do you speak so startingly and  
                 rash ?

*Oth.*      Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out  
                 o' the way ?      80

*Des.*      Heaven bless us !

*Oth.*      Say you ?

*Des.*      It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

*Oth.*      How !

*Des.*      I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.*      Fetch 't, let me see 't.

*Des.*      Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.  
 This is a trick to put me from my suit :

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

*Oth.*      Fetch me the handkerchief : my mind  
                 misgives.

*Des.*      Come, come ;      90  
 You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.*      The handkerchief !

*Des.*      I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.*      The handkerchief !

*Des.*      A man that all his time  
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,  
 Shared dangers with you, —

*Oth.*      The handkerchief !

*Des.*      In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.*      Away !

[Exit.

*Emil.*      Is not this man jealous ?

*Des.*      I ne'er saw this before.      100  
 Sure, there's some wonder in this handker-  
 chief :

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.*      'Tis not a year or two shows us a  
                 man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but  
 food ;  
 To eat us hungerly, and when they are full,  
 They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my  
 husband !

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

*Iago.*      There is no other way ; 'tis she must  
                 do 't :

And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

*Des.*      How now, good Cassio ! what 's the  
                 news with you ?

*Cas.*      Madam, my former suit : I do beseech  
                 you      110

That by your virtuous means I may again  
 Exist, and be a member of his love  
 Whom I with all the office of my heart  
 Entirely honor : I would not be delay'd.  
 If my offence be of such mortal kind  
 That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purposed merit in futurity,  
 Can ransom me into his love again,  
 But to know so must be my benefit ;  
 So shall I clothe me in a forced content,      120  
 And shut myself up in some other course,  
 To fortune's alms.

*Des.*      Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio !  
 My advocation is not now in tune ;  
 My lord is not my lord ; nor shold I know  
                 him,

Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.  
 So help me every spirit sanctified,  
 As I have spoken for you all my best  
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure  
 For my free speech ! you must awhile be  
                 patient :

What I can do I will ; and more I will      130  
 Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

*Iago.*      Is my lord angry ?

*Emil.*      He went hence but now,  
 And certainly in strange unquietness.

*Iago.*      Can he be angry ? I have seen the  
                 cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
 And, like the devil, from his very arm  
 Puff'd his own brother :—and can he be angry ?  
 Something of moment then : I will go meet  
                 him :

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.*      I prithee, do so.      [Exit Iago.  
                 Something, sure, of state,      140  
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd prac-  
                 tice

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
 Hath puddled his clear spirit : and in such  
                 cases  
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even  
                 so ;

For let our finger ache, and it indues  
 Our other healthful members even to that  
                 sense  
 Of pain : nay, we must think men are not gods,  
 Nor of them look for such observances

As fit the bridal. Besrew me much, Emilia,  
 I was, un handsome warrior as I am,      151  
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;  
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
 And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.*      Pray heaven it be state-matters, as  
                 you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy  
 Concerning you.

*Des.*      Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.*      But jealous souls will not be answer'd  
                 so ;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,      160  
 But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a mon-  
                 ster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.*      Heaven keep that monster from  
                 Othello's mind !

*Emil.*      Lady, amen.

*Des.*      I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here-  
                 about :

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exit Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio !

*Cas.* What make you from home ? How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ? 170 If faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away ? seven days and [hours, Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent More tedious than the dial eight score times ? O weary reckoning !

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca : I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd :

But I shall, in a more continuat time, Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this ? 180 This is some token from a newer friend : To the felt absence now I feel a cause : Is't come to this ? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman ! Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth, From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :

No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it ? *Cas.* I know not, sweet : I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well : ere it be demanded — As like enough it will—I'd have it copied : 190 Take it, and do 't ; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you ! wherefore ? *Cas.* I do attend here on the general ;

And think it no addition, nor my wish, To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you ? *Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me. I pray you, bring me on the way a little, And say if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you ;

For I attend here : but I'll see you soon. 200

*Bian.* 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanced.

[*Exit.*

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so ?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago !

*Iago.* What, To kiss in private ?

*Oth.* An unauthorized kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed An hour or more, not meaning any harm ?

*Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm !

It is hypocrisy against the devil : They that mean virtuously, and yet do so, The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip : But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— 10

*Oth.* What then ?

*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honor too : May she give that ?

*Iago.* Her honor is an essence that's not seen :

They have it very oft that have it not :

But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory, 20 That to the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that ?

*Oth.* That's not so good now.

*Iago.* What, If I had said I had seen him do you wrong ?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad, Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress, Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must bab—

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing ?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord ; but be you well assured. 30

No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said ?

*Iago.* Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What ? what ?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her ?

*Iago.* With her, on her ; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her ! lie on her ! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her ! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief !—To confess, and be hanged for his labor ;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish ! Noses, ears, and lips, —Is't possible ?—Confess—handkerchief !—O devil !

*Iago.* Work on, My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus, All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho ! my lord !

My lord, I say ! Othello !

*Enter CASSIO.*

How now, Cassio !

*Cas.* What's the matter ? 50  
*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy :  
 This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.  
*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.  
*Iago.* No, forbear ;  
 The lethargy must have his quiet course :  
 If not, he foams at mouth and by and by  
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :  
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
 He will recover straight : when he is gone,  
 I would on great occasion speak with you. 59

[Exit Cassio.]  
 How is it, general ? have you not hurt your  
 head ?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me ?  
*Iago.* I mock you ! no, by heaven.  
 Would you would bear your fortune like a man !  
*Oth.* A horned man's a monster and a beast.  
*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a popu-

lous city,  
 And many a civil monster.  
*Oth.* Did he confess it ?  
*Iago.* Good sir, be a man ;  
 Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked  
 May draw with you : there's millions now alive  
 That mighty lie in those improper beds  
 Which they dare swear peculiar : your ease is  
 better. 70

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
 And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;  
 And knowing what I am, I know what she  
 shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.  
*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart ;  
 Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
 Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your  
 grief —

A passion most unsuiting such a man —  
 Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,  
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy, 80  
 Bade him anon return and here speak with me ;  
 The which he promised. Do but encave your-  
 self, [scorns],  
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable  
 That dwell in every region of his face ;  
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife :  
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;  
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,  
 And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago ? 90  
 I will be found most cunning in my patience ;  
 But — dost thou hear ? — most bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiss ;  
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?  
 [Othello retires.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
 A housewife that by selling her desires  
 Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature  
 That dotes on Cassio ; as 'tis the strumpet's  
 plague  
 To beguile many and be beguiled by one :  
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain 99  
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes :

### Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;  
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light be-  
 havior,  
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieu-  
 tenant ?

*Cas.* The worser that you give me the ad-  
 dition

Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are  
 sure on't.

[Speaking lower] Now, if this suit lay in  
 Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed !

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff !

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already ! 110

*Iago.* I never knew woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue ! I think, i' faith, she  
 loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs  
 it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio ?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
 To tell it o'er : go to ; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry  
 her :

Do you intend it ?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman ? do you  
 triumph ?

*Cas.* I marry her ! what ? a customer ! Pri-  
 thee, bear some charity to my wit : do not  
 think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* So, so, so, so : they laugh that win.

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall  
 marry her.

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me ? Well. 130

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out :  
 she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her  
 own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me ; now he begins the  
 story.

*Cas.* She was here even now ; she haunts  
 me in every place. I was the other day talk-  
 ing on the sea-bank with certain Venetians ;  
 and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand,  
 she falls me thus about my neck — 140

*Oth.* Crying 'O dear Cassio !' as it were .  
 his gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon  
 me ; so hales, and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him to  
 my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but  
 not that dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me look, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew ! marry, a  
 perfumed one. 151

### Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you  
 What did you mean by that same handker-

chief you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work ?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there ! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ? There ; give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on it.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca ! how now ! how now ! [kerchief !

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief ! An you'll come to supper to-night, you may ; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must ; she'll rail in the street else.

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Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithhee, come ; will you ?

Iago. Go to ; say no more.

[Exit Cassio.]

Oth. [Advancing] How shall I murder him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

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Oth. O Iago !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing, A fair woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

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Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night ; for she shall not live : no, my heart is turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is : so delicate with her needle : an admirable musician : O ! she will sing the savageness out of a bear : of so high and plenteous wit and invention :—

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Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times : and then, of so gentle a condition !

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain : but yet the pity of it, Iago ! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

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Oth. I will chop her into messes : cuckold me !

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night : I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again : this night,

Iago

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Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases : very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker : you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [A trumpet within.] What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico

Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a letter.] Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the letter, and reads.] Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ; Welcome to Cypris.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Ies. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Ies. My lord ?

Oth. [Reads] This fail you not to do, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

Ies. A most unhappy one : I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Ies. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Ies. What, is he angry ?

Lod. May be the letter moved him ; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Ies. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed ! My lord ?

Ies. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,—

Oth. [Striking her] Devil !

Ies. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't : 'tis very much :

Make her amends ; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil ! If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight !

Ies. I will not stay to offend you. [Going]

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady :  
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260  
*Oth.* Mistress !

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir ?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord ?

*Oth.* Ay ; you did wish that I would make  
her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;  
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient.  
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears,  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !—

I am commanded home. Get you away :  
Ull send for you anon. Sir, I obey the man-  
date, 270

And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt !

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-  
night,

I do entreat that we may sup together :  
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and  
monkeys ! [Exit.]

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full  
senate

Call all in all sufficient ? Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid  
virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce ?

*Iago.* He is much changed.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe ? is he not light of  
brain ? 280

*Iago.* He's that he is : I may not breathe  
my censure

What he might be : if what he might he is  
not,

I would to heaven he were !

*Lod.* What, strike his wife !

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well ; yet  
would I knew

That stroke would prove the worst !

*Lod.* Is it his use ?  
Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault ?

*Iago.* Alas, alas !

It is not honesty in me to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall ob-  
serve him,

And his own courses will defend him so 290  
That I may save my speech : do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceived in him.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II. A room in the castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then ?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did sus-  
pect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she  
together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm, and then I  
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between  
them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way ?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,  
nor nothing ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

10

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is  
honest,

Lay down my soul at stake : if you think  
other,

Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your  
bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy ; the purest of their  
wives

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither : go.

[Exit Emilia.]

She says enough ; yet she's a simple bawd 20  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle  
whore,

A closet lock and key of villainous secrets :  
And yet she'll kneel and pray ; I have seen  
her do't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.

*Des.* My lord, what is your will ?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure ?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy 's this ?

*Oth.* [To Emilia] Some of your function,  
mistress ;

Leave procreants alone and shut the door ;  
Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come :

Your mystery, your mystery : nay, dispatch.

[Exit Emilia.] 30

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your  
speech import ?

I understand a fury in your words.

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou ?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord ; your true  
And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself ;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils  
themselves

Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double  
damn'd :

Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.  
*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false  
as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord ? with whom ?  
how am I false ? 40

*Oth.* O Desdemona ! away ! away ! away !

*Des.* Alas the heavy day ! Why do you  
weep ?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?



DESDEMONA. "Upon my knees, what dost thou speak import?"

Othello, p. 1



If haply you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost  
him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven  
To try me with affliction : had they rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare  
head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me  
A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at !  
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no life :  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up : to be discarded thence ! 60  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in ! Turn thy complexion  
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cheru-  
bin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me  
honest.

Oth. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the  
shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou  
weed,  
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst  
ne'er been born !

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I com-  
mitted ? 70

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most godly  
book, [united !  
Made to write 'whore' upon ? What com-  
mitted ! O thou public commoner !  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to embers burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed !  
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon  
winks,

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed ! 80  
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.  
Oth. Are you not a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian :  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?  
Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible ?  
Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then :  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. [Raising his voice]  
You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell !

*R-enter EMILIA.*

You, you, ay, you !  
We have done our course ; there's money for  
your pains :

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [Exit.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-  
ceive ?

How do you, madam ? how do you, my good  
lady ?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter  
with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. 100

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : do not talk to me,  
Emilia ;

I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,  
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-  
night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets : remem-  
ber ;

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed ! [Exit.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very  
meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might  
stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

*R-enter EMILIA with IAGO.*

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ?  
How is't with you ? 110

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach  
young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :  
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?  
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored  
her.

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon  
her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I  
was.

Emil. He calld her whore : a beggar in his  
drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure I am none  
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the  
day !

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble  
matches,

Her father and her country and her friends,  
To be call'd whore ? would it not make one  
weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't !



*Rod.* And that you would have me to do ?  
*Iago.* Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste : about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III. Another room in the castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me : 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honor is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir ?

O,—Desdemona.—

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant : I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there : look it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord. 10

[Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.

*Emil.* How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent : He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me !

*Des.* It was his bidding : therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightgown, and adieu : We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I woudl you had never seen him !

*Des.* So would not I : my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— 20

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds !

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara : She was in love, and he she loved proved mad And did forsake her : she had a song of 'willow ;'

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it ; that song to-night

Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dis-patch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

*Des.* No, unpin me here. This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his neither lip. 44

*Des.* [Singing] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow : Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee, Sing willow, willow, willow : The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans :

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones :—

Lay by these :—

[Singing] Sing willow, willow, willow ; Prithee, hie thee ; he'll come anon :— 50

[Singing] Sing all a green willow must be my garland,

Let nobody blame him ; his scorn I approve.— Nay, that's not next.—Hark ! who is't that knocks ?

*Emil.* It's the wind.

*Des.* [Singing] I call'd my love false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, willow, willow :

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.— [itch ,

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do Doth that bode weeping ?

*Emil.* Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men ! 60

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind ?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

*Emil.* Why, would not you ?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light !

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light ; I might do it as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing : it is a great price

For a small vice,

*Des.* In troth, I think thou wouldest not. 70

*Emil.* In troth, I think I should ; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world. 79

*Emil.* Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world : and having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do' not think there is any such woman,

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for. But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall : say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps, Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 90 Throwing restraint upon us ; or say they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite ; Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know Their wifes have sense like them : they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others ? Is it sport ? I think it is : and doth affection breed it ? I think it doth : is't frailty that thus errs ? 100 It is so too : and have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ? Then let them use us well : else let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night : heaven me such uses send,  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come : Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home : Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow : It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand : be bold, and take thy stand.

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed ; And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons : 'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword : he dies. 10

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him, As gifts to Desdemona ; It must not be : if Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril : 21  
No, he must die. But so : I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest !

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st : I will make proof of thine.

[*Drives, and wounds Roderigo.*

*Rod.* O, I am slain !

[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exi*

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho !

[*Falls.*

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio : Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am !

*Oth.* It is even so.

*Cas.* O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon ! 30

*Oth.* 'Tis he :—O brave Iago, honest and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest fate hies : strumpet, I come. Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted :

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit.*

*Enter LOPOVICO and GRATIANO.*

*Cas.* What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder ! murder !

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very direful.

*Cas.* O, help !

*Lod.* Hark !

*Rod.* O wretched villain !

*Lod.* Two or three groan : it is a heavy night :

These may be counterfeits : let's think't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

*Lod.* Hark !

*Re-enter IAGO, with a light.*

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there ? whose noise is this that cries on murder ?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry ?

*Cas.* Here, here ! for heaven's sake, help me !

Iago. What's the matter ? 50  
 Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

Cas. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains !

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains ! What are you there ? come in, and give some help. [To Lodovico and Gratiano.

Rod. O, help me here ! 60

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain ! [Stabs Roderigo.

Rod. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these bloody thieves ?—

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !—

What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio ! 70

Iago. How is't, brother !

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Light, gentlemen ; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter Bianca.*

Bian. What is the matter, ho ? who is't that cried ?

Iago. Who is't that cried ?

Bian. O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. O notable strumpet ! Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you ?

Cas. No. 80

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus : I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So, O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence !

Bian. Alas, he faints ! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come ; Lend me a light. Know we this face or no ?

Alas my friend and my dear countryman Roderigo ! no :—yes, sure :—O heaven ! Rod-

erigo. 90

Gra. What of Venice ?

Iago. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?

Gra. Know him ! aye

Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle

pardon ;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

Iago. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio ? O, a chair, a chair !

Iago. Roderigo !

Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [A chair brought in.]

O, that's well said : the chair.

Soue good man bear him carefully from hence ; I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [To Bianca]

For you, mistress. 100

Save you your labor. He that lies slain here, Cassio, [you ?

Was my dear friend : what malice was between the man.

Iago. [To Bianca.] What, look you pale ? O, bear him out o' the air.

[Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress ?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well : I pray you, look upon her : Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use. 110

*Enter Emilia.*

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter ? what's the matter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo and fellows that are seaped : He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night. [To Bianca] What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet ! 120

Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I ! foh ! fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale. Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. Will you go on ? I pray. [Aside] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A bedchamber in the castle : DESMONA in bed asleep ; a light burning.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—  
it is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood ;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light :  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore, 9

Should I repent me : but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have  
pluck'd the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It must needs wither : I'll smell it on the tree.

[Kissing her.]

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword ! One more, one  
more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill  
thee,  
And love thee after. One more, and this the  
last :

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20  
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavy-  
only :

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by  
that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk  
by : 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;  
No; heaven forfend ! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven  
Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill  
me.

Oth. Hm !

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal  
then

When your eyes roll so : why I should fear I  
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet I feel I  
fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you. 40

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for  
loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :  
These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so. What's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved  
and gave thee  
Thou gavest to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul !  
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, 59  
Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-  
bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong concep-  
tion

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too ! I never did  
Offend you in my life ; never loved Cassio  
But with such general warranty of heaven 60  
As I might love ; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief  
in's hand.

O perfid woman ! thou dost stone my  
heart,  
And makest me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :  
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;  
I never gave it him : send for him hither ;  
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath used thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?  
Oth. Ay, 70

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O ! my fear interprets : what, is he  
dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great  
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas ! he is betray'd and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! weep'st thou for him  
to my face ? [not !]

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow : let me live to-  
night ! 80

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour !

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer !

Oth. It is too late. [He stifles her.]

Emil. [Within] My lord, my lord ! what,  
ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ? Not dead ? not  
yet quite dead ?

I that am cruel am yet merciful ;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain :  
So, so.

Emil. [Within] What, ho ! my lord, my  
lord !

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! 99

Oth. Yes : 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—

The noise was here. Ha ! no more moving ? Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? were't good ?—

I think she stirs again :—no. What's best to do ?

She come in, she'll sure speak to my wife : My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.

O, insupportable ! O heavy hour ! Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Within] I do beseech you 101 That I may speak with you. O, good my lord !

Oth. I had forgot thee : O, come in, Emilia; Soft ; by and by. Let me the curtains draw. Where art thou ? [Unlocks the door.

*Enter EMILIA.*

What's the matter with thee now ? Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done !

Oth. What, now ?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ; She comes more nearer earth than she was wont, 110

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd !

And Cassio kill'd !

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ! then murderer's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

Emil. Alas, what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Emil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice. 119

Help ! help, ho ! help ! O lady, speak again ! Sweet Desdemona ! O sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed ?

Des. Nobody ; I myself. Farewell :

Commend me to my kind lord : O, farewell ! [Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

Emil. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell : 'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, 130 And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say That she was false : O, she was heavenly true ! [else

Oth. Cassio did top her : ark thy husband O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell. But that I did proceed upon just grounds To this extremity. Thy husband knew it a'.

Emil. My husband ! 140

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband !

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first. An honest man he is, and hates the same

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband !

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman ? 150 say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love,

My husband say that she was false !

Oth. He, woman ; I say thy husband : dost understand the word ?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart : She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Emil. Do thy worst : This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven Than thou wast worthy her. 161

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !

As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ! Murder ! murder !

*Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.*

Mon. What is the matter ? How now, general !

Emil. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck. 170

Gra. What is the matter ?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain :  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought, and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false ?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ; 180

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio !—did you say with Cassio ?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak :

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

*All.* O heavens forfend !

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murderer on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters : it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mom.* O monstrous act !

*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany ! 190  
I think upon't, I think : I smell't : O villany !—  
I thought so then : — I'll kill myself for grief :—

O villany, villany !

*Iago.* What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O ! [He falls on the bed.]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar ; For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* [Rising] O, she was foul ! 200  
I scarce did know you, uncle : there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd :

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead :

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows 210  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :

And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognition and pledge of love Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand : It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out : I peace ! No, I will speak as liberal as the north : 220 Let heaven and men and devils, let them all, All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not [Iago offers to stab Emilie.]

Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband ; For often, with a solemn earnestness, More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle, He begg'd of me to steal it,

*Iago.* Villanous whore !

*Emil.* She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it. 230

And I did give't my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest !

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool

Do with so good a woman ?

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villian !

[He runs at Iago : Iago, from behind, stabs Emilie, and exit.]

*Gra.* The woman falls ; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay : O, lay me by my mistress' side.

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mom.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor : Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass, 241

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.]

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither, But every puny whipster gets my sword : But why should honor outlive honesty ? Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady ? Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in music. [Singing] Willow, willow, willow,—

Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel Moor ;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ; 250 So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [Dies.]

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber ;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper :—

O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [Without] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with me;  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon ;  
A better never did itself sustain      260  
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,  
That, with this little arm and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop : but, O vain boast !

Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now,  
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,      270  
And he retires. Where should Othello go ?  
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-star'd wench !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at  
compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from  
heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my  
girl !

Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave !  
Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight !  
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sul-  
phur !

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !  
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead !      281  
Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was Othello : here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ; but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Wounds Iago.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee live ;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.      290

Lod. O thou Othello, thou wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,  
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :

An honorable murderer, if you will ;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon

Will you, I pray, demand that devil-devil 301

Why he late thus ensnared my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray ?

Iago. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallin,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;  
And here another : the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook      311

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross !

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vit-  
lin :

But that belike Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious eaitiff !

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber :      320

And he himself confess'd but even now  
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose  
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch : whereon it came  
That I was cast ; and even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go  
with us :      330

Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
If there be any cunning cruelty  
That can torment him much and hold him

long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you go,

I have done the state some service, and they know t-

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice ; then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;  
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought  
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose  
 hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose sub-  
 due'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees      350  
 Their medicinal gum Set you down this ;  
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog  
 And smote him, thus.      [Stabs himself.]

*Lod.* O bloody period !

*Gra.* All that's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee : no way  
 but this ;

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[Falls on the bed, and dies.]

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no  
 weapon ;      360  
 For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* [To Iago] O Spartan dog,  
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !  
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;  
 This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;  
 Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,  
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
 For they succeed on you. To you, lord gover-  
 nor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;  
 The time, the place, the torture : O, enforce  
 it !

Myself will straight aboard : and to the state  
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate.      371

[Exeunt.]











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